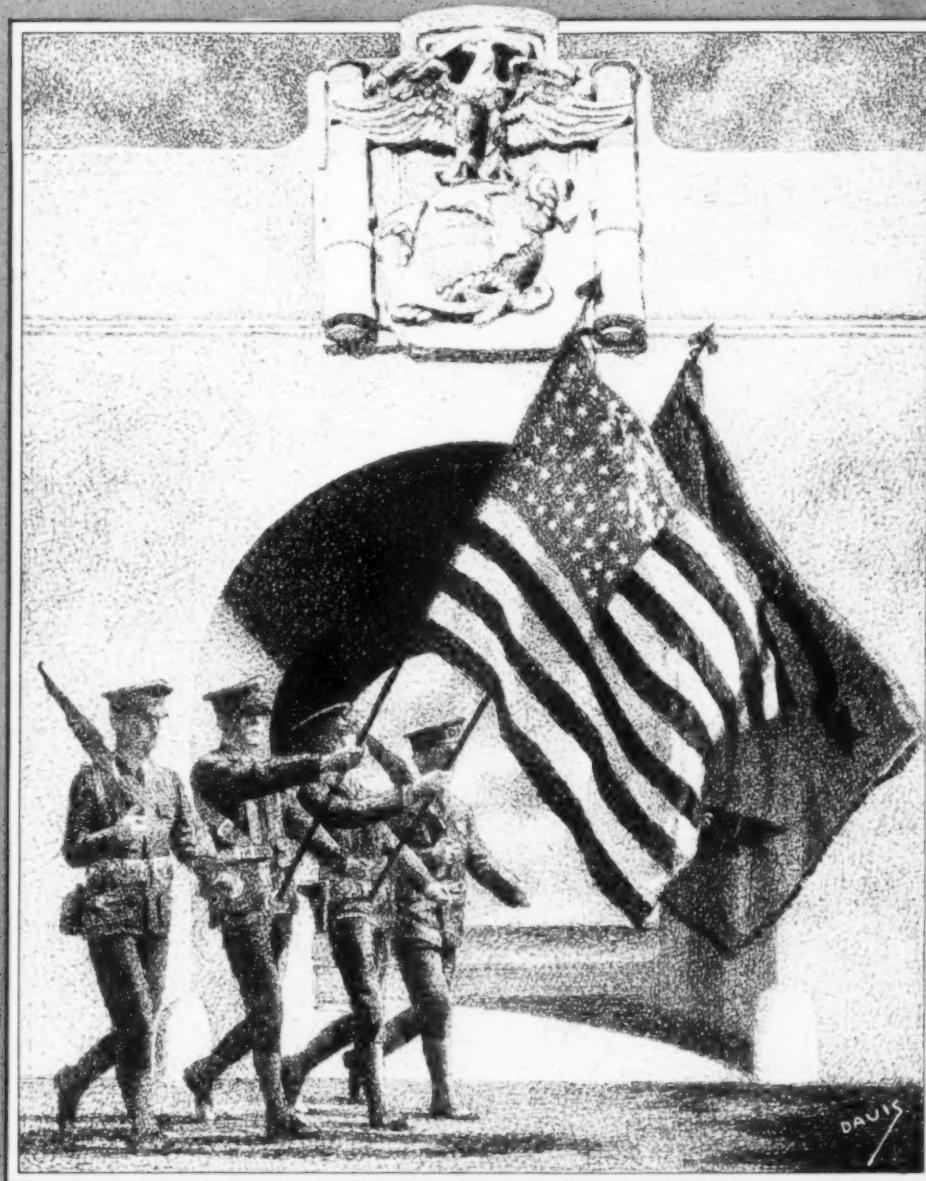


SEMPER FIDELIS

THE LEATHERNECK

February, 1933

Single Copy, 25c



MARINE CORPS BASE

San Diego, California

UNTIL FEBRUARY 28th

You Buy the Pen... and We Give You the Pencil

Junior Set
\$8.75 Value, only \$5

Senior Set
\$11.25 Value
only \$7

Senior De Luxe Set
\$15 Value, only \$10

Parker Duofold

NO CHARGE FOR \$3.25 TO \$5 PENCILS

WITH PENS AT \$5 TO \$10

Yes, the most marvelous offer ever made

Because we're about to
change the Pencil to hold
Parker's new Lead Cartridge

NOT a change in the streamlined style, or the jewel-like beauty of these Duofold Pencils. Not a change in their writing excellence, firm lead grip, or reversible action that turns the lead both OUT for writing and IN for carrying. Merely an alteration inside, so they will carry Parker's new Cartridge of leads, instead of storing the extra leads in the lead chamber. Hardly sufficient change, is it, to affect their real value?

In all other respects, these Pencils at \$3.25 to \$5—OFFERED AT NO COST UNTIL FEBRUARY 28th—are the same as the model which we plan to introduce when these are gone.



Above, Parker's smart Burgundy and Black Duofold—Pens 85 and 87; Pencils to match \$3.75 and \$4.25 included without cost until February 28th.

To get one, merely ask for it when you buy a Parker Duofold Pen at \$5, \$7 to \$10.

Nothing could be sweeter than to own the finest of pens and receive a wonderful pencil to match it, without cost, simply because you bought sooner than you planned, and insisted on the real Parker Duofold Pen instead of something claimed to be as good.

Parker Duofold Pens—renowned for their pressureless touch and non-breakable barrels—now come with either gold-and-platinum, or plain 14k gold points—both tipped with super-iridium—ground flawlessly smooth with real diamonds.

Touch them to paper and they're instantly responsive, due to their quick-starting, non-clogging feed. They don't have to be shaken or coaxed—they start every time—never cramp your fingers or your brain.

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Go to your nearest stationer, jeweler, druggist or department store—this offer is good anywhere in the United States—until February 28th. The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin



No More Clogged Up
Fountain Pens

Due to this new and remarkable
discovery in ink-making—

PARKER
Quink

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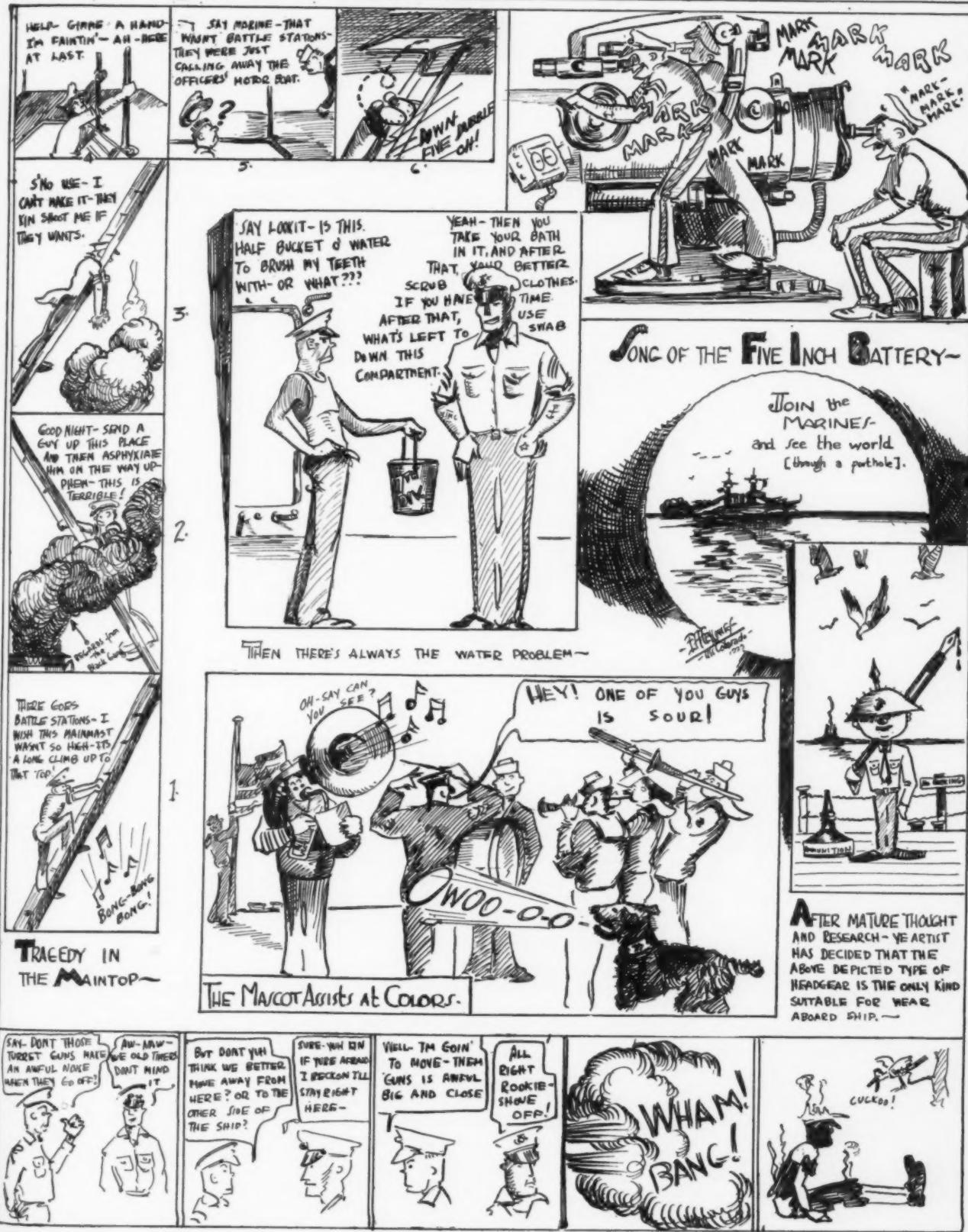


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- Chemistry
- Pharmacy
- Automobile Work
- Aviation Engines
- Navigation
- Agriculture
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Name _____

Rank _____

Organization _____

Station _____

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Contents

	Page
The Romance of San Diego.....	5
By C. M. VANDEBURG	
Aircraft Squadrons, W. C. E. F.	8
San Diego, The Paradise of The Marine Corps.....	10
By WILLIAM M. CAMP	
The Undoing of Zulucca.....	12
A Short Story—By GEORGE ETHELBERT WALSH	
Skimmed from the Scuttle-Butt.....	14
Broadcast.....	16
Books—Passing in Review.....	36
Marine Corps Reserve.....	37
Marine Corps League.....	38
Sports Section.....	40
Gazette.....	51
Marine Oddities.....	56
Sketched by D. L. DICKSON	
Cover Designed by HERNDON DAVIS	

Calvin Coolidge

The entire Naval service, in common with the rest of the nation, mourns the sudden death of ex-President Calvin Coolidge, former Commander in Chief of our country's armed forces, on January 5, 1933.

As a mark of reverence, flags shall be half masted and officers shall wear the mourning badge for a period of thirty days.

Calvin Coolidge was born at Plymouth, Vermont, on 4 July, 1872. He was graduated from Amherst College in 1895, entered a law office, was admitted to the bar and began the practice of law in 1897.

Two years later he entered public life, when he was elected to the City Council of Northampton, Massachusetts. He served in various public offices of the State until, in 1918, he was elected Governor. In 1919 he was re-elected by an unprecedented majority. He was first brought prominently to the national attention in September, 1919, by his determined stand against the strike of the Boston police. His message to Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor, asserting "there is no right to strike against the public safety by anybody, anywhere, anytime" was so universally applauded as a manifestation of moral courage that his friends immediately began to urge his nomination for the Presidency. The nomination, however, went to Senator Harding, while Coolidge was nominated for the Vice Presidency. The Republicans carried the election, and Coolidge took office as Vice President on 4 March, 1921.

President Harding died in San Francisco in 1923. Vice

President Coolidge was summoned in the dead of night to take over the duties of the Presidency. He was reelected as President in 1924, and served until 1928, when he retired from public life.

His record throughout his entire public career marks him as one of our most far-seeing and ablest statesmen. His death, coming while he was still a comparatively young man, being only sixty years old, is a shock to the entire nation, and we join the country in mourning the loss of one of our great men.

House Naval Committee Merits Approval for Increasing Marine Corps

The House Committee on Naval Affairs unanimously adopted the report of its subcommittee recommending that, instead of reducing the Marine Corps to 13,600 enlisted men, as proposed by Mr. Hoover, its present strength should be increased to 17,000 men.

Mr. Hoover urged upon Congress a reduction of 1,743 in the present strength of the Corps, without consulting the Secretary of the Navy, and without ascertaining from the Navy Department the effect of such a reduction upon the national defense.

The House Committee on Naval Affairs appointed a subcommittee, headed by Representative Drury, of Virginia, to hold hearings upon this extraordinary recommendation and report the facts and its conclusions to the full committee.

* * *

These hearings developed the following startling facts:

That the efficiency of the Marine Corps "has already been impaired by the reduction to its present strength."

That this reduction has already made it "impossible for the Corps to carry out its primary mission of supporting the United States fleet, by maintaining a force in readiness to operate with the fleet."

That, with a present enlisted strength of only 15,343, "the Marine Corps is not prepared to perform its allotted task in the event of a national emergency."

That the further reduction of the Corps to 13,600, proposed by Mr. Hoover, "will greatly intensify the situation and impair the national defense."

That adoption of this Hoover proposal would eventually destroy "the usefulness of the Corps as a military organization."

That, instead of making the reduction in the Marine Corps which Mr. Hoover, without even the knowledge of the Navy Department, proposed, Congress should increase the enlisted strength to 17,000 in order that it may "fully perform all the functions for which it is needed."

* * *

Here is a timely warning from the House Committee on Naval Affairs that Congress can not afford to ignore.

Here is a unanimous committee recommendation, made in the light of all the facts, that Congress owes it to the country to adopt at the present session.

The Hoover administration, during its nearly four years of power, has done more to impair the national defense of this country, afield and afloat, than any other administration in all our history.

It is high time for the Congress, which is charged by the Constitution with the upbuilding of the national defense, to call a halt upon the sapping expedition against it for which the retiring President is chiefly to blame.

—Washington Herald.



"I'm working and Smoking overtime—
hence a Milder Cigarette

WHEN I work hard, I usually smoke more; and when I smoke more, I usually work harder—that's why I want a cigarette that's milder and tastes better—that's why I smoke Chesterfields.



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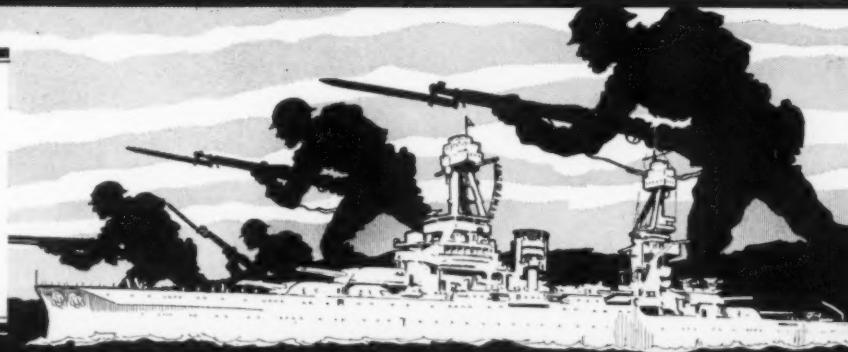
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NUMBER 2

THE ROMANCE OF SAN DIEGO

By C. M. VANDEBURG, San Diego Chamber of Commerce

GLASSLY four centuries ago when the galleons of Cabrillo nosed their way into the harbor of San Diego, he expected to unfold treasures better than his day knew. He found California, and there opened to our forefathers for colonization a territory that today has no equal in our nation. Little did he appreciate the ultimate of his discovery. Beyond the wildest flight of his imagination was the thought that here in this new found land would rise the world's greatest playground and land of opportunity.

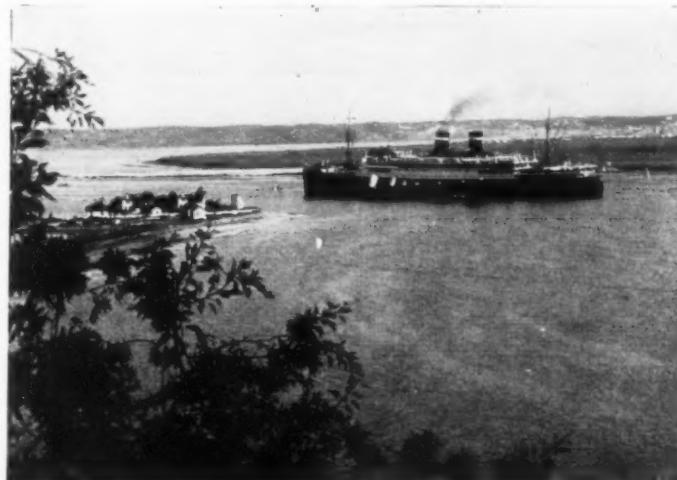
Less than two centuries ago in this great California was vast, limitless tracts of land, untenantled save by straggling bands of Indians. There came the pioneer, undaunted soul, who with indomitable spirit fought his way from the Atlantic to the Pacific. In his wake today, where wild flowers once bloomed in profusion, stand mighty cities with sky lines towering buildings and busy factories; with beautiful residential sections and pleasant parks, all a lasting monument to California civilization and the foresight of the pioneer.

Let us stand in the jeweled tower of the California Building in Balboa Park and lift our eyes to the glittering shore line of the blue Pacific. There, you may see,

mile on mile, the snowy froth of the surf line as it breaks incessantly on the sand. Let us close our eyes and forget this sparkling San Diego of today that dips beneath us to the bay. With the slightest strain on the imagination you can see them again, those proud Spanish ships that sailed up from the horizon, past the protecting arm of Point Loma to drop the first anchor in what is now San Diego Bay. Three hundred and eighty-nine years ago, in September, 1542, when those quaint ships, the *San Salvador* and *Victoria* billowed through the Silver Gate as the first ships of white men ever to have seen the bay.

They were odd ships, with their square sterns, round bows and towering poop-decks lifted to the sky. And yet they had about them a certain grandeur that does not attach to the liner of today. There was paint and gold, carving and armorial emblazonry about them that somehow suggested those gentlemen in command.

Inviting every peril of the sea, it is a marvel that they could make such voyages in the ships of that day. They were clumsy, hard to handle and capable of carrying but a small spread in anything approaching a stiff breeze. They sailed sidewise about as well as forward and had



Slipping gracefully into the Silver Gate an ocean liner clears the tip of Ballast Point at the entrance of San Diego harbor.

none of the modern facilities found on the ships of the present. And yet those two tiny vessels made a brave sight as they swept into the calm waters of the harbor. They were the heralds of the new era that dawned upon the world of the Pacific with the coming of Don Rodriguez Cabrillo, Spanish navigator extraordinary. It was the last act in the vast drama of Spanish discovery which began with Columbus fifty years before. Cabrillo remained six days in the harbor with which his name will forever be associated, then sailed away to the north, where he died four months later, January 3, 1543, in consequence of a fall while exploring an island with his companions. With his last words he directed his party to go forward with the original plan of exploration. His grave never has been identified, but it is interesting to reflect that his dust is mingled with the soil which he discovered.

It was exactly sixty years before the ships of civilization again appeared off the coast of San Diego. Don Sebastian Viscaino was chosen Captain-General of an expedition which sailed on May 5, 1602, from the port of Acapulco, with two ships and a frigate together with a small vessel to be used in exploring shallow waters. Viscaino pursued a leisurely course northward and found himself at the picturesque islands which rise abruptly from the sea off San Diego, on November 5, 1602. He gave the islands a name which they still bear, the Coronados. It was November 10 when his fleet dropped anchor in the harbor which no white man save Cabrillo had seen before.

It was he who gave it the name which it now bears, though many believe that originated from the mission established in San Diego more than a century and a half later. Because his survey was begun or ended (nobody knows which) on November 12 and because that was the day of Saint James of Alcala (San Diego de Alcala) Viscaino gave the port the name of San Diego.

Many years passed before the beginning of the Mission Epoch. On January 9, 1769, the *San Carlos* sailed from



San Diego's First Christian Martyr, Father Jaume, killed by Indians in 1775.

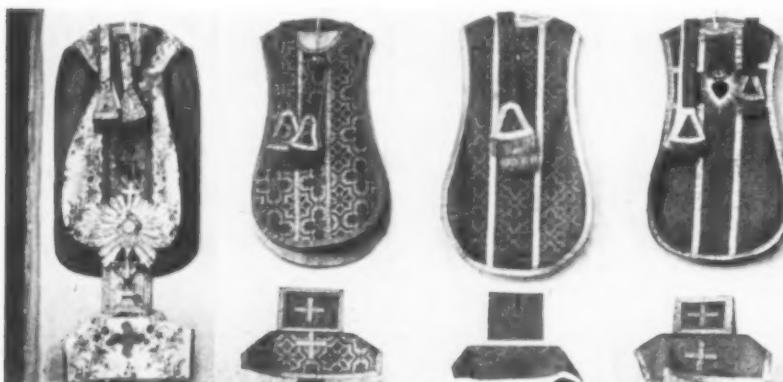
the name was all having died

antonio although she sailed a month and a half later, arrived twenty days before the *San Carlos*, losing on the voyage eight men. In consequence of this voyage and loss, the *San Antonio* will return to San Blas, to procure seamen for herself and the *San Carlos*. The causes of the delay of the *San Carlos* were first, the want of water, and second, the error all were in respecting the situation of this port. They expected it to be in thirty-three or thirty-four degrees North Latitude; and strict orders were given to Captain Vila and the others to keep to the open sea until they should arrive at thirty-four degrees, and then to make the shore in search of the port. As, however, the port in reality lies in 32 degrees and 43 minutes, according to observations which have now been laid, they went far beyond the port, making the voyage much longer than was necessary. The people got daily worse from exposure and bad water; and they must all have perished, if they had not discovered the port when they did, for they were quite unable to launch the boat to procure water, or to do anything whatever for their preservation.

The Father Ferdinand did everything in his power to relieve the sick, and

Two land expeditions under the leadership of Captain Rivera and Governor Portola went forward in March from points where they had been assembling on the peninsula of Lower California. Father Junipero Serra, who brought civilization to California and founded the first Mission in San Diego, was a member of one of the land parties. He made the long journey from Mexico astride a donkey and suffering from an ulcer on one foot. Both land parties arrived safely in San Diego with only minor hardships. Father Serra arrived with the last of the two expeditions on July 1, and the following personal letter sent by him to Father Palou, his intimate friend and biographer, supplies an account of the expedition which will always be regarded as one of the most precious memorials of San Diego history. The letter follows:

"My dear friend and Sir: Thank God I arrived the day before yesterday at this port of San Diego, truly a fine one, and with reason famous. Here I found those who had set out before me, by sea as well as by land, excepting such as died on the way. The brethren Fathers Crespi, Viscaino, Parro and Gomez are here and, with myself, all well, thanks be to God. Here, also, are two vessels; but the *San Carlos* is without seamen, except one and the cook. The *San Antonio* although she sailed a month and a half later, arrived twenty days before the *San Carlos*, losing on the voyage eight men. In consequence of this voyage and loss, the *San Antonio* will return to San Blas, to procure seamen for herself and the *San Carlos*. The causes of the delay of the *San Carlos* were first, the want of water, and second, the error all were in respecting the situation of this port. They expected it to be in thirty-three or thirty-four degrees North Latitude; and strict orders were given to Captain Vila and the others to keep to the open sea until they should arrive at thirty-four degrees, and then to make the shore in search of the port. As, however, the port in reality lies in 32 degrees and 43 minutes, according to observations which have now been laid, they went far beyond the port, making the voyage much longer than was necessary. The people got daily worse from exposure and bad water; and they must all have perished, if they had not discovered the port when they did, for they were quite unable to launch the boat to procure water, or to do anything whatever for their preservation. The Father Ferdinand did everything in his power to relieve the sick, and



Four sets of Father Serra's Vestments used at Mission San Diego De Alcala and now in the museum room there. At the left a well preserved monstrance from the old Equipment returned to the restored church.

although he arrived much reduced in flesh he had not the disorder, and is well. We have not suffered hunger or privation, nor have the Indians who came with us; all have arrived fat and healthy.

"The country through which we have passed is generally very good land, with plenty of water; and there, as well as here, the country is neither rocky or overcome with brush-wood. There are, however, many hills but they are composed of earth. About halfway the banks and valley of rivulets began to be delightful. We found vines of a large size and in some instances quite loaded with grapes; we also found abundance of roses that appear to be the same as those of Castile.

"We have seen Indians in immense numbers: all those on the coast contrive to make good subsistence on various seeds and by fishing; this they carry on by means of rafts or canoes made of tule (bulrush), with which they go a great way to sea. They are very civil. All the males, old and young, go naked; the women, however, and even the female children, were decently covered from the breasts downwards. We found in our journey, as well as in places where we stopped, that they treated us with as much confidence and good will as if they had known us all their lives; but when we offered them any of our food they always refused. All they cared for was cloth; and only for something of this sort would they exchange their fish or anything else they had.

"From this port and intended mission of San Diego, in California, 3rd July, 1769. I kiss your hands and those of your Reverends, and am your affectionate brother and servant. Frey Junipero Serra."

Between the lines of this remarkable letter glows the optimism of the great missionary, and something of the enthusiasm for the region and its possibilities which is felt by all who come within its influence. If nothing had come down to us save this letter from the memorable summer of 1769, we should not have been left in ignorance of the fate of that expedition nor the aspect of the country and its people.

With the arrival of Father Serra the expedition scored its greatest success and the fulfillment of his plans to unite the four branches of the expedition at San Diego furnished as base from which the larger scheme of settlement could be carried to Northern California.

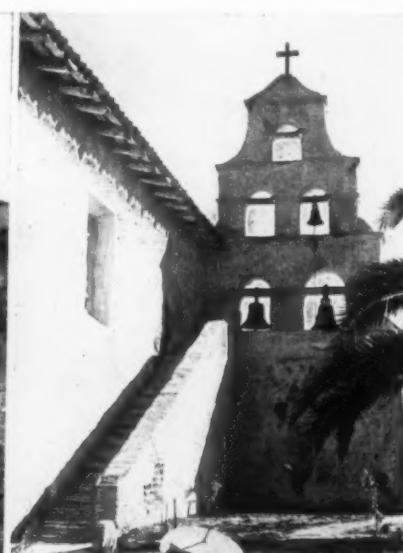
The work of starting a real settlement began without delay. The place selected "was a point of middling height," as Costanso termed it, a hill overlooking Old Town, now known as Presidio Hill, on the site of an Indian village called "Cosoy." Standing there today upon the ruins, one can well understand why this spot was chosen and can not fail to admire the judgment which dictated the choice. It is conveniently located to the harbor and the indispensable water in the river, and it commands the valley on one hand and the shore of the bay on the other, so as to be reasonably safe from attack from either of those directions. Here in the space of a little more than two weeks, rude earthworks were thrown up as the nucleus of a presidio or fort, houses that were little more than huts were hastily constructed, and the largest one set apart as the mission building.

The ceremonies attending the dedication were as elaborate and pompous as circumstances permitted. The military and naval officers were on hand with their troops, who strove to make up in dignity what they lacked in numbers. Father Serra and his priests performed their part with the utmost reverence and solemnity, praying that they might "put to flight all the hosts of hell and subject to the mild yoke of our holy faith the barbarity of the gentile Dieguinos." The Cross was raised, the royal standard thrown to the breezes, incense sent up from a temporary altar, and from the branches of a convenient tree the mission bell rang out in the stillness of the valley.

This true natal day of San Diego—July 16, 1769. The life of the settlement dates from that moment. Presidio Hill, with its moldering, tile strewn ruins, is historic ground and will be preserved as such, forever. It is the birthplace of civilization on the (Continued on page 46)



An Atavistic Reminder of the California Gold Rush.



Center: Facade of restored Mission San Diego De Alcala Church. Left: Exterior stair to Choir Loft. Right: Exterior stair to Bell Ringer's platform of the Campanario. This mission was built in 1769 as the first in the long chain of Californian missions.



Aircraft Squadrons, West Coast Expeditionary Force

By THE ADJUTANT

ON 10 DECEMBER, 1931, the aircraft squadrons, west coast expeditionary force, formerly a part of the Naval Air Station command, was transferred to the jurisdiction of the Commanding General, Marine Corps Base. This change was made in the interest of tactical and administrative unity, the squadrons remaining based on North Island where the facilities of the Naval Air Station are available.

At present the aviation organization of the west coast expeditionary force comprises three operating squadrons; Fighting Squadron Ten-M, Observation Squadron Eight-M, and Utility Squadron Seven-M. In addition there are Headquarters Detachment and Service Company Two-M. The organization is analogous to that of an infantry battalion, varying in strength from two hundred to three hundred men as expeditions permit, and with an average officer strength of about twenty, exclusive of reserves on active duty. The staff of the Commanding Officer consists of an executive officer, an adjutant, operations officer, engineering officer, and quartermaster. Other assignments usually given as additional duty are armament officer, communications officer, photographic officer, aerology officer, and parachute officer. Certain junior squadron officers are assigned as assistants, for purposes of training, to operations, engineering, communications and armament. In addition, non-flying warrant officers are assigned as motor transport officer and police officer. There is no mess officer designated, as the enlisted personnel mess with the Navy. A medical officer attached to the Station is assigned to look after our wants in this respect.

It is the mission of aircraft squadrons attached to Marine expeditionary forces to go places, carry things, find things, do things, and report. As most of the Marines are familiar with our operations in Nicaragua, this phase of our activities in minor warfare shall be relegated to history—all aviation personnel has now been withdrawn from that country. We are now interested in peace time activities, which, however, can hardly be considered hum-drum.

As for going places, our new equipment enables us to go farther and faster than ever before. Both fighting and

observation planes of the types now being furnished have a cruising speed of one hundred and twenty knots and an endurance with full fuel load of about three and one-half hours without refueling. Witness this demonstration:

In September of this year, Captain Claude A. Larkin with a flight of five SU-2 planes left Quantico, Va., at 9:00 A. M., on a Saturday, lunched in Dayton, and spent the night in St. Louis. On Sunday this flight reached Midland, Texas, after lunching in Dallas. At 2:00 P. M., on Monday, all landed safely on North Island, having crossed the continent in some twenty hours' flying time.

Some of the things we carry, aside from well loaded bomb racks and machine gun belts, are food, medicines, mail, blankets, ammunition and other equipment for outlying patrols and outposts.

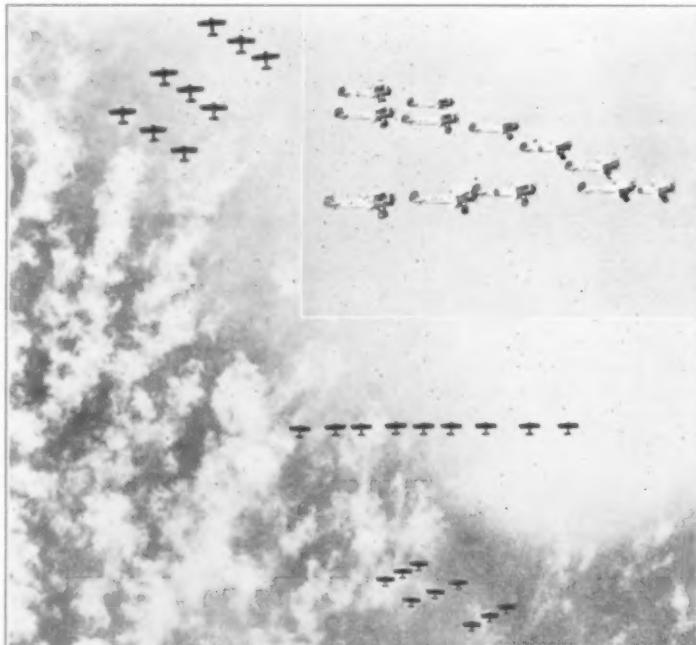
Lately we have been playing the raven to Elijah in the person of the Sixth Battery, marooned in the Colorado desert for their annual target practice.

Planes are utilized by higher commanders for transmission of orders to patrols and other inaccessible outposts, and for evacuation of sick and wounded, this latter mission requiring ability to land and take off from seemingly impossible fields. Consequently, cross country flying and strange field landings occupy a prominent place on our training schedule in peace time. All pilots and observers are trained in message pick-up and visual signalling

technie, and some of our back seat riders can drop a message in a patrol leader's lap.

Scouting and reconnaissance work being perhaps our primary function, considerable time is devoted to training pilots in map reading, sketching, aerial photography, and radio communication. Not only must the planes find and recognize an enemy—they must bring back timely and accurate information for the action of the force commander. This work is nearly always done by observation ships, carrying pilot and observer, working in pairs or sections. In our tactical exercises we simulate as closely as possible actual wartime conditions, and our problems are designed to thoroughly indoctrinate personnel in approved aerial tactics against ground troops.

So much for the finding. Sometimes our mission would



Formation of Planes Above San Diego

be to attack upon finding, and in this work perhaps our combined fighting and observation planes would be engaged, and if the enemy had aircraft then would our fighting planes prove their worth. Frequent combined problems calling for attack or protection missions are used in training the two types to coordinate.

A squadron of observation planes, armed with bombs and batteries of machine guns, protected from aerial interference by a squadron of fighters, would certainly do things to an enemy column, for example.

After our pilots have become thoroughly trained in flying, emphasis is placed on gunnery work. For weeks on end, we are practicing on aerial and ground targets, dummy and live runs, fixed guns, free guns and bombs. Then it is aircraft vs. aircraft, armed with camera guns, attacking singly and in section formation. After which comes record firing—and what?

Last season our two squadrons stood second in their respective competitions against all Navy and Marine squadrons in the annual gunnery competition. Our observation squadron was second only to another Marine squadron—VO-9M in Haiti—thrice winner of the gunnery trophy. Our officers were commended, our crews had prize money to spend, and our ships blossomed forth with shining new "E's."

In addition to squadron training, we have a class of reserve officer pilots who come to us from Pensacola as newly commissioned second lieutenants. They are given basic schooling in line subjects and advanced flight training for the first half of their year's active duty, after which they are assigned to operating squadrons for gunnery and tactical training. At the end of the year they return to civil life, thoroughly trained military pilots. They return each year for a refresher course of two weeks. Last year the graduation flight consisted of a trip to Grand Canyon, Arizona, and return.

From time to time regular officer and enlisted pilots join from Pensacola and are put through this advanced

training course before being assigned. As a result of this policy, any pilot joining an operating squadron is ready to take his place in the organization. No time need be lost in further training the individual.

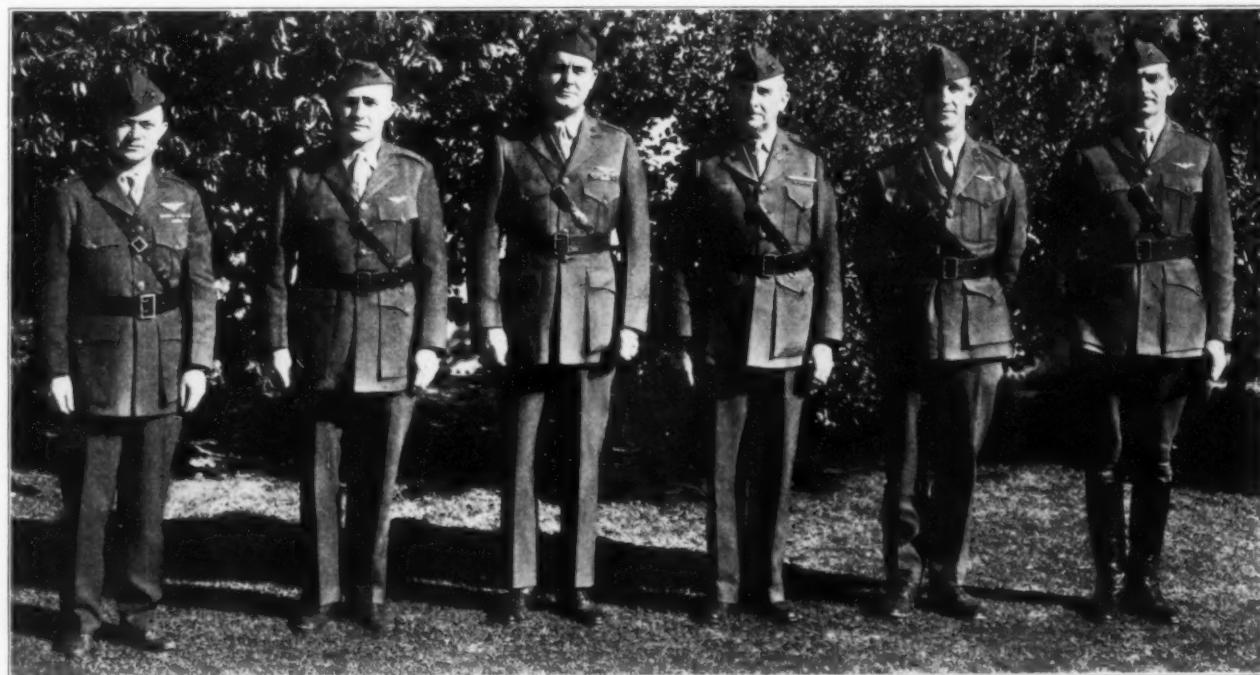
Our mechanics are largely trained in our own shops, although a few men are sent to the various service schools. Recruits joining are initiated via the mess hall route into the Service Company, only trained personnel being sent to the line. Crew chiefs are trained also as observers and free gunners.

Our shops are entirely self-supporting, able to completely overhaul aircraft and engines. Expert work and strict supervision play no small part in the accident record of this organization. Engine and plane failures are extremely rare, which fact instills implicit confidence in the minds of our flight personnel.

In addition to technical operations and training, our personnel have weekly infantry drills, frequent inspections, and fire small arms practice annually. Athletics, fishing and hunting, and other out-door pastimes are popular among the men; and we have our fair share of studious lads who keep the Marine Corps Institute busy.

Personnel and Equipment

Major Louis M. Bourne, Jr., commands the organization, assisted by Captain "Sheriff" Larkin as executive officer, Captain Charles W. Henkle as quartermaster, and First Lieutenant Vernon E. Megee as adjutant. Officers on the technical staff are First Lieutenant Stanley E. Ridderhof as engineering officer, assisted by First Lieutenant Charles L. Fiske; First Lieutenant Frank "Cootie" Weir as operations officer, assisted by First Lieutenant Verne J. McCaul; and First Lieutenant Thomas C. Green as communications officer, with Second Lieutenant E. E. Pollock, assistant. Chief Marine Gunner "Mike" Wodarczyk runs the armory; Chief Marine Gunner Robinson, the motor transport section; and Chief Marine Gunner Fred Lueders is squadrons police (Continued on page 45)



COMMANDING OFFICER AND STAFF, A. S., W. C. E. F.

Left to right: 1st Lt. V. E. Megee; Capt. C. A. Larkin; Major L. M. Bourne, Commanding Officer; Capt. C. W. Henkle; 1st Lt. S. E. Ridderhof; 1st Lt. V. S. McCaul.

SAN DIEGO, THE PARADISE OF THE MARINE CORPS

By WILLIAM M. CAMP

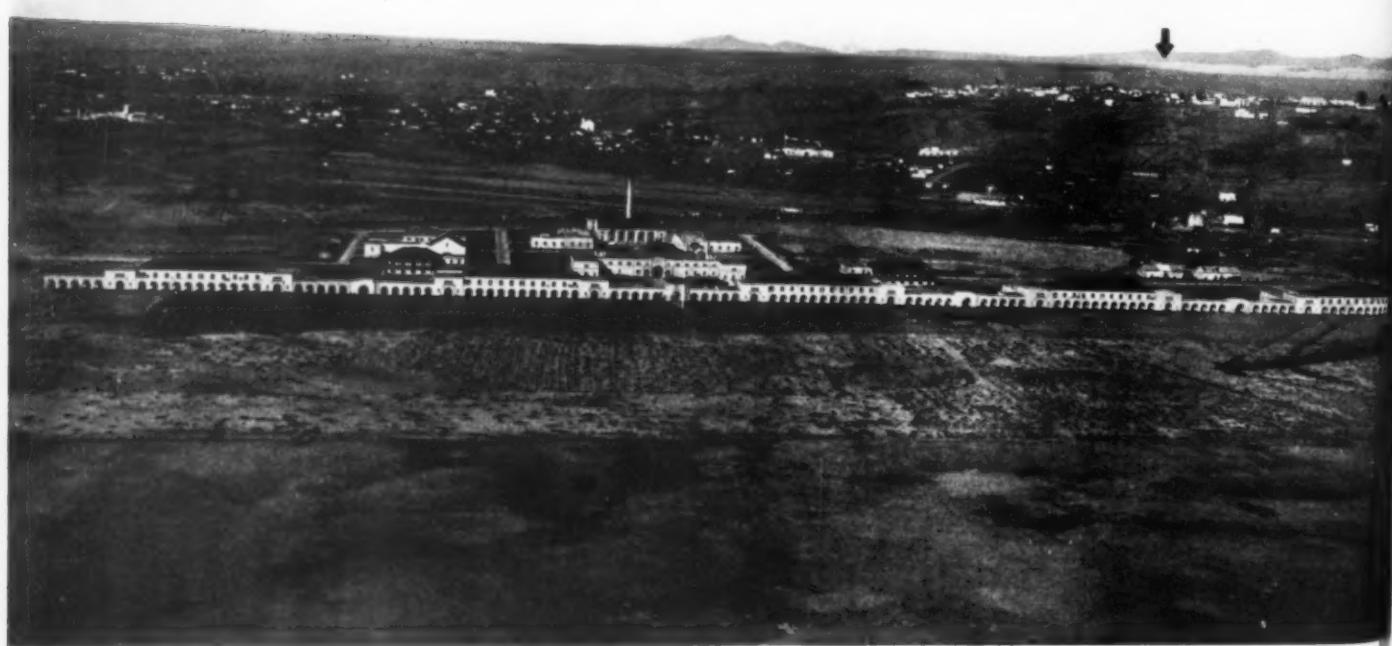
SESTLED by the side of quiet waters of the Great Pacific in a picturesque setting of hills whose distant magnificence is accentuated by the deep blue of the skies in striking contrast with the dark green of the waters, lies a semi-tropical city whose growing waterfront is spangled with twinkling lights as one approaches it at night by steamer. Entering into the wide harbor around a reef of channel rocks and beautiful Point Loma, jutting smartly out of the waters to make a silhouette of dark fortitude, one sails slowly to be anchored in San Diego, California's "gateway to beauty." On the shores of historic San Diego Bay a modern city rises picturesquely from sparkling waters at faintly purple foothills, its low white buildings scintillating with the rising sunshine of the dawn. In this panorama of natural beauty Major General Joseph H. Pendleton took initial steps for the establishment of a Marine Corps Base in July, 1914, soon after his return to San Diego from expeditionary duty with the Fourth Regiment of Marines in which he figured heroically in the imbroglio on the western shores of Mexico.

The most strategic point on the west coast of the United States where men can be trained for immediate duty and

put aboard ships for transportation to places in the Pacific or the Orient, San Diego is known as the most romantic post for Marines on duty in the United States. Points of undying historic and natural interest are to be found everywhere. Balboa Park, the third largest and truly the most beautiful municipal park in North America with an area of 1,400 acres, famous for its magnificence of perspective, for its masterly landscapes, the loveliness of its gardens and harmonious perfection of its architecture, was selected for the site in which the Panama-California Exposition was held in 1915-1916, and it was here that the Marines first landed and set up a model camp.

While Major General Pendleton worked in collaboration with the Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Hon. Franklin D. Roosevelt, and national dignitaries in converting their ideas to the suitability of a Marine Corps Base, the Fourth Regiment, under the command of Major (now Major-General) John T. Meyers, disembarked at Monte Christi, in the Dominican Republic, and fought its way to Santiago, where headquarters was established and outposts set up in important cities of the Republic.

Long, weary nights in a fever-infested jungle, hot, sultry days whose every breath inhaled dreadful germs



Marine Barracks, San Diego

and poison-tongued insects, found the Marines ever on the alert, cutting their way as best they could with improvised implements through the matted undergrowth to establish a kingdom of justice and equality. Strong and brave, courageous and valiant, these sons of American blood and aristocracy encountered hardships that tried them to their very cores; and in the end, built structures of iron tissues invincible to the destructive fangs of hardship.

Additional forces arrived from the United States and Haiti and a military government was formed and it was here that the Fourth Regiment became a part of the brilliant Second Brigade. The regiment garrisoned the northern district of the Republic, maintaining order and assisting in reorganization of the civil government which won them higher laurels, but were withdrawn in August, 1924. In the meantime, with difficulties created by the World War, the Marine Corps Base was not under construction until the latter part of 1919 and was partially completed under the supervision of Commander Norman E. Smith (CEC), U. S. Navy, in June, 1924. Here the Fourth Regiment hung up their muskets only temporarily, for they were soon ordered to "duty beyond the seas" where they are known today as an excellent body of men with an enviable reputation in the Orient, not only as fighting men, but men who are capable of holding their own in any field of endeavor. Gallant, indeed, are sons born under the Flag in San Diego. Trained to fight, First to Fight, and as the Frenchmen said during the World War, "Premeirs au feu,"—and fifty million Frenchmen can't be wrong!

The Marine Corps Base embraces three hundred and ten acres of reclaimed ground, with an equal amount of tide lands yet to be improved. Twenty important buildings, of which seven are used for barracks, grouped together by one continuous arcade, 2,650 feet long, fronted by well-kept lawns and fourteen acres of paved parade grounds, makes up the entire architectural composition of the base. Such buildings as the medical dispensary, post exchange, library, shops, power plants and storehouses are all centrally located to facilitate the functioning of services for which they were intended.

With the occupation of the Base, plant life and the development of lawns has grown to 18 acres of standing growth of over a thousand trees interspersed with many beautiful shrubs and flowers.

The Quartermaster Department

Most important to the maintenance of this spot of natural beauty in which military strength and strategy thrives, is the Quartermaster Department. In the administration offices of this department, policies are prescribed, estimates prepared, and purchases made that keep the rotary motion of progress on the continual climb. Based upon the principle of individual responsibility, each section of this organization contributes its bid to build up an efficient and practical organization. Major L. A. Clapp is the department executive, with Chief Quartermaster Clerk Willis V. Harris as Assistant Quartermaster and Maintenance Officer.

Chief Quartermaster Clerk W. E. Yeacker, assisting Captain Charles McL. Lott, whose interests in the sporting field have been rewarded by many successful accomplishments in various fields of sport, of which football is



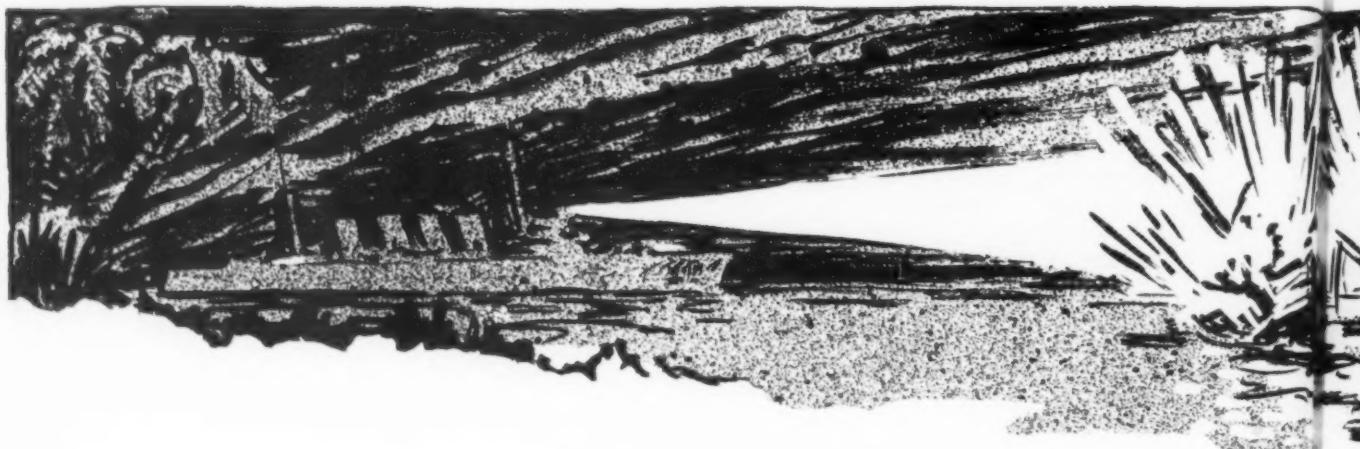
The La Jolla Caves near San Diego are world famous for their weird sculpture and wild beauty.

the most enviable, heads the Base Property Section in the handling and receipt and issuance of all Government property. The value of stock in the Base Property Officer's care exceeds a million dollars. Some four hundred thousand dollars' worth of provisions are obtained and issued to the different dining halls and consumed during the year.

A bake shop is operated entirely by enlisted men, with an annual production of over one hundred and eighty tons of bread and pastry. Pies made during the year, if laid over the grounds in the base would make a blanket of delicious morsels that would cover the entire three hundred acres!

The shipping and freight department is kept on a steadfast working basis through the handling of tons of supplies which are hauled to the warehouses. With the ever transient personnel, shipments of baggage and personal effects along with officers' household effects are handled entirely by this department.

Lt. Cornelius J. Eldridge, upon whose shoulders falls the responsibility of the Base Transportation Office, maintains and operates passenger cars, light and heavy trucks for the transportation of daily arrivals and departures of troops and supplies to the base with the aid of an efficient staff of chauffeurs and mechanics. Their reliability is a byword with the numerous de- (Continued on page 45)



THE UNDOING OF ZULUCCA

By GEORGE ETHELBERT WALSH

WHEN the steamers come down from Hong Kong with the royal mails, they negotiate the straits and passes of the East Indian Archipelago, and go through Torres Strait to meet the train at Cape York, but the tourists and passengers on these liners give little more than passing notice to the lights and beacons that twinkle their friendly warning along the route from the entrance into the Zulu Sea to the approach to the Gulf of Papua. Yet all the way their lives depend upon these eyes of the sea and the men who keep them burning.

There are two first class lights in the Zulu Sea, one in the Celebes, two in the Banda and three in the Arafura, and how many of the second and third order along the royal mail route no one but an expert navigator of these dangerous waters could say.

When you come out of the Celebes and head for the Banda Sea you enter a maze of island, reefs, coral rocks and spits of sand that are as confusing and puzzling as a Chinaman's system of picture language, and to negotiate the innumerable passes between them you must understand your nautical arithmetic.

One of the hardest problems for the white man to solve in the Far East is to keep the lights along the coast burning in all kinds of weather. If you trust a native he is liable to go to sleep at his post and let the next steamer slip on the rocks, but white men, who are willing to spend their time on some lonely rock or island, are so scarce and hard to get that when one comes along and offers his services you get a shock.

The Gilolo Pass light is not of the first order, but it should be. Mat Tawny had been keeping it for three long months, and at the beginning of the fourth he had the firm conviction that he would either go mad or abandon the light and swim out and climb aboard the next steamer that passed.

The black waters of the strait swirl and gallop along in their course, forming strange patterns on the surface that fascinate the weary watcher, and when the wind storms come out of the sea they bring with them on the tide the queer flotsam and jetsam of two hemispheres for the eddies of the swirling water to play with. Watching the black currents, with their oily swell and endless passing, day and night, night and day, with never diversion save when a steamer or oil tanker breaks in upon the picture, plays havoc with the mind of the white man, and even natives have been known to go stark, staring mad over night.

Mat Tawny had applied for the position as keeper, and got it so quickly that he was on his way to the strait before his papers were legally drawn up. Mat didn't mind this so much at the time, for he knew, and Superintendent Bardlow, of the Lighthouse Service, knew, that danger lurked along that coast, and was liable to visit the lonely

watcher any night or day; but for reasons of their own neither spoke of it. Bardlow didn't want to scare his recruit away, and Mat was just as anxious to keep to himself his reasons for taking such a thankless job.

A few weeks before this Mat Tawny had been skipper and owner of a little trading vessel that plied along the New Guinea coast, making a successful living and laying up funds against the day when he would decide to give up his wandering life in the South Seas and return to the land of his birth in New England. The series of adverse events that had brought him to this pass have

nothing to do with this story. They were a closed book to Mat, and he neither regretted them nor felt particularly proud of them.

The immediate cause of his present downfall was Zulueea, who, strange to say, was also the *bete noir* of Superintendent Bardlow. Zulueea had a name and reputation that extended from one end of the archipelago to





Mat Sprang at Them With
His Long Malay Creese

(Illustrations by D. L. Dickson)

the other, a reputation for piracy that put a price on his head, and made him the most dreaded man of those island seas. Not all the navies of the world had been able to run him down, and when every naval unit of any particular size had been recalled for more important work the sly old fox of New Guinea ancestry plied his nefarious trade with diabolical cunning and cruelty.

Zulueca was a Papuan, with Karon blood flowing through his veins, which gave him some of the blood-thirsty traits of the hardy mountain head-hunters, whose reputation for cannibalism still made them feared by the more peaceful Kebars and Amberbakis of the coastal regions. A head-hunter and cannibal turned pirate makes a fearsome person.

Mat Tawny's little coasting vessel had been overtaken by Zulueca's cut-throats and appropriated for their own use. Mat was cast overboard for shark's food, and for days he had floated on a hen-coop, fighting vigorously for life, until finally cast upon the mud flats washed by the back waters of Gilolo Pass. During those perilous days and nights he had nursed a spirit of revenge that ended in his becoming lighthouse keeper at the Pass.

A favorite trick of Zulueca's was to emulate the work of the wreckers of our own North American coast in days gone by through the simple expedient of swooping down on a lonely lighthouse, cutting the throat of the keeper and extinguishing the light, then calmly waiting until some ship ran aground on the sand spits or mud flats. After that the carnival of blood and looting could go on unchecked.

Mat Tawny understood the practice of the old pirates, and as the Gilolo Pass light was an important one, he figured sooner or later that he would have a visit from Zulueca's tribe, when he hoped to square matters with the old renegade.

It was a chance, and Mat had taken it, but for three weary months nothing had happened. Zulueca was plying his trade, it seemed, nearly everywhere except in Mat's vicinity, and in the end Mat was growing sick of his bar-

gain. The eternal monotony and loneliness of the place were driving him mad.

"Another month of it, and I'd dive into the black waters and end it all," he confessed to himself more than once. "I'll resign!"

It wasn't a pleasant decision. Old Zulueca had robbed him of all he possessed, and unless he could recover the *Shark*, his little coasting vessel, he would continue indefinitely in bankruptcy.

Then when despair was at its height Zulueca's crew came. They did not swoop down upon him in the middle of the night. They came in the daytime to reconnoitre, and had they not come in the *Shark*, which Mat instantly recognized through his glasses, they might have accomplished their purpose in the usual way.

"It's the *Shark*!" Mat exclaimed jubilantly, when he saw his own vessel tacking back and forth as if undecided whether or not to go through the Pass. "That means old Zulueca has his eye on this light. All right!"

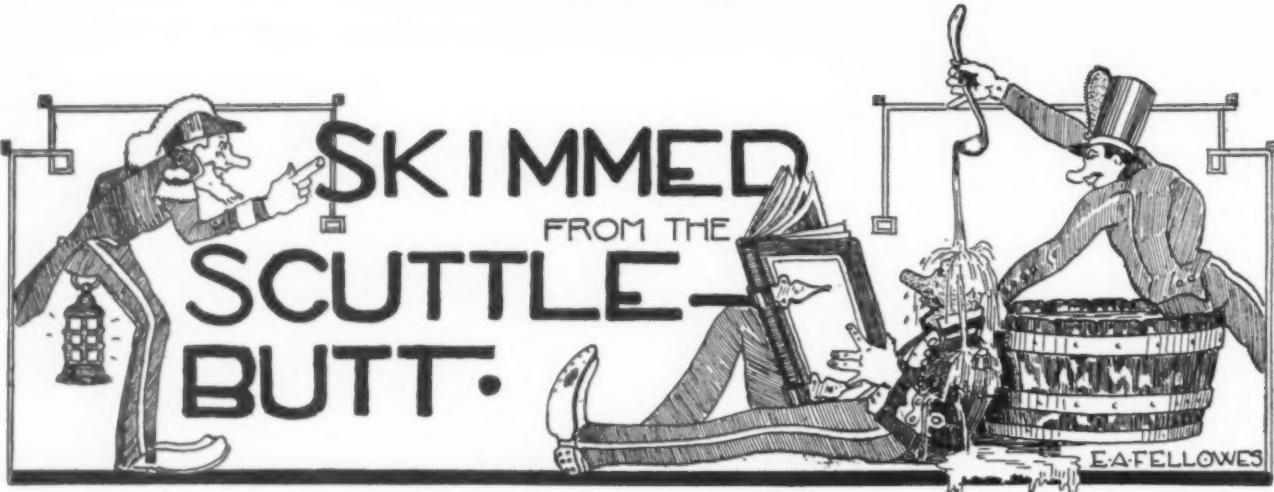
He smiled grimly and hurried down the rickety stairs that led from his high platform. He found Matupi, a native youth who cooked his food and looked after him, squatting on his heels at the edge of the water.

"Matupi, I have a message to deliver," he said. "Take the dugout and go to Miso as fast as you can. There you'll find Superintendent Bardlow. Deliver this message to him and return at your leisure. Quick now! Get off at once!"

Matupi, glad of the change, lost no time in getting off. Mat watched him until he was out of sight. Then he turned to the pirate craft. It, too, had disappeared. He smiled instead of frowning.

"Just as I thought," he murmured. "Zulueca's laying his plans as usual. The battle's half won when you know the enemy's intentions."

The old pirate's method was to reconnoitre in the daytime, and, finding everything safe, land a few of his crew at a distance, who would visit the light and prepare the way for the night's adventure. (Continued on page 46)



A VIRTUE OF DUMMIES

The film director was making a Western thriller, and working very hard to get some action into it.

Finally he turned from the brink of a cliff, mopped his brow and glanced at a dummy made of straw and old clothes lying on the ground beside him.

"Good heavens!" he shouted. "Who was it we threw over the cliff?"

—Pearson's Weekly.

Chips was doing a bit of shingling on a particularly steep roof the other day. Suddenly he slipped and started sliding with terrifying rapidity. "O, Lord save me!" he prayed. "O, Lord save me!"

"O, Lord—Never mind, Lord, I've caught on a nail."

A woman, one of the 30,000 British working for the Y. M. C. A., was assigned to scrub the Eagle Hut floor. She had done little manual work in her life, but accepted the job without protest and went down on her knees with a pail of hot water, a cloth and a cake of soap. Soon the water in the pail was black. A man in uniform passed. The woman looked up and asked if he would mind emptying the pail and refilling it with clean water.

There was a theatrical pause, then this reply:

"Dammit, Madam; I'm an officer!"

This time there was no pause, but like a flash the scrubwoman retorted:

"Dammit, officer, I'm a duchess!"

The Applicant had just reported in at Parris Island. "How do you spell your name?" inquired the Clerk.

The Applicant began: "O double T, I double U, E, double L, double—"

"Wait a minute," growled the clerk. "Begin again."

"O double T, I double U, E, double L, double U, double O—"

"Lieutenant, this guy's trying to kid me," said the clerk.

"What's your name?" asked the lieutenant sternly.

"My name, lieutenant, is Ottiwell Wood; and I spell it O, double T, I double U, E double L, double U, double O, D."

"I just congratulated Dr. Brown on marrying one of his patients and he seemed quite annoyed."

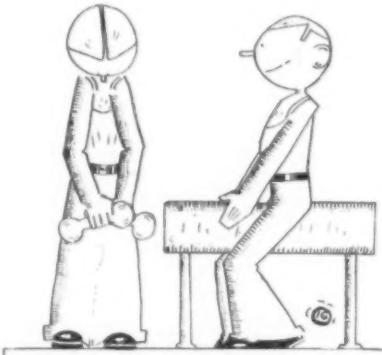
"That isn't Dr. Brown, you idiot. That's Dr. Smith, the lunacy specialist."

A HEAVY HANDICAP

It was a hot, sultry session in the courts and the judge was thinking other than judicial thoughts.

Finally the lawyer said: "He claims his wife was intractable, your Honor, so he beat her into subjection with a golf club."

"How many strokes?" asked the judge absently.—Boston Transcript.



"While hunting in Canada I ran across one of those Kodiak bears."

"Did you give him both barrels?"

"Both barrels! I gave him the whole darned gun!"

Hubby (looking over bills) — "You're driving me to the poorhouse!"

Wife—"No, you'll have to walk. The finance company has taken the car."

—Pathfinder.

A backwoods mountaineer one day found a mirror which a tourist had lost.

"Well, if it ain't my old dad," he said, as he looked in the mirror.

"I never knew he had his pitcher took."

He took the mirror home and stole into the attic to hide it. But his actions didn't escape his suspicious wife. That night while he slept, she slipped up to the attic and found the mirror.

"Hum-um," she said looking into it, "so that's the old hog he's been chasin'."

—Coast Guard.

THE LAST STRAW

Fore: "Did you notice the swell necklace my girl is wearing?"

Aft: "I sure did."

Fore: "I gave her that. Did you lamp the earrings that went with the necklace?"

Aft: "I believe I did."

Fore: "I gave her that. Did you observe the vanity case she carried?"

Aft: "Couldn't miss it."

Fore: "I gave her that. And, oh boy! Did you notice that snappy sports model she was driving?"

Aft: "Yeah! What about it?"

Fore: "That's her sister's."

—Our Navy.

Admiral (to orderly): "Johnson, for some time I have noticed the men in the Navy using a peculiar phrase, 'I'll say it is.' Can you tell me the meaning of that expression?"

Johnson (formerly of Harvard): "Sir, the phrase you mention is frequently spoken in approbation or approval of some statement recently uttered. The peculiar emphasis it imparts to a truism with which the speaker is thoroughly in accord has led to its colloquial adoption, I think. Is my explanation satisfactory, sir?"

Admiral: "I'll say it is."—Ex.

The teacher was explaining the difference between the stately rose and the modest violet.

"You see, children," she said, "a beautiful, well dressed woman walks along the street, but she is proud and does not greet anybody—that is the rose. But behind her comes a small creature with bowed head . . ."

"Yes, ma'am, I know," Tommy interrupted; "that's her husband."—Tit-Bits.

The young man wrenched open the door of the railway carriage, tumbled inside, and collapsed on the seat, gasping for breath, as the train slid towards the end of the platform.

The rather obvious retired "colonel" in the opposite corner grunted.

"When I was your age, my lad," he said disapprovingly, "I could sprint down a platform and catch a train without turning a hair."

"Yes," panted the young man, "but I missed—this one—at the—last station!"

—Everybody's.

GOLF AS SHE SOMETIMES IS

Four golfers were resting at the ninth green, which was behind a mound, when a battered ball came over the rise and rolled into a sandy trap. The player was not in view.

"Let's make him think he did it in one," said one of the golfers.

So they picked up his ball and put it in the hole.

Presently a weary player walked over the mound and looked about for his ball. The four men rose at him shouting, "Did you hit that ball? Bravo! You've done it in one, old man. Look! It's in the hole!"

The player looked bewildered.

"Here's how it rolled," they said, tracing a course across the green. "A perfect shot! The right angle and the right strength! Bravo!"

The weary player pulled out a tattered score-card.

"Good," said he, "that makes it 30 for this hole!"—*Erie Magazine*.



He: When will you ever stop saying No to everything I ask?

She: Ask for your hat. Go ahead, just ask for it.

Orator: And now, gentlemen, I wish to tax your memory."

Listener: "Alas! Has it come to that?"—*Northampton Deep*.

Senior Partner: Have you seen the cashier this morning?

Office Boy: Yes, sir. He came in here without his moustache and borrowed a timetable!—*American Mutual Magazine*.

Irate Ball Player: I wasn't out!

Sarcastic Umpire: Oh, you weren't? Well, you just have a look at the newspaper tomorrow.—*Navy Club Home Port*.

Attorney: When did you first suspect your husband was not all right mentally?"

Young Woman: "When he shook the ball tree and began feeling around on the floor for apples."—*Rochester Rocky*.

Widower (to ten-year-old daughter): Jeanie, do you know that Georgia, our housekeeper, is going to be married?

Jeanie: Oh, I'm so glad we're getting rid of that old pelican. Won't it be jolly? But who is going to marry her?

Father: Well, I am.—*Coast Guard*.

A teacher was trying to develop the word "sleigh."

"Now Jamesie," she said, "what is it that comes along on runners?"

"Rum," answered the five-year-old.

—*Jokes*.

. . . EVER GAZE ON HEAVEN'S SCENES"

Needless to say this story was told by an ex-army man, writes Old Timer in the *Memphis Press Scimitar*. A visitor to Heaven was being shown around by St. Peter. After he had made a circuit and admired the streets of gold, and was about to go out the pearly gates again, he noticed a group of men over in the corner tied together, looking very disconsolate.

"Why, who are those men over there?" he asked St. Peter in surprise.

"Oh," said St. Peter, "those? Those are ex-marines."

"But what are they chained up for?" asked the visitor.

"We have to keep them tied up," said St. Peter, frowning. "If we didn't they'd all go back and re-enlist."

Salesman (wiping the perspiration from his brow)—I'm afraid, sailor, we've shown you all our stock of linoleums, but we could get more from our factory.

Sailor: Well, perhaps, you had better. You see, I want something of a neater pattern and quite small. Just a little square for the bottom of a bird cage.—*Navy Review*.

Steward: Where shall I put your dinner, sir?"

Seasick Passenger: "Aw, what's the use—you wouldn't do it if I told you."

—*Coast Guard*.

His Boss: "Dodson, I found this long blonde hair on the back seat of my limousine. My wife's hair is black."

Chauffeur: "I'll give you an explanation, sir."

Boss: "Explanation nothing! What I want is an introduction."—*Montreal Star*.

When the president of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce was asked recently how the depression had hit Los Angeles, he replied:

"Depression? We have no depression in Los Angeles; but I will admit that we are having the worst boom in many years."

—*Christian Advocate*.



She: "Don't you think that clever men make excellent husbands?"

He: "My dear—clever men don't become husbands."

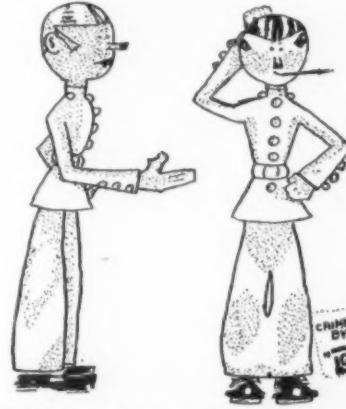
YUMPIN YIMINY!

Ole, the old bosun's mate was being transferred from an East Coast station to the West Coast. In New York City, just as Ole was about to enter the Pennsylvania Station, a yellow cab driver greeted him with, "Yellow cab, sir! Yellow cab!" Ole shook his head negatively. The cab driver was insistent. "Yumpin Yiminy," roared Ole in exasperation, "Aye don' vant no automobile." Days later, arriving in Seattle, Ole faired forth with his grips. A yellow cab driver greeted him with "Cab, sir?" "Yumpin Yiminy," roared Ole at the astounded taxi man, "Aye ot! you a few days ago Aye don' want no automobile. Vass in the L you follow me for?"

—*Coast Guard*.

Mrs. Jones went into her kitchen to find the maid sitting on the butler's lap. "Is this what I pay you for?" she stormed.

"No, madam," replied the maid. "I do it for nothing."—*Salt Lake City Rope Yarn*.



"Didn't you have any luck at the races?" "Luck! When my horse passed me I leaned over the fence, pointed, and yelled: 'They went up that way'."

Young Hopeful (looking over family album): "Gee, ma, weren't we terribly old-fashioned when we were young?"

—*Pathfinder*.

Visitor (inspecting submarine): "But doesn't this big gun get all wet when you submerge?"

Gob: "Good heavens, no, lady. You see we detail one of the crew to stay on deck and hold an umbrella over it."

—*U. S. Navy Magazine*.

Customer: Are you quite sure this suit won't shrink if it gets wet on me?

The Clothier—Mine frendt, effery fire company in the city has squirted water on dot suit.—*Coast Guard*.

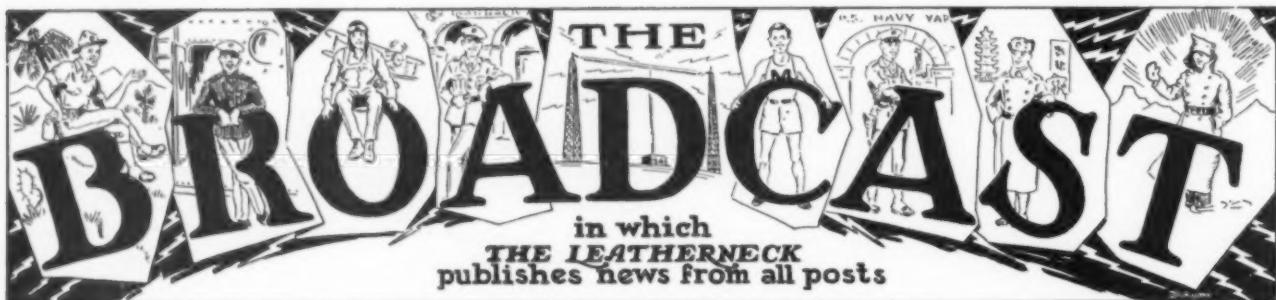
"Are you a back-seat driver?"

"Indeed I'm not. I sit right here where I can grab the wheel if he doesn't do what I tell him."—*Railway Journal*.

Teacher (warning her pupils against catching cold): I had a little brother seven years old, and one day he took his new sled out in the snow. He caught pneumonia, and three days later he died.

(Silence for ten seconds.)

The voice from the rear: Where's his sled?—*Annapolis Log*.



SAN DIEGO GOSSIP

By William M. Camp

Admiral Senn and several members of his staff, General Bradman and ten Marine Officers visited Camp Bradman in the Imperial Valley, Monday, December 19, to witness a demonstration firing by the Sixth Battery, commanded by Captain LeGette. A firing problem of much interest was successfully outlined with several notable Mexican officers, Reserve Army officers and civilians present. The Sixth Battery broke camp on December 20 and arrived two days later.

Many hardships were encountered enroute to the camp. One of the most severe hail storms in over a hundred years came in the midst of preparations of getting the camp ready for practice. The Marines are especially suited for tropical duty but the mere fact that they were equally adaptable to weather like that of the North Pole was proven by this encounter of drastic cold.

Major T. Talmage Taylor made a series of talks to various organizations of this city on his experiences while on duty in Shanghai last year. Major Taylor made many friends in the 19th Route Army in China and he related his experiences with them to Army Reserve officers, the Army and Navy Academy, on December 14, and the Masonic Club on December 21.

Captain John F. Talbot reported for duty on December 9th and was assigned to duty with Headquarters Company. Captain Talbot, a decorated Marine officer of many acquaintances, was formerly attached to the Recruiting division in New Orleans, La.

A record receipt of Christmas cards was received at the Marine Base on Christmas. The Marines in San Diego are grateful for these tokens of remembrance.

"Rex," the village mascot, has had a difficult time in combat against being retired from the active duty list of the Marine Corps. An ugly bulldog, indeed, but with many friends who are ready to fight if it would keep him from being retired.

Seable, the Chaplain's assistant, is being paid off soon and has been relieved of his duties by P. O. G. Northerross, better known to members of the base as the "smiling librarian."

Sgt. Maj. Lloyd B. Rice, former Regimental Sergeant Major of the 4th Marines in Shanghai, has reported to the Marine Corps Base for duty as Base Sergeant Ma-



Brig. Gen. Frederick L. Bradman, Commanding Marine Corps Base, San Diego, California

ior. The Sergeant Major has many buddies in the Marines of San Diego, several of which were with him during the Japanese-Chinese controversy in Shanghai. His family returned several months before Rice's Asiatic tour was completed, but

joined him upon his arrival in San Diego. They are now residing in Long Beach.

Big, tall Popple, of rugby fame in Philadelphia, and football of San Diego, in recent years, is seen almost daily out at the entrance as corporal of the guard. He

takes it smilingly, willingly, as do many of our local dignitaries, like "Ski" Skwalski, Barney Cogdell, "Toby" Standley, the "Hungarian Ambassador," and many others. Chink Holmdale is making the ball diamond a better place

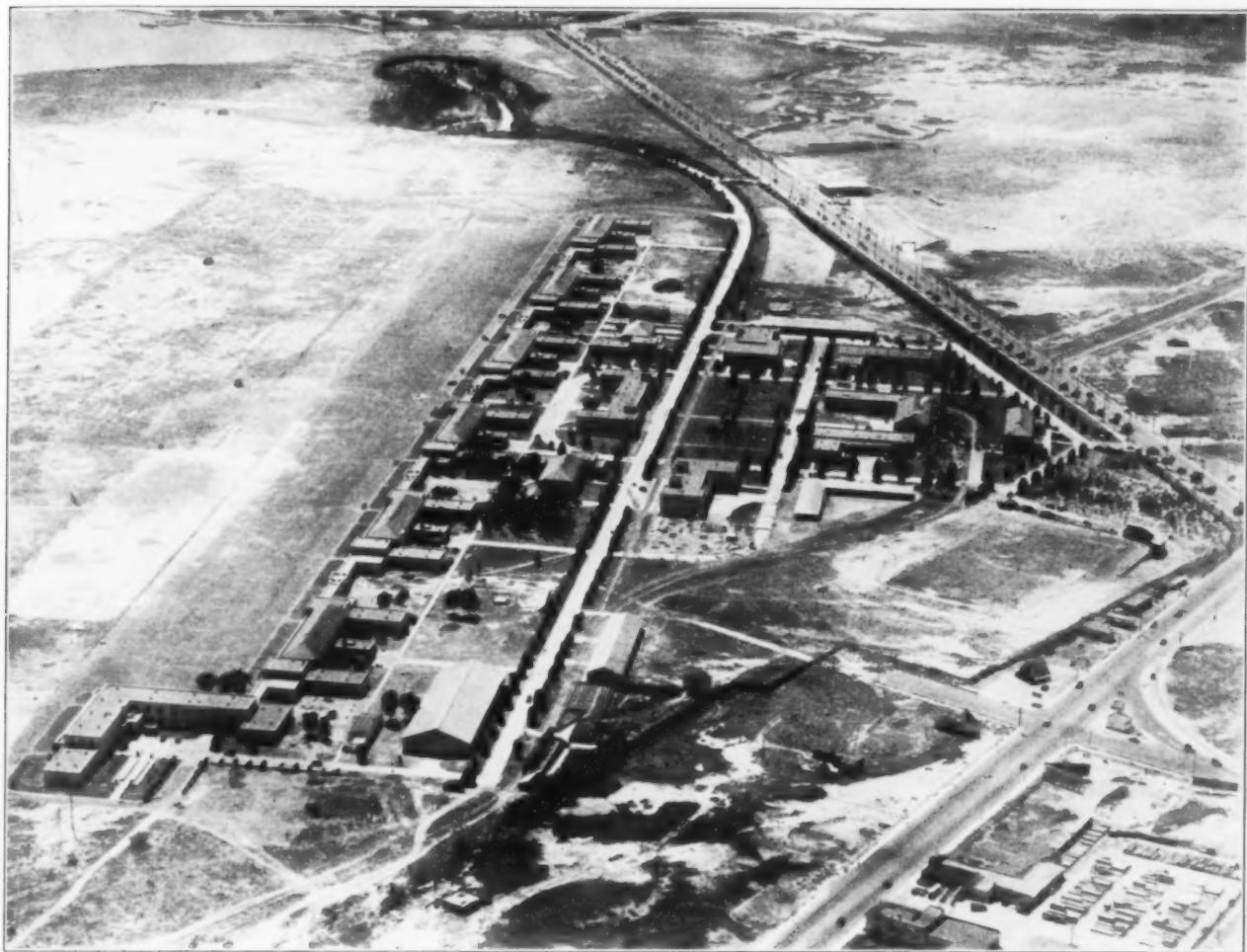
San Diego, California

Where The Spring comes in The Summer, The Summer comes in The Fall, The Fall comes in the Wintertime, and The Winters don't come at all.

February, 1933

THE LEATHERNECK

Seventeen



Marine Corps Base, San Diego



Brig. Gen. Bradman, Commanding General, and Staff, Marine Corps Base

for the venerable old team to perform. Barney Cogsdell, Corporal Hood, and party were seen Christmas Eve at a sorority Dance at the Patio Real in the U. S. Grant Hotel. Formal affairs are no obstacle to the Marines, apparently.

What could be sweeter than . . . consuming 880 pounds of fat turkey in Sgt. Lockburner's mess? . . . seeing Budwell Price chased in for not having a field scarf, an order which he, himself, published? . . . Guiliams, company runner of Hqs. Co., on leave? . . . the handsome company clerk, Corporal Harlson, "taking off" in "Fatso's" new, blue flivver? . . . Chief Marine Gunner Ludolf Jensen trying to invent a contraption to relieve the strain on football players who fire the range? . . . Glen A. Bollinger being paid off and kissing his little nurse "bye-bye?" . . . Langdon J. Weaver, former Shanghai wrestler, resting in what was "Wallace's Inn" in Shanghai? And in San Diego, too? . . . "Rosie" Rose doing the "hey, nonny, nonny and hot cha-cha" at the big dance the other nite? . . . Than Millie sending her faithful Willie over eight letters a week—and getting as many in return, all addressed to South Bend? . . . than two Marines attached to the *Arkansas* rescuing an old man who had been afloat on an overturned boat for two hours and receiving the congratulations of the Command for the daring and bravery known to all Marines? . . . Willie Turner smiling wistfully at a buddy as he dresses up to go out on a "pender"? . . . Matt Gallagher's "West Coast Sports Digest" seen in the hands of the San Diego Marines, all keenly interested in the new sports paper? . . . 1st Sergeant Bill Hunt going aboard the USS. *Northampton*? . . . members of the Nicaragua Electoral Mission resting peacefully on soft bunks in Diego? And after all that hard work down there? . . . getting "Merry Christmas" from Georgia Neal Wilson in Purris Island? That's what I call a pal, ole pal, ole pal? . . . "Runt" Borak hoping that the New Year will bring less worries to his Headquarters Company? . . . than "Fitz" Fitzsimmons of Quantico acquaintance seen hereabouts? . . . Mr. C. M. Vandenburg coming through with 5,000 words on San Diego? WHAT COULD BE SWEETER THAN ALL THIS?



Library, San Diego Marines

Pfc. Lemont S. Stutts is still taking a long deserved leave after a strenuous season of football. Ho, hum! The "country gentleman" is certainly having a hard time with his social obligations!

Pfc. C. H. Miller, one of the oldest members in the ice plant, is always absorbed in literary matters and what disturbs him most is the destination of Herman Albaugh on every afternoon. Albaugh is always going somewhere and Miller can't make it out. Someone needs to shadow this guy.

The U.S.S. *Arkansas*, with its battalion of Marines known as the "First Separate Training Battalion," sailed for Long Beach, Calif., where it will remain to complete certain training rules and will then sail for the East Coast under separate orders, it was learned January 5th.

Pvt. Joe Harris, Cpl. "Hop" Hoppe, and Frank Pierson reported to the Marine

Corps Base from the U.S.S. *Texas* recently, leaving 1st Sergeant G. L. Shadolt, an old timer, marking time on the venerable battleship. All three former "Texans" are assigned to the Casual Company.

THE SAN DIEGO POST BAND

By Wright Rundell

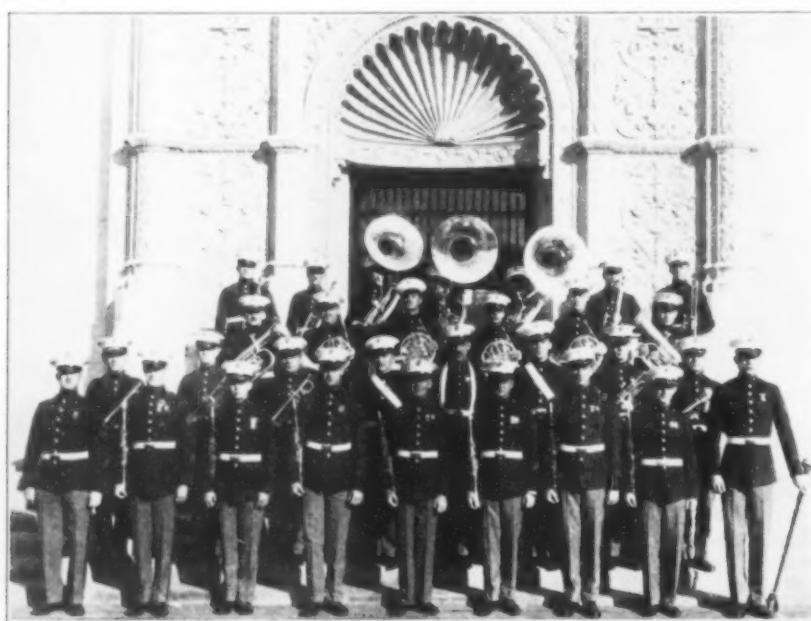
It was in 1923, while the San Diego Marine Base was yet in embryo, that the Post Band was organized as a part of the 4th Regiment Marines, which was at that time serving here. Its personnel consisted of twenty-eight men, with 1st Sgt. K. Kaesheimer its first bandmaster. Some time later 1st Sgt. E. Arnold, who had been given the task of reorganizing the Marine Corps Bands, by the Major-General Commandant, assumed its leadership and built the band to an authorized strength of forty-eight men, though during various times it had less and sometimes more than its full complement.

With the popularity accorded the Marines during the 1915 Panama-Pacific Exposition, which was held first in San Francisco and then in San Diego, the band soon became prominent and for over two years played a weekly concert in the Balboa Park at the Spreckels Organ Pavilion. Its importance rose until it became the most prominent musical organization in San Diego, taking a major part in civic affairs, official opening of many public buildings, memorial dedications, and many other activities of a public nature.

Although the Post Band furnishes the Pacific stations of Honolulu, Guam, Shanghai and Peiping, as well as occasionally Nicaragua, with bandsmen, through it all the various bandmasters have maintained a high standard musical organization, willing and always serving the surrounding community with the joy of good music.

During the year of 1932 the Post Band participated in the Battle Fleet Maneuvers as a part of the expeditionary forces. It also played for the inaugural ceremonies for the mayor of San Diego.

On Flag Day the band provided the music in a very impressive flag ceremony at Ramona's Marriage Place, Old Town, San Diego, where the Spanish, Mexican, California and United States flags were



Marine Corps Base Band, 1st Sgt. Raymond G. Jones, Leader

raised during various parts of the ceremony. The band was honored by playing for the opening of the National Convention of Disabled American Veterans, in June. Then on the Marine Corps birthday it presented a feature program over KFSD, San Diego.

Throughout the past football season the band was quite popular in presenting trick drills on the gridiron before the games and between the halves.

Once weekly there is a sunset battalion parade at the Marine Base, where the various units strut their stuff to the swing of "Hunk" Holzman's baton and the tune of thirty some odd "boilermakers." On alternate Tuesdays the band presents a novelty concert at the Naval Hospital.

The Marine Orchestra consists of George Werner, a very able pianist, Russel Bowen and Hubert Johnson, 1st and 3rd saxes, respectively, with Joe Penrose playing tenor sax; a very capable and harmonious sax trio, "Runt" Dressel, trombonist, with "Micky" Hamlin, trumpeter, provide the hot rhythm in the brass section, while Clifford Miles (sometimes called "Smiles" because of the general condition of his humor) plays equally as well the tuba or string bass. Grady Miller, drummer, and Frank Hiatt, banjoist, complete the finishing touches to a well balanced and extremely popular dance orchestra.

The present director and bandmaster is 1st Sgt. Raymond G. Jones, recently returned from the 4th Marines, Shanghai, China, where he won great favor as director of the Marine Band in China and member and once, guest conductor of the Shanghai Symphony Orchestra of which Maestro Paci, the great French composer and conductor, is the regular maestro. Jones was a flutist in John Philip Sousa's famous Philadelphia band in 1920 and also one of the first members of Sousa's 600 piece band in New York in 1917. He is well known throughout the Marine Corps as a conscientious worker and able musician.

Much could be said about the individuals of the band, but perhaps the best thing is that it is an agreeable bunch. There is an atmosphere of genuine friendliness and comradeship; good natured banter provides continuous amusement, as well as an outlet for a grouchy temper.

This column is entirely too dry to be continued further, so with a hearty wish from every member of this band to the Marines who are spread over the globe, and their friends—HAPPY NEW YEAR—may it mean genuine peace, joy, health and happiness to everyone!

RECREATION IN SAN DIEGO MARINE CORPS BASE

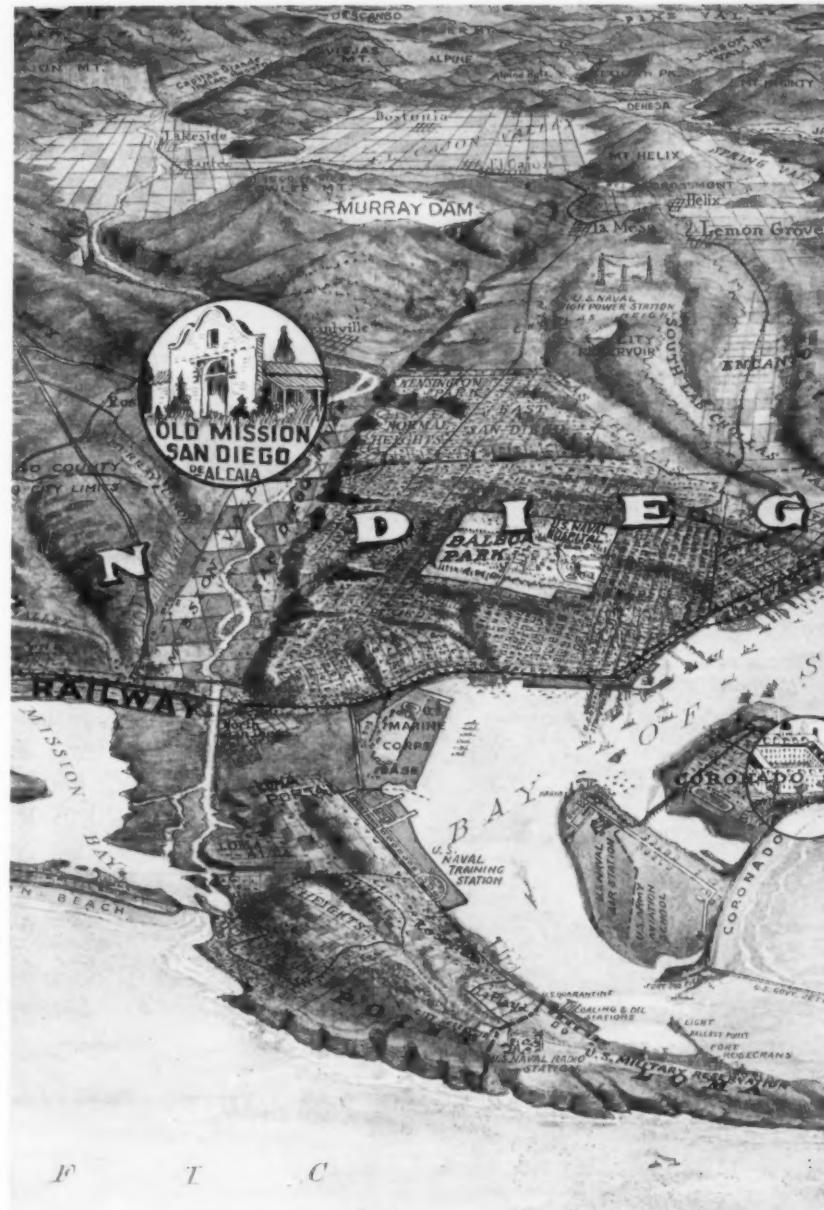
By "Walter" Camp

The San Diego Marine Corps Base is particularly well equipped as to facilities for recreation and amusement of the personnel and, in fact, it may be said that few individuals in or out of the service have access to or have the opportunity to enjoy the number of recreational activities that are available to the members of this command.

A well-stocked library, where over ten thousand volumes of every imaginable reading capacity is maintained. Magazines to satisfy the tastes of every man are to be had in abundance. But most satisfying of all is the life of the sportsman and athlete.

A very successful season of football was passed, and no doubt the coming year will be another such success. It is rumored that rugby will be introduced, due to the great number of ruggerites present from their former stations in China and the renowned Philadelphia rugby squad.

Winning the 11th Naval District cham-



Aerial Map of San Diego

pionship, tennis in the Marine Base is one of the many sports that the Marines excel, both in fair play and sheer superiority. The Marine Base tennis team, composed of Sergeant Shaft, Corporal Reynolds and Privates Kirkeby, Ussery and Corporal Jean Neil, won district championship for 1931 and 1932 saw these same players, in addition to Captain Bartoe, Gunnery Sergeant Peterson and several others, finish one point behind the winners, garnering second place. With the addition of "Don" Beeson, sensational tennis champion, on the roster of the Marine Base, the coming season is predicted to be one of great prowess.

Track and field meets in which the Marines always come out winners, having won the district championship with Lieutenant Lloyd as high point man of 60½ points. A winning relay team made up of

Barney Cogsdell, Nieto, Burk and Rankin simply walked away with every honor.

The Base Bowling team won the 11th Naval District championship again this year. Third place was held down by the volleyball fighters in 1931 and this year's team is a corker. Basketball is no problem for the San Diego Marines—they've won the championship for five consecutive years! They haven't been beaten once this season! What do you think?

The baseball season closed last year in June, a schedule of 32 games of which 26 were won by the Marines and three of the games lost were in competition with professional teams. This gives the Base team the best record since 1926 and daily workouts today show that even a better squad is in the brew for 1933. No definite information is obtainable at the time of this writing, but it is believed that after January 15th, the San Diego Marines will



The outdoor organ of Balboa Park. This organ is the largest of its kind in the world

step out with a force that will be hard to corner.

Capt. Charles McL. Lott is the Base athletic officer, Maj. K. E. Rockey being the supervising officer. Many officers are the various coaches of athletic activities and seem to produce commendable teams. The athletic field has been enlarged during the past year and it is now all under turf. A nine hole golf course is almost completed. Four handball courts and five tennis courts are at the disposal of all-comers.

San Diego is a paradise for athletes!

MARINE FLYERS WIN SCHIFF CUP

The "soldiers of the sea"—the Marines—have reached up into the air this time and brought down fresh laurels.

The Herbert Schiff Memorial Trophy, awarded annually to the naval squadron with the highest record for safe flying, has been won by the Marine Fighting Plane Squadron 10-M, stationed at San Diego, Calif., with a total of 1,862 hours in the air without accident. This is the first instance, according to a Navy Department announcement recently, that the trophy has been won by a Marine squadron.

The winners are a part of the West Coast Expeditionary Force at the San Diego Naval Air Station, consisting of six

lieutenant pilots and twenty-five enlisted men, under the command of Capt. Vernon M. Guymon, U. S. M. C., of Murray, Utah, who was awarded the Croix de Guerre by the French government for gallantry in action during the World War.

The trophy will be presented to the squadron by a representative of Secretary Adams on a date to be announced later. The prize for the previous fiscal year went to the United States Naval Reserve Aviation Base, Floyd Bennett Field, Brooklyn, N. Y.

With the aim of stimulating more care in flying, the trophy was presented to the Navy in 1925 by members of the family of Lt. Herbert Schiff, U. S. N. R., aviator, killed at the Naval Air Station at Hampton Roads, Va., in July, 1924.

SAN FRANCISCO RECEIVING SHIP

By Frank Kupec, Jr.

First of all, you should know about this "Paradise Isle," located in Frisco Bay between San Francisco and Oakland, which gives the fortunate Marines stationed here a few choice liberty towns within a few minutes' ride. "Tarzan" would find this Island to his liking, such wild animals and game as deer and ducks abound on this solid rocky mass.

The Marine Detachment numbers 'round

the forty-five mark. Captain Beecher and (newly made) 1st Lt. J. F. Shaw, Jr., are the "Big Chiefs," ably assisted by First Sergeant Wood, who, at this writing, is ill. While the "Top" is gone, Sergeant Edwards keeps the "git-che-achun" well in hand.

Many of the "it-less" and shy hopefuls gather around Private First Class Sass each day and learn about women from him. His daily spics on "How to go Over Huge with the Weaker Sex" is always an entertaining feature.

Zeins, by the way, when told that "Very few men escape baldness," replied, "Yes, hair today and gone tomorrow."

Private Beals is getting so "air-minded" that he is sending his M. C. I. lessons in on fly paper. Wagging tongues are responsible for the saying that he introduced the cigarettes "Wings" to the detachment.

If it were possible to put in writing the sound effects and gestures that Private Shannon goes through while slumbering and dreaming of his body and soul 'twould be a farce.

Pfc. Orozco, not knowing of the hard life that benefits lead, gave his one and only an engagement ring. Don't do the Dutch act and marry her, Orozco.

Private Rosenberg received a furlough transfer to Great Lakes, Ill. He intends to hitch-hike to the Great Lakes; here's wishing you all the luck in the world, Rosie, you need it.

Many of our detachment are playing on the Department of Pacific basketball team.

Last week, 'Frisco had a taste of its unusual weather. It snowed three days, the heaviest here since 1905, and were the natives thrilled?



COLORADO CAPERS

By Frick

The *Colorado* Detachment has decided it is high time that some of its nefarious doings were brought to light, just to inform the rest of the Corps that there really is such a thing as a *Colorado* Detachment.

We have traveled much during the last year or so, mostly between Bremerton and Pedro. It is surprising how much steaming time a ship can get sailing in the vicinity of Catalina Island for a week at a time.

Pfc. Jimmy Rodgers and "Tennessee" Grimes were selected as budding dot-and-dashers. It is point for conjecture whether their detail as signalmen will make much difference in determining the winner of the next Signal Trophy Contest.

The ship tied up to the *Medusa* for repairs in the early part of December. We

remained there for a month, the longest time we have been at anchor since the *Arkansas* ran aground at Ararat. We spent the holiday periods there. Everybody and his brother was suddenly afflicted with a severe case of "Relatives from the East-to-be-here-during Xmas." Applications, with the above excuse, for furlough were in profusion. Were it not for the tireless (ahem!) labors of the extremely efficient office staff (yes, the writer is a member of the staff), we would have been completely snowed under by requests. First Sergeant Luck (wotta appropriate name) managed to grab off a few (meaning 24) days' leave; Gunnery Sergeant Olmsted reached out and snared a week over Xmas. However, the lads will all be back in time for the January long range.

Capt. John B. Wilson assumed command of the guard in July. He, with the able assistance of 2nd Lt. Karl K. Louther and the Top, is making a snappy outfit out of

this war-weary gang of salty soldiers. The snap is welcome, as we were about to sink forever into a state of innocuous desuetude (we read this somewhere, and it may lead you to believe that we know somethin').

The guard has had several changes recently in non-commissioned officer personnel. Corporals Eeks, Vale, Straka, and Hereford left and have been replaced by Corporal Oliver by transfer, and by Corporals Frick, McCain, and A. V. Smith by promotion. Corporal Tracy, our only real dyed-in-the-wool Guamaniac, and Sergeant Strong joined us from Bremerton. Corporal Peterson now answers the roll call amongst the sergeants. Sergeant Merrick says, "I like sea going." "Action speaks louder than words," says I. Result: A notation in his (Merrick's) record book, two years extension effective on suchandsuch date.

There have been very few matrimonial ventures in the guard. We like, and are conceited enough, to believe it is because

the men aboard are particular, not that they lack masculine pulchritude or the old S. A. Some of the boys meet rich women with big Packards every time they go ashore. This is their story. Private First Class Rodgers still has his lady barber, which holds the guards' average up to the snuff. Private Dimples Wilson says he is going to be married next year—when he becomes eighteen. Oh, yes, Private Nazarene claims he has a wife and child in Turkey; a statement which comes under the heading of: "It may be so, but—"

The Marines aboard the *Colorado* man the four after 5" 51 guns, the searchlights and secondary aft. We have five posts in port and six underway as our regular duty. This does not make our duty too arduous, as we have seventy-five tried and true men in this detachment.

We hope this has brought us up to date, and that it renews old acquaintances. See you all in THE LEATHERNECK soon again, Maskee?

MAC'S TENNESSEE TALES

By M. P. Mallick

This is my first attempt to do anything big in the literary world. No doubt it will be rather brief, but I shall attempt to tell something of interest about most of the detachment.

Captain and Mrs. MacNulty are the proud parents of a fine new baby boy (ten pounds at birth), and as a result, several boxes of Cremos were passed around.

Captain Mac is our skipper and is ably assisted by 2nd Lt. W. M. Greene. Things are beginning to pick up under such able guidance and before long we will be rated as the best detachment in the whole fleet.

First Sergeant Patterson is our "top." He is best remembered for his activities on the 4th Regiment dance committee, back in '28 and '29. There never was a member of that committee who was able to welcome the ladies with more finesse than Pat. It was a treat to see him help the ladies from their rickshaws and toss a handful of clackers with a scornful "chela." His other failing is a craving for malted milks. Ten a day; seems like he is slowing down.

The company clown is none other than Red Simmons, of Cavite and Dallas, Texas, fame! Red is due to leave us some time in April. He was married last summer and he wants quarters on the beach.

Our amiable police sergeant is none other than Sgt. Charlie Pope. There is more about him in another section.

The Marine storerooms are under the charge of Cpl. J. P. Gordon recently of Portsmouth, N. H., he hails from North Carolina. In spite of all that, he is a real shipmate.

In the galley we have Wynne and Sloan. No doubt they would be a big success on the beach as cooks, but here they are not so hot. Probably they do their best; it is not enough.

For gun strikers we have Bangh, Mansfield, Oswald and Anderson, the only four of their kind ever seen together. Their guns usually are bright and shining, but sometimes they slip up just a bit.

Gy-Sgt. Basil Thomason's name belongs in here somewhere, and I shall try to find a place. He is responsible for the fad of shooting paper balls with rubber bands, the greatest of indoor sports at present.

Ex-Sergeant Epstein still talks of the many escapades he managed to get into while in Boston on recruiting duty. One look at the album containing all the pictures and newspaper clippings will con-



Capt. B. B. Wygant, U.S.N., inspects the Marine Guard, U.S.S. Colorado

vince you that he has every right to be very proud of his rogues' gallery.

Campbell and McKinney are the only two natatorial addicts in the detachment. It is rumored they use this as an excuse to take a bath once in a while.

Pfe. Taylor is the company presser. Sometimes the pressing is delayed for a while, but we manage to look presentable in time for inspection. He has the use of a Hoffman steam press in the ship's laundry.

The following comprise the whale-boat crew and they look like real champions. Sgt. Pope (Coxswain), Baker, Michels, Cooney, Dowty, Kren, Stromstad, Flohr, Yates, Beck, McGee, Menard, Grindle and Swartzfager.

Dowty has the biggest feet and it was impossible to find shoes to fit him. Finally a pair was made to order for him.



Sgt. Pope as he is today

Hunters Point was the scene of our operations the first of December. After about two days of hard work the old pig iron was scraped and painted. There were no mishaps except wet feet, and one pelican who took a nose dive. The Marines voted to do extra work with several of the deck divisions, but our offer was rejected. Michel's and Sparks' talents are sadly wasted in the Marine Corps. They would make good deck massagers in this or any other navy. The types of knots, and the way they tied them, opened the eyes of several of the old salts.

Some time in the spring we are due to lose some of the old timers, but the odds are two to one that they will extend.

For the benefit of members of this detachment who have been transferred, Barclay and Cooney are traveling together now and are real buddies.

About one-third of our detachment are sporting hashmarks, and it will be just a matter of time until the rest of them are wearing them. We think Garner and Mulford will be the next.

POPE

The following is a brief Marine Corps history of Sergeant Charles Pope. He enlisted August 4, 1904, at the New York Navy Yard. After a brief time, he was sent to the U.S.S. *Hancock* and later to the U.S.S. *Maine*. There he was orderly for Admiral R. D. (Fighting Bob) Evans

on the cruise around the world with the now famous White Fleet. He also served aboard the U.S.S. *Kentucky*, U.S.S. *Kearsage*, U.S.S. *Vermon* and U.S.S. *Mayflower* as President Wilson's bodyguard.

Sergeant Pope was discharged in April, 1919, to take a job as one of Morgan's bodyguards in New York. After eleven months of this, the call of the Marine Corps was too strong, so Pope re-enlisted for recruiting duty in New Orleans. He was transferred several times since that time; New Orleans to Denver;



Pope as a Private aboard the *Maine*



VS-15M, U.S.S. Lexington

the same so that he will say that they pulled at least one stroke.

Pfc. "Hashmark" Eggerman is still the most decorated fixture in the crew's reception room. "Dodo" Ward is still so radical about football games that everyone agrees with him rather than continue the argument.

Pfc. "Doc" Ballou has the best mustache that has been our privilege to gaze upon. Cpl. Carson and Edwards and Private First Class Soward are now our tailors, they have a sewing machine and everything. Hope you are the same. We expect more and more good old beans for breakfast.

LEXINGTON BIRDMEN

By P. J. C.

Capt. Field Harris, our new skipper, joined and took over the reins. He seems to be a quiet driver. Lieutenant Brice, our old captain, went to AS, WCEF.

Cpl. Ray J. Howell was transferred to AS, WCEF. He had only a month to do and was uncertain about reenlisting.

Pvt. W. S. Smith returned from the hospital in time to stand the Admiral's quarterly inspection. Since then he has been busily engaged in his usual task of painting.

Pvt. Vincent Hamilton, our more or less permanent compartment cleaner, returned from a month's furlough. "Gents," he said as he came in the barracks, "this old Marine Corps isn't so bad after all. The outside ain't what she used to be."

Speaking of the outside, a friend of mine was laid off after working twenty-five years for the same firm of body snatchers (undertakers). He said: "The depression has affected even the death rate. People don't get enough rich food to kill them off as fast as in more prosperous times."

I don't know whether or not the depression has anything to do with it, but Sergeant Bourne is getting quite chary with his growls.

Father Gorski, former chaplain at Quantico, is now chaplain aboard the U. S. S. *Holland*. He holds mass at the Naval Air Station for the convenience of the aviation personnel.

We finally persuaded the Scouting Fleet Photographer that we would make a good group picture, so at one of our Saturday morning inspections he set up his camera and did his stuff. Look around and you will find proof of his industry between these pages.

Our Welfare Officer, Lieutenant Holmberg, dug down deep into the welfare fund and purchased a big electric pressing

machine for the use of the squadron personnel. Pressing is now a much easier and more pleasant task.

The present operations schedule calls for us to be aboard the Lexington from January 20 to March 31 and then to the East

Coast with the Lexington. But Dame Rumor hath it that we will go ashore in February and that the Lexington will not go East until the Ranger is launched. However, we will wander around the side streets of Honolulu for a few days in February.

NEWS FROM THE FAR EAST

★ ★ *

COL. HOOKER DIES SUDDENLY IN CHINA

Colonel Richard S. Hooker, commander of the 4th Regiment of the United States Marines stationed in Shanghai, dropped dead on December 24, 1932, of heart failure.

Lieut. Col. E. P. Moses, who recently arrived from the San Diego Marine Base, assumed command of the Marine regiment.

Colonel Hooker collapsed in the drawing room of his residence while playing with

his children, soon after returning home from a Christmas shopping tour.

Colonel Hooker was one of the most popular American officers who ever came to China. His death plunged the regiment into mourning in the midst of elaborate Christmas celebrations, all of which were canceled.

Colonel Hooker came to China in October, 1930, from the Marine Barracks at Bremerton, Wash. During the Sino-Japanese hostilities in February, in Shanghai, he played an important part in the defense of the International Settlement.

Colonel Hooker, whose fighting experience ranges from the Philippines to Vera Cruz and Haiti in the years before he went to China, was 54 years old.

His command of 1,225 Marines at Shanghai was part of the time directly in the line of fire between the Japanese and Chinese forces. They were clustered behind barbed wire entanglements in the International Settlement, and, with troops of other nations, threw up barricades to protect the foreign colony.

The 4th Regiment had been stationed at Shanghai since 1927, when Chiang Kai-Shek's nationalist forces menaced the city. Colonel Hooker went there from Puget Sound to relieve Col. Charles Lyman.

Colonel Hooker was well known in Shanghai, where he is remembered for his "gray rattler," one of the first automobiles there. He used to take the late Maj. Gen. George Frank Elliot to luncheon in the machine. The colonel's mother, Mrs. Bessie Stewart Hooker, lived in Shanghai until she went to North Africa. She was reported living at Tunis early this year.

—Washington Star.



Colonel Richard S. Hooker

SHANGHAI NEWS NOTES

The last time we were on the air we broadcast the results of the 1932 baseball season here in Shanghai and now, with winter sports reigning, a word about the line-up for the cold days. Ask any of your buddies who has been in China and he will tell you that the Fourth Marines has the biggest athletic schedule of any post in the Marine Corps, and if you don't believe him, read what we are doing.

First of all, Rugby. Many of you have never heard of the game; it is an English sport which the Marines have taken up and if you think that it is akin to tiddiewinks or tea for three, just get your mind off the subject. The game is something like American football in that there is a kick off, the ball is like the American football, only a little bigger, but here the similarity ends. There are fifteen men on a side and the uniform consists of a long sleeved jersey, basketball trunks and football shoes, nothing more and nothing less. There are no substitutions or time out and the game goes for two periods of forty minutes each. If a man is injured and has to be carried off the field, the team goes on without him unless he can get up and return to the field. There are no pauses while the two teams line up for the signals, but the play goes on continuously and, although there is no blocking or taking out, tackling goes on with all the fervor of the American game with no shoulder or hip pads to aid the ball carrier or the man that hits him.

However, space prohibits us going into all the intricate details of the game. Suffice it to say that Major Cates, former athletic officer of the Fourth Marines, writes us that, "after witnessing three years of rugby, it is hard to get back one's interest in American football." When the Marines took up the game back in 1927, they immediately took to it, and since then they have been a factor in that line of sport here in Shanghai, winning two City championships and being well near the top of the list the other years.

This season looks to be the best that the Regiment has ever experienced, over 30 men from last year's squad still being with us, among whom are Marvin, Allard, Bridges, Chisholm, Deegan, Daley, Morgan, Orcutt, Slusser, Sugden, Townsley, Whatley, Stein, Bateman, Heppner, Hudson, Krapp, Lee, Menener, Page, Opzoomer, Rasmussen, Smith H. A., Warwick, Vondetti and Lewandowski. There are a number of new men out for the team, chief among whom is Lieutenant Moe of the Philadelphia Marines, who is on the way to become one of the star players of the team. Captain E. W. "Skinny" Skinner, of football fame, is coaching the team for the second year and "Jawn Af Fong" Slusser was unanimously elected Captain of the team for the second year.

So far the team has only played one game, meeting and defeating an aggregation from the East Lancashires Regiment by the overwhelming score of 32-3. Due to the fact that the Marines go into early training, it is difficult to get games at the start of the season, but after the other aggregations get into shape there will be any number of interesting contests. Watch out for more along these lines.

Basketball is also one of the chief topics of conversations around here. The Marine squad, under the coaching of 1st Lieutenant Butler and Bishop, captain of the team, is looking good with Brown, Murray, Mooneyham and Roy at forward; Gimber at center and Bishop, Driscoll, Leifer and Holliday at guards. Entered in the "A" division of the Foreign Y. M. C. A. league, they have already defeated Kiangwan University 40 to 21 and the strong Hsia Kwang University team 33 to 31.

The second team, entered in the "B" division of the league, also looks good and



Swank circles right end for first touchdown

Country Club two out of three matches each. Butler is the star of the team this year, being ably supported by Aldridge, Reed, Rich and Smith.

Badminton is a new sport among the tennis players, being used as a winter method of conditioning, and although they are entering a team in the City League, no games have been played as yet and there is no way of telling how they will make out. Hai Alai, the Spanish game, called the fastest game in the world, is calling more men to the colors every day and men can be seen on the court at the Auditorium working out whenever the court is vacant. It is a hard game to learn, the professionals having worked at it since they were kids, but Marines are hard to convince and they go down there regularly and keep plugging at it. Several amateur championships have been won through their efforts.

Last but not least, the Marines had their annual American football game with the civilians on Thanksgiving Day, one of the most outstanding sporting events of the year. The game, an annual affair for the cup presented by Consular General Cunningham, received considerable publicity and a colorful crowd of over 5,000 people packed the stands at the Canidrome to witness the contest. The Civilian team, composed to a great extent of ex-college stars from all the big Universities and Colleges in the States, worked hard for a month preceding the game and with the galaxy of stars that graced their line-up, odds were being offered before the game in their favor against the list of Marines published, most of whom had only played in high school or on other Marine teams.

From the minute the game started, though, everything was in favor of the Marines, and they scored a touchdown in the first few minutes of play, coming through with another before the first quarter was over. At the end of the game the score stood 33-0 in favor of the Leathernecks, and over 1,500 men returned to their billets with sore throats, confident that their rooting carried the team over the goal line five times.

The game was featured by the playing of two well known stars, both of whom are old enough to have retired from the sport years ago. Captain Skinner, well known to Marine Corps football fans, started the game and went in again towards the end and turned in a creditable performance at his old position. Ryckman, known all over the Marine Corps, also participated and captained the team to victory. Rasmussen and Swank were two mainstays in the back field, while Moe, Yeager, Stein and the rest of line held the civilian stars time after time. Here are the men that participated in the game: Rasmussen, Blakely, Slusser, Bridges, Whatley, Lee, Lewandowski, Orcutt, Mullen, Townsley, Moe, Smith H. A., Bateman, Swank, Hudson, Warwick, Derwae, Urbaniak, Knapp, Blount, Page, Stein, Yeager, Ryckman, Booth, Kafka and Skinner.



One of the last pictures of the late Colonel Hooker, posed with Lt-Col. N. C. Bennett, commanding officer of the Argyles and Sutherland Highlanders

under the coaching of Lieutenant Fromhold are shaping up nicely. In their first game they took Tung Wen University into camp 70-12 and then defeated the Rowing Club by the narrow margin of 31-28. Members of the team are Kenton, Devins, Gordon, Carey, Kibsgaard, Humphries, Duell, McCartney and Calestine.

Other winter sports such as volleyball, bowling, badminton and hai alai are all of interest and going over in a big way. In volleyball, the Regiment entered 14 Company teams in the Navy "Y" league, resulting in the 28th and 27th Companies being tied for the lead in the "A" division and the Service and 25th Companies being tied at the top of the "B" league. There are three more weeks of play as this is written and anything may happen.

In bowling, the Marines miss the services of Ogden, Roche and Larcher, three star men, but the new material is shaping up well. Under the guidance of Lieutenant Cook, they lost their first match in the City league to the Foreign Y. M. C. A. but came back to defeat the American Club, the German Garden Club and the Columbia

TEAM	SLOW	FAST	LINE	TOTAL	PLACE
CO. 14	10	21	454	1098	3 RD
CO. 15	25	21	1342	1095	4 TH
CO. 16	31	18	411	1086	5 TH
CO. 20	32	34	250	1116	2 ND
CO. 21	37	32	176	411	1000
CO. 22	39	24	1094	406	9 TH
CO. 23	26	21	216	431	1070
CO. 24	15	21	202	423	1037
CO. 25	21	16	23	57	1049
CO. 26	15	20	48	43	1074
CO. 27	24	13	210	432	1083
CO. 28	45	21	230	27446	1120
SERV. CO.	203	225	217	440	1085

Scoreboard, inter-company rifle matches, won by H.Q. Co., 4th Marines

The inter-Company rifle matches were held during the month of November with Headquarters, Fourth Marines, coming through to win the pennant. The team, composed of Jones, Betke, Shively, Schwalbe and Moe, scored 1120 points over 1116 points for the 28th Company, their nearest competitors.

There have been other sports, such as the enlisted men's golf team defeating the U. S. S. *Houston* and the tennis team also taking the *Houston* net men into camp. However, space is scarce and we have already used up our allotment, so if we have omitted anything we will try and include it next month.

OUT-SHOOT ROYAL MARINES

With the arrival of the *Houston* in Hong Kong a rifle match was arranged between the Marine teams of the *Houston* and H. M. S. *Suffolk* and *Devonshire*.

The match was fired at the British range of Stone Cutters Island and the Bisley target was used. The match was to be two sighters and seven shots for record at 200, 500 and 600 yards. However, lack of time caused this to be changed to two sighting shots and seven for record at 200 yards and two and ten for record at 500 yards. The *Houston* won the match by 71 points with a score of 589 out of a possible 680.



Colonel Hooker laying a wreath on the Cenotaph, Armistice Day

The *Suffolk* 518 and the *Devonshire* 497.

After the shoot, the clan gathered at the canteen at the 600 yard point to feast on ham and eggs.

Several days later, another team from the *Houston* fired a match with the *Suffolk* on the same course and emerged victors by 51 points.

A challenge was issued by the Hong Kong Police to a pistol match on the Police range at Hong Kong. The match consisted of two scores, slow fire at 15 and 20 yards, one score at moving silhouette targets and one score at disappearing targets. The Police emerged victors by 18 points.

News from Quantico

BLUE NOTES

By Johnny

It has been some time since you fellows have heard from the band here in Quantico, but here we are back in the pages of the good old LEATHERNECK again.

We are all a little downhearted over the absence of our beloved drum-major, who is at present undergoing treatment in Washington, but we all have hopes of a speedy recovery and his return to take up the baton at our head once more.

The band will be reinforced soon when 1st Sergeant Dahlgren returns from Nicaragua with his boys. He will bring back about twenty men, as we understand some of the others are going to the West Coast band.

We hope that he brings back a good piano player as our own "Polly" is soon to leave us. He has suddenly acquired a desire to see if all he has heard about the fair maidens of China is true, and forthwith extended his enlistment for three years.

The holidays are now over and the boys are all back to duty again, with the exception of two or three who were lucky enough to get twenty or thirty day furloughs at that time, and also our dashing sergeant "Ski," who was unfortunate and is spending a few days in hospital through an automobile accident.

The writer recently returned from a furlough in the town which is the scene of the Illinois mine war. Imagine his embarrassment on finding six companies of National Guardsmen in town on his arrival.

Mae has a "London complex" (he's in a fog). He says there is a "Depression" coming on. Why, Mae, we heard Prosperity was just around the corner, but we can't find the corner.

Hey! Russ, keep the stick from between

your legs in the future when you run down the front steps.

Ed has a job now making up new march books for the boys from "Nie" and Mr. Talbot is working overtime in the manuscripting department to get the music printed up for these books.

Well, boys we will sign off for this trip. More news next month. Some one else can have the rest of the space.

GOODBYE, SANDINO, HELLO QUANTICO

The U.S.S. *Henderson* docked at Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va., at 10:00 A. M., Sunday, January 15, 1933. It discharged a cargo of 350 officers and enlisted men of the United States Marine Corps, the last of the American forces to leave Nicaragua.

Maj. Gen. Ben H. Fuller, Major General Commandant, met the disembarking troops and congratulated them upon the successful completion of their assigned duty of restoring order and supervising elections in Nicaragua.

LT. BRITT JOINS CATERPILLARS

Lt. Glenn M. Britt, of the Marine Flying Detachment from Quantico, Va., leaped from his disabled plane 200 feet above the All-American Air Races Field recently and descended unhurt in his parachute.

Britt was flying in maneuvers with five other Marine aviators under command of Lt. Sandy Sanderson, when his plane developed trouble.

While about 5,000 spectators stared in stunned silence, he stepped out of the crazily falling plane and his parachute opened safely. The plane fell some distance from the stands, wrecking when it hit the ground. Lieutenant Britt's home is in Roseburg, Ore.



Cadets Eugene and Evan Puckett

The five other planes in the formation continued their stunting and then landed in close grouping as the crowd cheered wildly.

Lieutenant Britt was brought to the officials' stand and through the loud speaker system said: "Hello, folks! I'm unhurt." It was the first accident of the meet.

POTENTIAL MARINES

Cadets Eugene and Evan Puckett, ages five and eight, respectively, don't intend to ship into the Marine Corps without knowing their squads east and west.

The youngsters, who are sons of QM-Sgt. and Mrs. James C. Puckett, of Quantico, attend the Junior Military Academy, Bloomington Springs, Tenn.



HOME AGAIN

A rousing welcome greets the *Henderson* as she slowly swings into the Quantico docks, Sunday morning, January 15. The *Henderson* transported a contingent of Homeward-bound Marines from Nicaragua. Full details will be presented in the next issue of "The Leatherneck".



By Perin A. Kehoe

What, no tale of war as held in Quantico? Then your faithful reporter, Lloyd Fibbons, the guy with the hungry look, will proceed to enlighten those outside the magic circle.

It wasn't the night before Xmas, but things too numerous to mention were stirring when the news broke. It appears that the hunger marchers were moving up on the porter-house steak of the Nation's Capital and right away some wise bozo thinks of the Marines (we don't say "flank" because those were particular marchers and flank was too common for their bill-of-fare).

Well, as I was saying before Parsons butted into the conservation, orders were given to equip us Marines with "tin hats," gas masks, lots of ammunition, and see how soon we could be on the move. It seems that the week-end was the most convenient time for the hungry horde to arrive, so our liberty was "binned" and all hands stayed at home. Then it was thought Aviation should be instructed in the intricacies of gas warfare.

Now here is the sad part of our tale. Fate and Fortune decreed that George Hayes should be our Sergeant of the Guard on the day indicated. All hands on the roster of the two Emergency Companies were assembled on the parade grounds, and a captain demonstrated the uses and types of gas. To prove his points, he threw two of the bombs. Again Fate decreed that the wind should be blowing from us towards the Guard House.

Everything might have been all right had the Corporal of the Guard not become

excited. He saw the smoke wafted gently toward his post and called George for instructions. The two brave upholders of our honor decided to remain on the alert even in the face of the unknown quantity bearing down upon them. Ah, sad ending tears many tears more tears can't you feel your eyes water? We can't either, but George did.

A summary of the before mentioned war might simply state that we had one dummy run and then waited several days before breaking down our packs and resuming normal routine. Which was nice, because, as Seda remarked after standing inspection for an hour and a half, "Gosh, my pack is nearly pusted."

The past few weeks have been filled with flying and making plans for the arrival of the Squadrons in Nicaragua. Our team of pilots handling the new Boeing pursuit ships have practiced long and faithfully in order to excell the already outstanding

success of previous Marine demonstrations in Miami, which city they visit in January. Lieutenant Sanderson will lead the formation, with Lieutenants Britt, Chappell, Cloud, Pugh and Salzman flying the vanguard. Accompanying the formation will be Colonel Rowell, commanding, Lieutenant Walker, flying the Ford, and several enlisted men as mechanics. The tentative list contains Master Technical Sergeant Zalanka, Gunnery Sergeants May, Blanks, Lloyd and Smith, and Sergeants Craig and Griffis.

In connection with the ferrying of planes from Nicaragua to the States, five enlisted pilots, namely Master Technical Sergeants Blackwell and Jordan, Gunnery Sergeant Lillie, and Staff Sergeants Heritage and Smith, went South to fly ships back. Gunnery Sergeant Carter being in Nicaragua on temporary duty, we have a total of six pilots making the trip.

Santa Claus has come and gone once more. In his wake were left two jig saw puzzles, one for "Norm" Staley and the other for Jack Mann. No doubt the kindly giver foresaw the many long hours they would concentrate trying to make all the pieces fit. Staley says he had to throw away a handful before his would work.

Incidentally, Quantico had its first outdoor Xmas tree so far as this writer can recall. A large tree was set up between the Fire Department and the nearest barracks (near the point where the Military Post Office was situated, for the benefit of you old timers who cannot visualize our modern Quantico) and profusely decorated with tinsel and lights, much to the delight (how I hate a punster) of the youngsters of the Post.

Sergeant Briesemeister, our very capable and genial Mess Sergeant, decorated a tree for the Mess Hall, and arranged one of the best Xmas dinners it has been my privilege to imbibe, to say nothing of the heaps upon heaps of roast young turkey, and all the fixin's, placed before us.

Cpl. Baltimore Nugent states that his family have been "Blessed Evented" with a daughter. One of his less exaggerated claims is that she was born with four inches of hair neatly marcelled. Congratulations, Corp. Now don't holler when we forgot to turn the lights out right on time.

Another choice morsel, which this writer dare not relate in its entirety, might prove embarrassing to one of our mighty hunters of the duck. It seems that when, on a certain occasion, he chose to dismantle his



General Blizzard and his Adjutant, Plenty Snow, Take Command at Quantico

own shotgun an armorer was summoned to reassemble the weapon. Tsk!!! tsk!!!! tsk!!!!!! *

Corporal Gilmore has just returned from his home in Newell, West Virginia. Says that he sure is glad there are china manufacturers in that town . . . otherwise he might have had to come back sooner. Seems if someone broke his plate after the first square meal at home.

After being scared out of a couple of baths, "Tommy" Thomas, first assistant to Jim Tenny, top side in the QM, was allowed to pack his sea bag for a trip into the wilderness of more West Virginia. What's the idea of the sea bag? Tommy took his chow along. Anyway, that is what Arndt says.

I heard Pvt. Carl M. Jackson say the other day that he wished he could get his name in print. Jack, erstwhile shadow of the well remembered "Sob" Hanson, is a hard working deserving young member of Dan Hardin's garage force. It is rumored that he is quite a sheik in rural regions hereabouts.

Pfc. Bacon, the boy from out Ohio way, when returning from leave the other day sent in the following telegram:

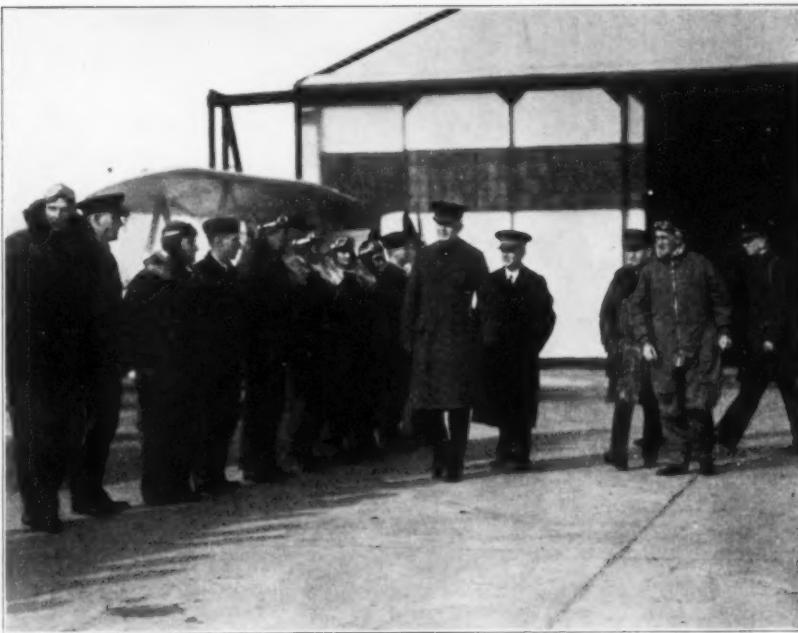
DELAYED BY HEAVY FOG. WILL BE SEVERAL HOURS LATE. One of his "pals" mentioned the fact to me that inasmuch as Bacon couldn't get out of the fog he brought it along with him. And, if I were to add the catty remark made by said "pal," he is still being delayed. But of course we won't quote any such remark.

"Duck Foot" Alvis, about whose uncle we read not long ago, says he is getting more webs between his toes every day. His is the doubtful honor of ferrying hunting parties to and from the blinds along this shore.

Corporal Wilhelm, alias Fire Chief, alias Ed Wynn, was stricken with the "flu" last week and missed his broadcast period at number 7 table in the mess hall for several days. "Yodel them I'm back," says he. "And tell all the folks out there that their Uncle Wally never forgets his dear public." We expect to see the brass rail (along the side of the red wagon) shine most every day from now on.

And, as long as we are on the subject of corporals (darn them, but maybe I don't wish they'd hand me some chevrons), why miss the opportunity of relating an experience of Moore, the Headquarters clerk. It seems that he bought a motor vehicle a short while ago and decided to make a few repairs with his own little wrench set. Now his car runs forward when shifted to reverse, and has three speeds backward. "Must be the clutch," avers Donald.

As this was originally meant to be a "private" column, it will end that way. Having heard that he was openly discussed by one of his "buddies," a person mentioned above came to me with this story: A certain clerk in the Headquarters office wants to go home so badly and thinks about that little kinky haired North Carolinian so much that, when addressing an envelope to THE LEATHERNECK a few days ago, he sent it to 8th and EYE Sts., S. E., WAKE FOREST, N. C. Of course we won't tell on you, old man.



General Fuller greets the Marine flyers who made the long hop from Nicaragua to Washington. Twenty-two planes arrived in the Capital on January 12. They were met by Secretary of the Navy Adams, General Fuller and other service officials. Full details will be published next month

Detachments

HAWTHORNE GUSTO

By Charles L. Ellrott

At a Post like Hawthorne in the midst of a great mesa of sage and sand, surrounded on three sides by mineral bearing mountains of great height and expanse, with the enchanted Walker Lake in our front yard, and the lofty Mount Grant to the west only a short distance away, you may readily see that we have the facilities for every kind of outdoor activity that is calling to our sportsmen and athletes. But that isn't all; we have our desert sheiks, just like the ones in Arabia, only somewhat more modernized, and they have their shebas—some have them here and others go to Mina, Tonapah, Goldfield, Fallon, Yerington to give the beautiful one a treat. Before proceeding further we must introduce our gang and give you the low down on recent arrivals and those who have left.

In the last month a number of our men left to take a try on the outside. As the saying has it around here, "They will soon realize on which side their bread is buttered." But reports from them prove different, and we find Private Klinger at Alburnett, Iowa, thinking hard about purchasing a farm; then we hear from Pfc. Archie Thrash in Mason, Washington, that he is working—can you imagine? But Archie has the get-up and grit that means success. Now can you beat this? Pfc. L. S. Nelson, past correspondent to THE LEATHERNECK, was anxiously awaiting the day of discharge so he could get married. He is now in Belmont, S. D., and we presume working at his profession—salesmanship. What a man, Pvt. Adolph Tansky has returned to his home territory, New York. He believes that all of the people

can be fooled some of the time and some all of the time, but the majority most of the time—for all we know he is now an auctioneer. Private Kamp left recently for his home town to give the cruel outside a determined try. We wish all of these boys with determination, the success that will, by persistent effort, be inevitably met. Cpl. W. Hall and Private First Class Hulse arrived here recently after spending a 90-day furlough traveling through the middle west and spending a great part of the time in Tennessee; Hulse's home state. From what we hear, Hulse has been convinced that his place is on the outside—what other motive would convince him so earnestly if it weren't love? Pfc. R. S. Morgan comes to us as a 1st class cook. He has recently relieved Pfc. A. A. Morgan—both are cooks of renown experience.

To continue, mention should be made of our special duty men, who so earnestly and laboriously contribute their services so that we may have the convenience and comfort that is a characteristic of Posts much larger than Hawthorne. Our Post tailor is Pvt. W. B. Emert—while an excellent tailor he is also a man who could justly compete with the exterior complex of the Prince of Wales, but that thing under his nose gives him away. The cobbler shop is run by Pvt. B. Murry, who recently relieved Pvt. (Soapy) Sauvain.

Private First Class Arholt is in charge of the stables, while Pfc. Charlie Condo assists him in keeping the horses well groomed and fed. Charlie was seen taking his horse out for a walk the other day and he wasn't riding. When asked why he didn't ride the brute instead of leading him, he simply replied, "Aw! he just bit on a hunk of bailing wire and has a hunch Arholt fed it to him—I'm just trying to



Marine Barracks, Hawthorne, Nevada

soothe his temper." About the barracks here one sees at every turn a piece of furniture, swab rack, and other doo-dads turned out by our carpenter, Cpl. George Hodgson. His job at present is making picture frames for numerous pictures (esprit de corps) to be placed in every conspicuous place. In the laundry we have Cpl. King (Queen) while Pfc. Dube, Davis and McClure are the mermaids of the soap and bubble kingdom. The post exchange is held down by Corporal Leslie and Private Dragge, whom we see sporting around in a new car and taking the best looking women with them. Pfc. Hall is in charge of Motor Transport and with him are Pfc. Parrish, Pvts. Jacobson, L. E. Smith and Barkley. Recently they purchased a console model radio, with a short wave converter, for their apartment and since having it, sleep is out of question—they stay up nights tuning in on Brazil and European stations.

Our sick bay staff cannot be overlooked since the medical attention received has been excellent to the ultimate degree. We will never forget Lieutenant Peter's (M. C.) interesting talks on preservation of health. We believe every word he says, when he tells us that Hawthorne is one of the most healthful places in the country—it is a proven fact. Chief Ph. M. Lawrence can give you the low down on stamp collecting as well as tell you what part of your anatomy is haywire. Dickerson, Ph. M. 2nd Class, gives us a few pointers on why to stay away from Reno—a leave in Reno may make one forget to come back, or unable to get back. Powers, Ph. M. 3d Class, has that M. D. complex, while his contemporary, Munro, Ph. M. 3d Class, impresses us as a D. D.—but don't let that fool you.

What makes the world go round? Scientists tell us that the earth was once started in motion and the lack of resistance has kept it going. Now we ask, "What makes the earth go back and forth?" Geologists say it is caused by contraction of under-earth layers in forming mountains. Not so long ago this section of Nevada experienced a back and forth movement of earth—very unusual for this part of the country is the claim, but still in all it happened. At 10:10 P. M., when the home boys were slipping into the abyss of slumber, there came a gentle back and forth movement—just enough to awaken light sleepers. "Leave that bunk alone if you want to remain healthy," shouts up Private Rafferty. "You're crazy," yells someone out of the pitch black squad room. "Nobody's bothering your bunk, but I think something is rotten in Denmark—this bunk of mine is doing the heebie jeebees." At that moment a severe shock rocked the building—every one was

dumbfounded. "Let me out of here, pronto," yells someone, as he upsets a half a dozen chairs in making exit. No time was lost in clearing the quivering building, but soon all returned none the worse for the experience. A sense of uneasiness prevailed throughout the night and a few went to bed with their clothes on. Slight tremors followed the major one to add to the uneasiness already felt. Now the quakes are a thing of the past; they will not be easily forgotten.

It isn't no wonder that the Marines here are known well within the radius of 200 miles of Hawthorne and maybe farther. We can give the credit to Pvt. B. P. Sheridan for introducing us far and wide and also to a few other of these automobile owners. Not so long ago an article appeared in the Fallon *Eagle*, stating that there was to be air maneuvering at Hawthorne Naval Ammunition Depot, followed by trick horse riding, featuring B. P. Sheridan and his trick horse, Skidmore, but it had been called off on the account of cold weather. Sheridan went around here in a trance for several days, trying to figure out who it was that told the Fallon editor such a tale. He appeased his bewilderment by sending the Fallon newspaper correspondents a Christmas greeting card—on it was Santa Claus giving the "old soldiers" salute."

Rabbit hunting is in vogue now and so we see Pfc. Hulse, Pvts. Ted Tickle and Murry trudging off to the flats in hopes of getting a rabbit or two. The other day they returned with three pair of ears as proof of shooting three rabbits.

Horse back riding is another form of recreation indulged in by a few enthusiasts. Private Borne has been riding Sheridan's trick horse lately and he will bet you a dollar he can pick up your hat without leaving the saddle. Private Randall claims he can ride his sleek sorrel horse named "Slim" up the slopes of Mount Grant without tumbling over backward—what a horse.

"Some kind hearted fool," says Corporal Powell, our company clown, upon awakening in the morning, "let a big black spaniel in here and he was sleeping on my bunk when I came from town last night. I couldn't see him, because he was black as night, but when I sat on him—ye Gods. The brute was as big as I am. The next time he chooses my bunk for a haven of rest, despite his bigness, something will happen in that dog's life that has not happened to others."

Twilight is settling and the day is near at end, which reminds me that this lengthy article should be brought to a close. However, we will be with you again in the next month's issue with renewed gusto—*Au revoir.*

SHOTS FROM PORTSMOUTH

By Felix

On Wednesday night of December the 21st, the gymnasium was gaily decorated with colorful tissue bunting, the deck was waxed smoothly and, with the American Legion Orchestra from Boston furnishing dance music, over three hundred guests enjoyed the enlisted personnel's annual supper dance. Mess Sergeant Brown was the caterer, and how that man can cater! Chow Hounds lend ear—chicken salad, Parker House rolls, Saratoga potato chips, ice cream and coffee, gallons of the most delicious punch ever punched. The committee consisted of Q.M. Sergeant Daniel E. Foran, Sgt. John Joy, Sgt. James "Buster" Brown and Chief Pharmacist Mate S. E. Redfearn. Barney says that after his enlistment expires, he'll attempt to crash Broadway as a hoofer; those who witnessed his latest steps at the dance predict a successful future.

L. A. Reed was master (without) ceremony and he was as good as Ben Bernie, although the malt was lacking. Easy mannered and stylishly dressed, George Newton was, without doubt, the most popular and most sought after gyrene present; more than once he was spotted chasing the ladies away complaining of his corns. Very hard to convince is Hercules Lamontagne; he got a new pair of shoes last week. Over in town, do you get it? "Kingfish" Jones is contemplating a huge merger of beef trust in Newburyport. Kentucky is famous for its thoroughbred horses, beautiful women and excellent liquor. Grover Mills hails from Kentucky and lets every one know it.

Wonder why "Pop" Groves continues the singing of "Margie" and when Brigman is going to get a new hat and when we'll see O'Brien's smiling countenance again? Brigman's position as chancellor of the exchequer, by the way, is becoming precarious; his successor is likely to be hard hearted Jimmie Priattie. A word to the wise, Cadogan and dogs don't click. Congress Street Playboy Bill Williams has a sporty Chevrolet whose colorful interior reeks of feminine odors. Quick, Henry, the flit. Chauffeur Tang, of the Chicago Tangs, uses Lifebuoy Soap. B. O. also stands for Barney Overfield and Bennie Oehrem, who, by the way, should leave Haverhill at a much earlier hour. And speaking of Bennies, Butchko has a new one. Slow, soft melodious voiced Blacker, of all things, tells the gals in Dover he sings like Bing Crosby. Silver tongued Jimmie Zimmerman as a New Year's resolution has given up debating. The morale of "D" Barracks, however, has reached a new low since teeny, small Jim Hughes made a habit of singing a song about a gal every morning.

"Buzz" Drasil, our last season's remarkable back fielder, upped and shipped over for the Orient. After a ninety-day leave which he'll spend in Lynn and Chicago. Haugen, our late armorer, and curly haired, freckle-faced Rizer will sail for the Fourth Regiment. I imagine they'll have lots of strange tales to unfold about New Hampshire. Don't mention the Tayberry, Buzz.

Weldon has ordered a new cowcatcher from the Sears Roebuck stores, he is trying to save some money. You see Weldon just bought a cow from a Vermont farmer. Thaeger says he doesn't understand how a man can run over a cow and not see it. Joel isn't alone in his thoughts, for once. Cow ruiners simply do not go over big with some people. Our crooner, who goes by the monicker of Oscar Stacy, was singing to his weakness just before Christmas, "I can't give you anything but love." Then LeRoy Reed started to sing,

"You gave me something to remember you by," J. C. Lewis, a new arrival, sings "Show me the way to go home," "Ritz" Carlton moans "Tears are all you brought me."

Dapper Pat McDonough opened his trunk last week and, after several bats flew out, he discovered a pair of ancient spats. Is he wearing 'em or is he wearing 'em? Easily agitated is "Hook" Moran. Suave and bland is Chris Reilly. New Yorkish and repressive is Bill Murray. So imagine these three guys in a huddle near the North Church, undecided whether it will be the Arcadia or Green's Drug Store. Worldly wise Sullivan can find new adventures only in Lawrence, since he made that cruise from Singapore to Vladivostok.

Mrs. Shammell certainly knows her spice cake, and obliging son Tony is very deserving. Why don't we have female cooks in the outfit? Texas bred Tom Freeman told us emphatically that he was going to don winter azure flannels and we were waiting to see him look like a panther with the jitters.

The boys from Calinky are having such a time learning to ice skate. Always belligerent is Eulis Heffner; he holds the record for the most falls to date, the total being somewhere around two hundred. Hall, whose handle we discovered was Noah, runs a close second. He remarked the other day that, when the ice comes up and meets him, what can you do? Red headed, freckled faced Fortner, however, is the most mystified. Back home he slung a mean leg roller skating and his ego developed to such heights that ice skating seemed a mere trifle, so he thought. The other day he donned those skates on the pond near the reservation. Red never will forget; he looked like a pretzel flying around the pond.

Maynard A. is Leeky's monicker; his pastime is playing with names. We rate that hobby with butterfly catching. However, here's his accomplishments—Ivy, the chap you see in those I. C. S. ads, is poison. D. Q. stands for Donald Quick and W. S. for William Shook. Leeky maintains that they should be soda jerkers—Done Quick and Well Shook. We suggest Reginald Weldon steel plates, and how about the day the police sergeant bellowed "let's go" and Butchko thought he was calling him.

WAR COLLEGE WARRIORS

By Stag

Whilst casting about for a suitable and appropriate manner in which to open this—this—(aw, you name it—but don't let it get by the censors!). I hit upon the happy notion of not opening it at all, but since, I have changed my mind, alas and alackaday.

Here's the dope: Sgt. Earl Beckley, NCO-in-Charge, the man with the big stick arounds these diggins, returned to Newport on the 22nd of December, after spending a twenty-day "blighty" in and around Boston. He doesn't look any the worse for wear—but he's taking up his physical culture exercises where he left off—which proves either one thing or another.

Junior Shaden, our baby-faced tough guy and detachment representative in pugilistic ranks, was seized and doubled up by severe gastric pains last week. Some kind-hearted soul gave him Fix-U-Up pills. In administering to his ailments, he used Injun logic and thought "One pill, feel better—two pills, heap good—make sure, takem six!" Suiting the action to the words he took six pills. The next three days he suited his whereabouts to his con-

dition—which is just a mild way of saying that he was one sick bozo.

Bing Mosley, our one Georgia cracker, was transferred for discharge during the latter part of the month. 'Lows as how he won't ship over as long as there's a boll weevil in Georgia, the Marine Corps lost a good framer (I mean farmer).

We had a couple dances around this neck of the woods during the last month, the detachment was well represented at both affairs. Dancers, we had one or two; the rest of us had a good time. Jimmie Lowery, who rarely misses a hawg-rassle, hasn't been to dance in a coon's age. Why? Dunt esk. I became dizzy trying to follow Rudolph's maneuvers doing the Highland Fling.

McClymonds has been sitting out a few numbers with a fair damsel. Wonder how far that affair has gone? Shaden seems to be in a bad way over a million dollar five-and-ten centie. Slim Gaush's big moment is over without any drastic after effects, but he'll be on the spot again eventually, if not sooner. Puss Martins passes up all the hops in order to spend a couple hours in Weymouth, Mass. Can't seem to figure out why Bill Lorey hasn't gone gaga over someone up here. He has all the qualifications—but maybe he can't dig clams.

Corporals Ewing and Twohey have been pretty busy going places in their new Plymouth. They have had fair-to-middlin' luck with that buggy so far—only two of the fenders slightly dented. We think that was caused by an explosion in the rear seat.

CHARLESTON CHATTER

By A. N. O'Myous

You, who were so unfortunate as to come across these words, let me preface my tripe with the remark that you would have been spared all this dope from the land of geeches and grits if our Top, Joe York, hadn't bullied me into committing this heinous crime. Since one doesn't please his first sergeant, prepare for a headache.

LeRoy Brown, former Marine, who has given all the leading middleweights in the South a headache at some time or other during the past two years, has become a Marine again. Brownie shipped over on December 8th. Opponents of high calibre were so scarce he was fighting light-heavyweights.

Eddie Burton is now a corporal. Marvin Beliveau was snapping in as a cook, but he was relieved. He was caught dipping a

chicken in the chicken soup. "The Great Hoot," none other than Sgt. Jesse L. Kidd, has reported here for duty. The last detail fired the range during the first two weeks of December. It has been rumored that the detail is now famous and that George Threatt picked up the cognomen "Dan" while on this trip. "Pop" Stirman still does more headwork than any other Marine in the barracks. He has been dubbed "Four" since returning from the range.

We had a dance here December 22nd, which reminds me that Corporal Reid once requested some "dance imitations." Joe Griffin reports that he stood so quietly on a street corner that a man tied his horse around his neck. (No, you dope, not the horse, but the rope attached to the horse.)

Charleston isn't such a bad town—the weather is always semi-tropical—plenty of girls work in the cigar factory. The movie censors don't cut out all the boudoir scenes in the shows. This isn't such a bad fight town; such names as Maxie Rosenbloom come here to demonstrate fistie prowess.

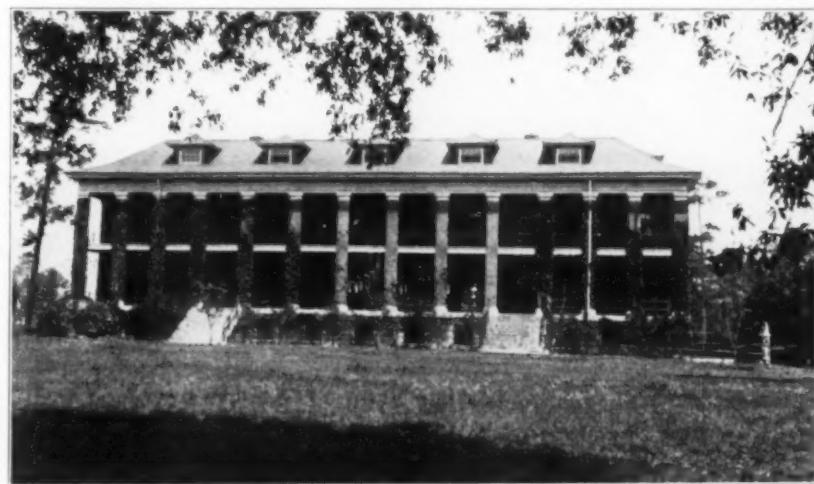
Lt. George Weeks has been ordered here. He is a home town product. He claims the right to distinction as an athlete with more than ordinary ability. He is remembered by the sport followers as a Citadel athlete. He was here two years ago; that was the year of the local Marines' best basketball team. He as coach was responsible in a large way for the team's success.

Charlestonians who like basketball still talk about the scoring feats of Aubra "My-ain't-he-a-big-old-boy" Lock. It seems that civilians were making derogatory (worth 35c instead of two-bits) remarks about sailors, but the wash woman came to their defense: "Some people don't like dese here sailor boys, but I think they're just as good as I is."

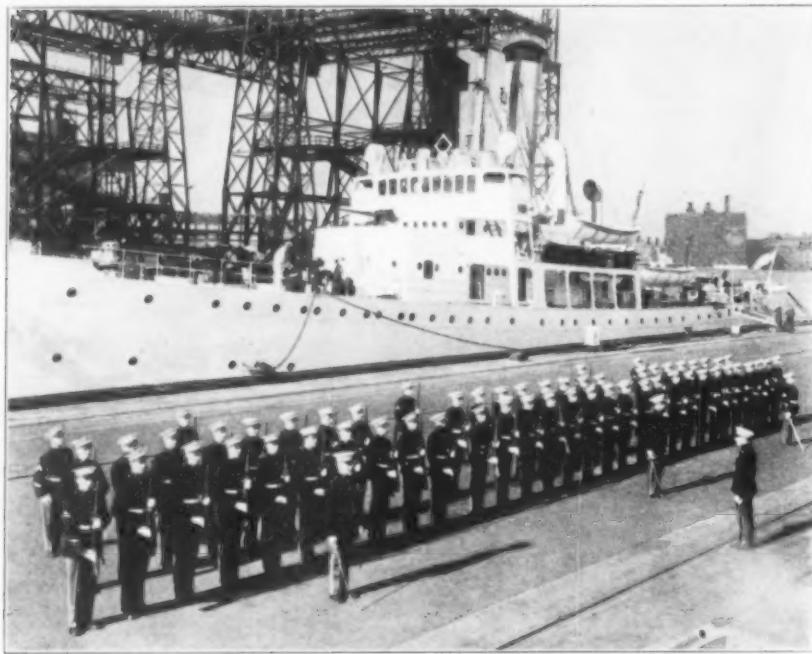
A barracks definition for a married man: "A bachelor with his brains knocked out."

The City of Charleston pays their city employees in script. Which reminds me that Willie Murray says that he worked in Mississippi and he was paid in all kinds of commodities, such as clover seed and the like. The latest information has it that Mississippi's legal tender is now ax handles. While on furlough, Murray saw a man pay for a chow in a restaurant with three ax handles. The waitress rang up the ax handles and gave him two hammer handles as change. And they hang pictures!

If you've read this far you can stop now.



Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Charleston, S. C.



MOVIE STARS

Members of the Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, New York, who will be seen in the picture "Hell To Pay." The ship in the background is the C. G. Tampa

DOVER DOPE

By Jack Goldstein

Dear readers, the literary career of your faithful scribe ends with this issue of THE LEATHERNECK. It was a great pleasure to give all the members of the Corps the most interesting happenings at this post. I sincerely hope that most of you readers received some enjoyment out of it.

Only a few interesting events took place during the last few weeks. Pfc. Mooney and Private Bishop joined this detachment from Norfolk after a tour on the U.S.S. Wyoming. Mooney is spending a 30-day furlough at home at the present. Among the other men who took time off to visit the folks are: Corporal Stainbrook, Drummer Simmons, and Private Phipps.

Pvt. Joseph M. Grim was discharged on 6 January after six eventful years in the service, and immediately signed his "John Hancock" for four more. Grim will probably spend about 90 days in the hills of West Virginia. Corporal Dietrick was discharged on 9 January, but decided to face the depression along with Private Scholz, who was also discharged on that date. The above discharges now puts "yours truly" at right guide. Corporal Goldstein will be discharged on 11 February, followed close behind by Pfc. Upton, who says good-bye the next day.

Cpl. Samuel Shames received a "special order" three months prior to the expiration of enlistment, so that he could accept a position in Newark. Sammy promised Joe Grasborg that he would make more money in a year than Joe ever saw in his life. Good luck, Sammy, hope that's true.

Quartermaster Sergeant Hoffman was transferred to the Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va., upon reporting of QM-Sgt. James D. Connolly, his relief. First Sergeant Banta has as yet not reported in, but is expected very shortly.

Cpl. Francis J. Martin is slated as the next company clerk. Here's hoping he doesn't have night mares. Say, Martin, if you don't hear the following expression

100 times a day drop me a line: "When do I get my next 48," or "How come I'm on watch today?"

Pvt. Sigmund Pawlowicz who says that the only job he has never had is sergeant-major, is now our post fireman. This makes him an assistant to Pfc. Ek, our amiable fireman and carpenter. Not forgetting specialist 4th class.

Jimmy Young says he once knew a M.D. in the Navy who treated a man for Yellow Jaundice for 3 years and then found out he was a Chink.

If the cold spell keeps up, this post will start ice harvesting. The little lake in the rear of the barracks is slowly freezing and the ice house is empty and the Marines are ready, as usual. Don't forget, you can have some swell times ice-skating on the same pond.

So-long, comrades, I'll see you where all Marines go to when their time has come.

MARINE DETACHMENT, U. S. NAVAL HOSPITAL, BROOKLYN

By C. B. C.

Well, here it is 1933 and there's still Marines left, sure hope we can say that much in '34. I wonder what the Marines ever did to Hoover. Speaking of Hoover, I hear he's a short timer and can't ship over. But let us look up, Leathernecks, for our champion and day of deliverance draweth nigh, yeah man, March 4th.

All goes well with the Marine Detachment, U.S.N.H., Brooklyn, N. Y., despite the ill weather and after effects of last month's holidays.

Giangiobbe and Rousa, those nearest the grand finale of an enlistment, both suffered relapses and extended their enlistments two more years. Lo how the mighty hath fallen; three months ago neither intended to reenlist, extend or in any other manner trifle with this U. S. Marine Corps after their time was in. But that's an old old story and I don't suppose I'm above suspicion myself. All eyes are on Mauney, that swayer of women's hearts,

who next faces the question, "to ship over, or not to ship over."

Kepple, the Marine extraordinary, vows he'll get out of the service in the spring. Well, if he does, we'll miss him, and I guess we'll have to crown a new "chow champ."

For some time there was a pretty putrid rumor running through the detachment about "man o' war" Hagler. It seems that he returned a bit blurry-eyed from a holiday liberty carrying a bottle of Neet, or was it Golden Hair Wash; anyhow he was singing "I'll Never Have to Shave Again." Hagler gave a blood transfusion recently, proceeds from which will finance a thirty day rest period in Concord next month.

"Willie" Morrison returned from leave January 3rd, laden with tales of conquests in South Carolina. We expected Rousa to take the role of a Marine on leave and go snorting up the road for Syracuse, but I guess that extension money didn't last as long as it might have. This leave proposition has been going just like a relay race. Each man spreads the Marine doctrine a month, returns, in varying degrees of physical fitness to be relieved of the watch by another who dashes off for homeside with his tales of bravery.

There's something strange about the garage post. "Rebel" Moss swears by all things holy that the place is haunted. The Corporal of the Guard, while visiting sentries one night, aroused "Rebel's" suspicions that he might be a ghost. Can anyone imagine the well fed Corporal Davis as a ghost? "Watch out, no foolin'!"

"Rebel" Moss and "Kid" Carver salled forth to do battle with the police force of New York the day after New Year's. They won—an invitation (which they accepted) to spend the night "inside looking out" but returned the next day apparently none the worse for their treatment, save Rebel's bruised lip and both their pocketbooks, which had been relieved of fines of five dollars each.

Corporal White was transferred to the Navy Yard, Brooklyn, for duty January 4th. Cpl. "Paddy" Hayes arrived to relieve him here. Hashmarks seem to grow well on Paddy's sleeve, five of them. MAN, CAN HE TAKE IT!

It surprised those of us who were about between two and three the night before that pre-Christmas payday, to see Sergeant Higginson laboring industriously over the payrolls. Boy, that money sure came in handy; thanks, Sarge.

Overheard: Yeah, there's "Big" Ski and "Little" Ski, ya see that's so ya can tell which one tha polock. (We wonder which one is Gladiososki or Lasniewinski.)

HINGHAM SALVOS

Well, the holidays are over and business is once more running smoothly. Of course, by now many of those good New Year Resolutions have been broken, but on a whole it looks as though many of the fellows have gone too far in the "RED" to do much travelling. I've noticed that Bridgers still has his car on the rack with 1932 plates.

It's a case of a hard winter ahead and plenty of hiking to be done, judging from the clothing slips submitted. Blankets and shoes certainly are going fast. The drop in price brought plenty of customers.

The basketball team lost to Newport Marines by a close score and clean playing by both teams. No doubt Newport found this team a bit harder to beat than the team of previous years. Two church teams have been played since the Newport game and Marines have come out victorious in both. Sergeant Marcus has been getting plenty of games for the team and it looks like a

big schedule ahead. Much credit goes to Brazke, Brady, Isdell, Whynaught, Vallery, Wallace and Champagne for their splendid team work.

Captain Adams and Lieutenant Drake still hold their afternoon session in Badminton. Mr. Drake's serve comes under much discussion. Captain Adams takes all prizes for long distance serves without hitting the overhead and still having the "birdie" remain in the court.

Moon, our first cook, has gone Jig-Saw. You can look in anytime and find him bent over the table trying to piece these puzzles. Says he's having trouble piecing his socks together in his sleep.

Robbins has acquired another talent. He is now known as the champion skunk catcher. Can anyone inform him as to a buyer of these hides? Last year nine young foxes were captured and kept as pets until sold or given away, with the exception of the one that Dinty Hatch owned, which escaped. Hatch had placed a collar around the neck of the fox and a few days ago Robbins found this same fox in one of his traps. There are still rumors of a lone deer on the reservation having been seen on several occasions, but my personal opinion is that it's Dr. Shaw's pony.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Cartmill on their one year of wedded bliss, February 1st. May there be many more.

Lest we forget! Corporal Watson deserves a lot of praise for the wonderful Christmas and New Year's dinners, along with First Cook Moon and Second Cook Thornton.

Corporal Silverman, who joined us in November and has been doing Mounted Patrol duty, certainly worked wonders with "Amos," our bucking bronc. Robbins says he has the best mounted outfit since he's been here. Corporal Thompson, from Texas, where they raise real horsemen; Private Champagne, Private Nutall, Private Burnham and Wallace are the other patrolmen.

Pfc. Louis (Pop) Aden would be lost if he were taken off Dock Post Patrol. Weathers holds the title of senior telephone operator. Main Gate looks like a draw with Mucciaccio, Stone and Whynaught. Sharpton, our music, takes great pride in the neatness and cleanliness of the recreation room.

Burning midnite oil to get this column in the February issue and it's time to sign off. See you next month.



The Famous Sands Street Gate

News from Parris Island

P. I. PERSONALITIES

Rumor shall be upon rumor, but it was meant that we should make merry, and be glad.

Undaunted by rumors as to what is to happen to Parris Island in the forthcoming year, this happy little community decided that, if this was to be its last Xmas and New Year on the Island, it might as well be the merriest and the happiest.

For those whose duties and circumstances permitted, a fifteen-day furlough could be had for the asking. And for those who so desired and could afford it, there was a special Christmas payday. Liberty hours commenced Friday evenings before Christmas and New Year's Day, and terminated on the Tuesday mornings immediately following. Many took advantage of these special privileges. But they had no cause to feel sorry for those of us who stayed right here.

General Lee, in arranging the program

for our celebration of Christmas and New Year's Day, had added still another item to our list of reasons for feeling extremely sorry about his scheduled transfer to another post.

Perhaps the most characteristic and the most appreciated Christmas event he gave us was the Christmas tree in the Lyceum, with Santa Claus distributing presents to a throng of happy and excited children. The youngest child for whom Santa had provided presents was one day old. So no one was forgotten.

The committee on presents had done excellent work in gathering the necessary data, and then in selecting and buying appropriate presents with the \$300 fund allotted by the Post Exchange. Headed by Major Van Hoose, the Post Exchange officer, the committee consisted of Captain Kienast, First Lieutenant Phillips, Quartermaster Sergeant England and First Sergeants Beck and Kelly.

Music and other additions to the usual

Lyceum entertainment were presented on Christmas Eve.

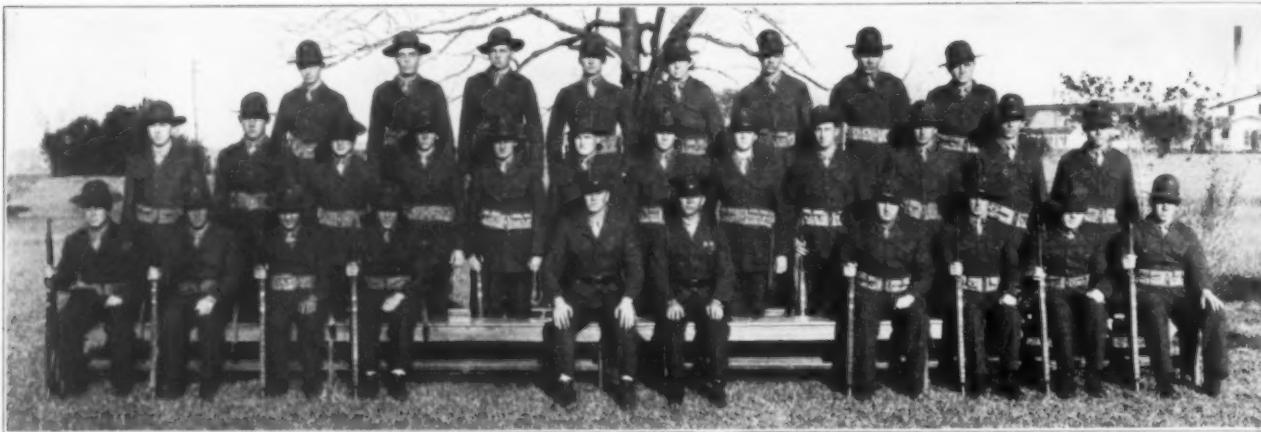
The grand Christmas dinner was served on Monday, the 26th. We'd like to print the menu here, but it would take up several pages, and cause too many of our readers to put in for transfer to Parris Island. Suffice it to say that it was some dinner!

The next big event of the season was the New Year's Eve dance in the Lyceum. The old place had never looked gayer and brighter. And the floor was waxed and polished to a fare-you-well. The orchestra from the Post Band was there, radiating symphony and rhythm.

The grand march, headed by General Lee and Mrs. McCallum, and Sergeant Major McCallum and Mrs. Lee, started at 8:30. Everybody participated. It was a riot of gayety and color. After the grand march, General and Mrs. Lee, Colonel and Mrs. Schwable, and Sergeant Major and Mrs. McCallum formed a receiving line



Company C-25, Instructed by Sergeant Carey and Corporal Rollen



Company A-26, Instructed by Sergeant White and Corporal Robinton

and wished everyone a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

Then followed the prize waltz and fox trot. The judges consisted of QM-Sgt. Miller, MT-Sgt. Steinsdorfer, CPhM. Collins and Sergeant Pierce of the Danee Committee. The prizes consisted of powder compacts for the ladies and pen and pencil ensembles for the men. The judges had a hard time deciding on the winners. In the waltz everyone was finally eliminated but Captain Reeves and partner, and Pharmacist Mate and Mrs. Brackett, the latter couple being finally chosen as the winners. The winners of the fox trot were Mr. Downing and partner of Charleston, S. C. Prizes were awarded by General Lee. After that there was an intermission during which New Year's favors were distributed, and the merrymakers were served refreshments.

Old Man Stork apparently caught the spirit of Christmas from Santa Claus and decided to leave a few "presents" too. On December 23rd, he left a precious parcel of "Beverly Ann" at the home of 2nd Lieut. and Mrs. A. R. Brunelli. And on December 27th he brought a hefty package of "Leo Alfred" (a boy at last!) to Sgt. Maj. and Mrs. L. P. Cartier. Congratulations! And many happy returns.

News comes to us via the C. & W. Line that there are new arrivals at the homes of Quartermaster Sergeant and Mrs. Jackson, and Staff Sergeant and Mrs. Trippie. They have adopted a baby boy and baby girl, respectively. Slipped one over on Old Man Stork!

By the time this gets into print our popular adjutant of the Recruit Depot, 1st Lt. F. W. Hanlon, will have taken up his new duties with the First Regiment in Port au Prince, Haiti. 2nd Lt. C. H. Shuey will be ready to start on the long trip to his newly assigned Asiatic Station.

First Sergeant F. F. Davenport, "Shanghaied" by his own request, will soon be leaving to take up his duties with the Fourth Regiment. While Gy-Sgts. Daniel Donovan and Wm. B. Greear will be saying "Hello" from Haiti.

The Service Company now has a new top sergeant in the person of 1st Sergeant Ernest S. Coon, lately arrived from the shores of Cape Haitien.

As was foretold last month, the Post Order requiring admission charges to the regular movies has been revoked. A non-resident adult civilian is, however, still required to donate 25¢ toward the Post School Fund, and his children, 10¢.

Another form of "lightening our tax burden," the popular national pastime, comes from the Patrol Office. We are in-

formed that if motor vehicle owners at the beginning of the license year have information that they are to leave Parris Island permanently within three months or less, they will be charged fifty cents for this Parris Island license. Correspondingly, the charge for six months or less will be one dollar, and for nine months or less, one dollar and fifty cents. The proceeds from the sale of these Parris Island licenses, as every one knows, go toward the education of the Parris Island colored children.

With regard to automobile license from the State of South Carolina, word has been received from the State Highway Depart-

ment to the effect that officers and enlisted men taking up their residence on Parris Island have ninety days in which to apply for a state license, provided that their vehicle has been properly registered in some other state or territory.

Speaking of automobiles, we wonder how many of us will have to worry about their upkeep a year from now! By that time we'll be figuring out how many soles and heels we can cut out of a strip of leather. Anybody have a good cobbler set that they'd like to exchange for a serviceable Chevy, fully covered by dust, insurance and mortgage?

Haiti And Guantanamo Bay

SQUIRREL FOOD

By Fred Belton

My first offense at Squirrel Feeding was in 1918. In those days the ostensible purpose of the column was to crack wise as it were. It was then a daily job and whether or not Squirrel Food served its mirth-provoking intentions successfully is something I'll never know. The title is not of my own making. It was picked out of a package of newspaper mats, received by the daily which paid my weekly stipend, from, I believe, the Bennett-Brown service. The mat showed a squirrel seated on its haunches nibbling a nut, struck my fancy and I adopted the heading for a column. As I have stated above, Squirrel Food was supposed to be funny but, once in a while, it was found expedient to deviate from mirth and go into something on the other side of life.

Nineteen thirty-two was flat on its back with the count of eight already announced before anything occurred to give Squirrel Food its first chance in nine years to go "off trail." Of course, the depression and other tragedies of life will not make 1932 a year we'll all want to remember, but Squirrel Food's off trail scope is limited to happenings directly affecting the locality in which we live, at the time. So, now this lengthy and perhaps useless preamble has ended how's to go off trailing with Squirrel Food for a column or two? Here goes.

Everybody in Port au Prince was trying to make the best of things on Christmas Eve, 1932. Months of worry over pay-cuts, unfortunate relatives, decreased stock values and failing banks were thrown into discard while all endeavored to thoroughly

enjoy the event of events, Christmas Eve and the coming of Santa Claus. We had a tree at the house and three-year-old Freddy Squirrel Food and two-year-old Bobby Squirrel Food were having the time of their young lives finding out how the new toys worked. In the neighboring house John Rogers and his bride of six weeks were entertaining Charlie Stuart and lady friend, and Louis Bertol. They must have been enjoying themselves for the peals of laughter wafting over the empty lot between the two houses burst through the windows and made us catch their contagious jovial spirit. At about 10 P. M. the Rogers and their guests came over to our house and we all settled down to see just how well we could enjoy Christmas Eve. John, Charlie and Louis took the children's toys as fast as your humble correspondent could hand them out; they wound them and watched the toys manipulate themselves in the strangest of antics. Everything pointed to a glorious, if not hilarious Christmas Eve.

Suddenly someone thought of Newcomb Smith, who was supposed to be at the gathering, but, unfortunately, was on duty at Garden d'Haiti Headquarters. Someone conceived the idea of calling Smith by telephone to wish him a Merry Christmas, if not a Merry Christmas Eve. The number was dialed and Newcomb answered but hardly had the words "Merry Christmas" been exchanged when Newcomb asked that we wait a second as the other phone was ringing. In a second or two he returned and said, "The American Club is on fire, I have to work." It seemed a huge joke to us, some holiday prankster wanted to see the fire engines. Hadn't there been four or five false alarms in the past two years

reporting the Club as being on fire? But it was no joke this time. I casually strolled over to a back window and looked over in the direction of the Club and the sky was a brilliant red. If it wasn't the American Club it was too close for comfort. Before I had a chance to leave the house the telephone rang; it was Frank Murphy, Officer of the Day at the Central Police Station, confirming the report.

When I arrived in the vicinity of the unfortunate building it was plain to be seen that nothing could be done to save the wooden structure which had been built fifty years ago as a President's mansion. Flames leaped high into the air and the building that had housed a club of Marine Corps Officers, Navy Officers and Civilians since 1917 had been stricken by the scourge of humanity, fire—that dreadful, fearsome and awesome spectacle which so beautifully yet ravishingly destroys the work of man. Suddenly an explosion rent the air, ammonia in one of the electric refrigerators had exploded—the same refrigerator that valiant men had dragged to the very front steps of the building before the sweeping flames had scorched their clothes and made further salvaging impossible.

It was dramatic and heart-rending to see that old building go up in flames. One's thoughts turned to Christmas Eve a year ago, when that same building had housed seven score merry makers celebrating the annual arrival of Kris Kringle. One's thoughts turned to the elaborate preparations that had been made for a New Year's party just one week from that fatal night. The American Club, the club which had passed through many a crisis and which was then standing majestically on the peak of financial success was in the throes of a crisis that money could not buy off.

To your humble servant there was a queer twist of fate that just naturally rubbed in that fire more than words can express. It happened this way: Salvage work bordering on the miraculous had been effected by Colonel Samuel L. Howard, Garde d'Haiti; Maj. Lemuel C. Shepherd, Jr., Garde d'Haiti; Ch. Q.M. Clk. E. E. Barde, USMC, manager of the Club, and others whose names I cannot recall at this moment. This salvage resulted in the saving of the records of the club, all the silver trophies and ninety-five per cent of the books of the Colony Club. It was among the books that I found this queer twist. While the flames were raging at their highest and with spectators convinced that the saving of the building was hopeless, I walked into the spacious front yard of the Club grounds and found a number of books, inadvertently dropped from the huge cases as they were hurriedly dragged from the blazing building. Some of these books were smouldering, others were blazing, while some were still untouched by the fury of the fire. Out of pure curiosity I bent over one of the books. It was laying on the ground, opened at the last page and a flying ember which had dropped onto the center of the page was rapidly eating through the pages of the volume. And there as I bent over to see what book it was and with only the flames of the unfortunate building to use as a light, all I could see of the printing, all that was left of it was the title on the last page and the words "The End." You would never guess the name of that book, laying there smouldering and sending a chill up the old spine in spite of the terrific heat from the blazing structure of the American Club! This may sound like a concoction, but I give it to you as I saw it, the title of the book which I read by the light of the flames of the American Club was "An American Tragedy."

BANANA OIL

By the "Spieler"

Well, folks, gather 'round the band wagon while the Spieler broadcasts from Brigade Headquarters in the heart of Haiti. Step right up, folks, and hear of the wonders of nature—see the Marine Corps as it actually exists. Stand by for the big show.

Here we are, folks, right under the big top. Get yourself a seat and don't miss a thing. Here come the actors! The show's on!

At the writing of this article we are anxiously standing by awaiting the arrival of the A & I. This may all be another rumor, but I really doubt it very much. At least Captain Pearce seems to be taking it quite seriously for inspections have been quite heavy lately. Some days we march under a blazing sun with a "heavy" strapped to our backs and again we may be seen doing "rear march" to the tune of some sergeant who probably was bawled out by his wife the night before. Speaking of wives, have you ever noticed how easily she can control that tough non-com who happens to be her husband? Even in the gruffest non-com's family one can always tell exactly who runs the joint. Thank God, I'm my own boss.

Basketball season seems to be holding the headlines. I've witnessed a few games but I don't get much of a kick watching a lot of blood-thirsty Marines trying to knock out each other. Boy, can those guys fight!

Among the most interesting things one can see at Brigade Headquarters is:

A recreation hall with a brand new pool table. It's really something of which to be proud.

An army of bedbugs that nearly chew a man into pulp.

A Sergeant of the Guard who delights in "running men up."

A drill field covered with stones as big (or bigger) than goose eggs.

A police sergeant who manages to lose his self and can never be found.

A Provost Marshall who inflicts deadly punishment upon poor undeserving Marines. (Columnists beware!)

A Q.M. Sgt. with an antique auto. Every time he goes around a corner, the doors fly open.

A mess sergeant who serves the BEST corned beef hash.

A pretty buck private who carries a

mirror fastened inside the crown of his hat.

A barber who chews constantly on something which might be tobacco.

The traffic patrol who's trying very hard to make another stripe.

The cooks who give the compound patrol a growl for not waking them in time. (That's their story and they're stuck with it.)

A private who writes the Press News and continually corrects every one's English.

The red haired corporal who has difficulty in keeping a hat.

The former traffic patrol who had his photo taken with Will Rogers and then sent a print to all his friends with the caption, "Me and my buddy."

And the music who's training to be a boxer so that he can muster enough wind to blow taps.

The women can no longer call her neighbor on the telephone and tell her about "Mrs. Jones" because the calls are now limited to five minutes.

The picnics proposed by the Service Club yet never actually happen.

A certain sergeant who delights in night work.

The private who stumbles into the barracks every night after taps.

And there is the corporal who attended a dance recently smelling strongly of perfume. His partner remarked how nice he smelled. The Corporal was quite embarrassed as he replied, "Yes, but it can't be helped. I've been using Lifebuoy for a long time."

We've noticed that certain members of our compound patrol insist upon falling asleep at the most inopportune time.

We readers of THE LEATHERNECK are wondering what has happened to F. G. Otis and his column. We really miss it.

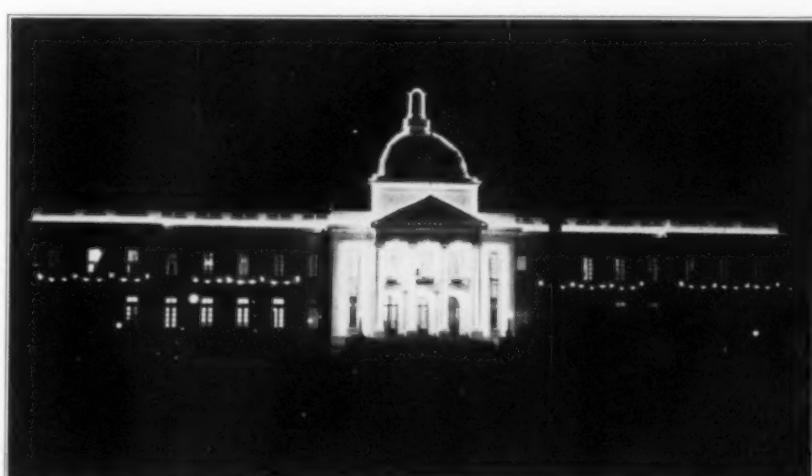
There are some fellows left who arrive in Haiti expecting to find pineapples growing on pine trees!

Private Ebberman underwent an operation for appendicitis but he thinks that the scar is in the wrong place. He can't show it to everyone!

Private Mitchell was discovered standing in front of a mirror and "making faces" at his reflection.

Muszynski was going to learn to tap dance but his feet were too big!

Lately, the Service Club has been undergoing a great change to the delight of everyone concerned. Those members who have been dissatisfied with their club are slowly beginning to realize exactly where



President's Palace, Port Au Prince, Haiti, as it Appeared on New Year's Eve



Guard Mount at Guantanamo Bay, Cuba

the fault lies. I, for one, am willing to admit that my former views were sadly distorted. But all this has been discarded. We are beginning to learn that united we stand and parted we fall. I want to emphasize the fact to all members who read this that the fault lies with them only. The officials have tried to produce a club where social intercourse and friendship would reign. The club is what the members make it and nothing more. The untiring efforts of Lieutenant Wornham are worthy of praise. Since the beginning, his efforts have been directed to one source. Are his efforts and works to be in vain? The answer lies with you and you and you. Those of you who heard Lieutenant Wornham's address at a former meeting will understand my point and I urge you to distribute the Lieutenant's words among other members who were not present at that particular meeting. Remember, we have approached the crisis and it can be conquered with your help only. These few words will require serious consideration on your part. Read them carefully, my friends, and you will see the situation as it lies.

Strange as it may seem, the latest addition to our recreation hall is a ping pong table. You should see the boys play this thrilling and fascinating game! I think that the record for keeping the ball in play is about one second. The way some guys hit that poor little ball, I'm afraid that our carpenters will find it necessary to enlarge the recreation hall. But after all, youth must have its fling.

We've often wondered how Sergeant Derrick controls his locks of unruly hair; but since St. Martin reports a can of lard substitute missing, we no longer wonder.

Hooray! The identity of the "Spieler" is no longer a mystery, thanks to our modern detectives. Beware, Knave, lest thy words prove to be thy doom!

Since my identity has been discovered, I am afraid that I will now have to confine myself to writing flowery articles of Haiti and its gallant protectors—the U. S. Marine Corps. Now that I have resolved to quit digging dirt, I find it necessary to discard an article that I have been working on entitled "Why I am proud to be stationed in Haiti."

Current events: P. F. C. Hammond and Private St. Martin are not going to China. McNeikles is the new vice president of the Service Club. Mitchel Mitchel is going back to the States to undergo an operation. Music Hurst was K. O.'ed at the last smoker. We're having better pictures at the regiment theatre. The American Club was destroyed by fire. Brigade Headquarters has a mighty basketball team. The regiment is pretty good also. Muszynski is learning to play a guitar. Wegley is capable of reciting "She sells sea shells by the sea shore." Bracey is still the ice man.

GUANTANAMO REPORTS

Lieut. Col. F. A. Gardner is the commanding officer of our little home here in Guantanamo Bay, Cuba. Marked improvements are noticeable since he has taken command of this compound. Trees and shrubbery which were planted not so long ago are beginning to grow larger and improving the nearby landscape.

Our executive officer is Capt. R. O. Sanderson. Detachment officer billet is filled by 1st Lieut. R. O. Bare. 2nd Lieut. James V. Bradley, Jr., is the Post Exchange officer. Ch. Pay Clk. J. J. Darlington handles, from the enlisted men's viewpoint, the most important activity, the Pay Department.

Special mention should be made of our newest added convenience. The studiously inclined personnel have an opportunity and a place to study in absolute quiet. The study room was formerly the old Fish Point Guard House, recently remodeled and it serves admirably for its new purpose.

Basketball reigns supreme at present. Games are scheduled with Guantanamo

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Washington, D. C.

City, Caimanera and Boqueron, Cuba. Tennis, handball and baseball are being played in a smaller measure.

The Marines won four out of five baseball games from the Sailors in the official cup series. The necessary number of games to win the cup is four out of seven.

Corporal C. W. Johnson is steward of our remodeled and enlarged Post Exchange. Soon he will have an opportunity to prove his adaptability at soda jerking.

1st Lieut. R. O. Bare, our basketball coach, was transferred to the States in December. His ability as a basketball coach will be missed by the team.

1st Sgt. M. Mosier is now our First Sergeant. He relieved 1st Sgt. L. L. Sexton, whose tour of foreign service terminated here recently. Our police sergeant, Sergeant McNeil, known for his "Irish humor," is another short timer.

Cpl. H. S. Morris, the company clerk (Note: I am being different, anyone else would have written "Company Clown"), is also the credit manager of the post restaurant. No one as yet has been smart enough to put anything over him, I mean as far as credit is concerned.

Private Stephens, our post barber, is no more—no more post barber. He left for the States in December on furlough. He stated that he was going to give the fair

members of the opposite sex a break. All are in sympathy with the weaker sex. Private Lovelace is now reigning king in the tonsorial parlors.

The old timers here are many. The more prominent: Sgts. Mudd, Hull, Wilbanks; Cpl. Burns, Gulino, May and Shoemaker.

Among the new arrivals was Corporal Richie. He is liked by all the men. The exception to the rule is Private First Class Ayers. It looks like Richie is going to take Ayers' place as post tennis champion.

Our best drummer, Drummer Holt, is leaving for China. He extended his enlistment for two years. He will be missed in our smokers as he is our best battler.

Miscellany

PITTSBURGH BANKERS SHOOT

Well, the Marines have landed again and have the situation well in hand. This time the situation happens to be in the form of a shooting match with the Ohio Valley Revolver League. It will suffice to say the ex-Marines of the Federal Reserve Bank Guard came out on the top, with eight wins and one loss. We were undefeated until the last shoot of the year, defeated by the Corapolis Sportsman's Club by a very small margin.

Our team boasts one of the best fifty-yard shooting teams in this part of the country. This is not our boast. The teams that fired against us were always commenting on the fact that we were consistent.

The members of our guard have only the highest praise for our officers in the bank. A new range was built for us on the eighth floor. A range of which every man in this detachment is proud.

A beautiful eighteen-inch trophy was won during the summer. The following is a list of names of members of the team: Capt. George K. Roush, Lt. John B. Hall, Sgt. Edward U. Stephens, Cpl. Leonard S. George and Privates Earl R. Maze and Hilbert H. Snead.

All members of this guard are expert shots with both the pistol (.38 Specials) and the Thompson Sub-Machine Gun. There is shooting on the range every week, and those who care to use their own ammunition have the range at their disposal every day.

When the boys lose a match here are some of the things heard in the guardroom the next day: Roush: "I can't run the line and shoot a good score, too." Stephens: "They wouldn't let me shoot against Kunkle." Maze: "My gun's for sale cheap; I'll give it away." George: "I saw two targets last night." Hall: "Where are those other shots?" Snead: "I can't hold you all up all the time." Strassle: "I can do better than Roush double action."

We are proud to state that our officers of the bank certainly appreciate the way in which the shooting has improved since we occupied this new building.

MARINES RISK LIVES TO SAVE AGED MAN FROM WATERS OF OCEAN

San Diego, Calif., Jan. 1.—Late yesterday afternoon two United States Marines rescued an old man from an overturned canoe that had floated with the unidentified man astride for more than two hours.

Pvt. Julian Mikulsky and Leonard West, both of the First Separate Training Battalion aboard the U.S.S. *Arkansas*, sighted the white-haired old man and after

a few moments, succeeded in breaking into a boathouse near the Marine Corps pier, and went to the man's rescue.

Stating he had been duck hunting when his boat suddenly collapsed and he was thrown into the icy waters of San Diego Bay, the 65-year-old hunter had floated for two hours and was completely exhausted when the Marines saw him.

His name is still unknown, but it is expected that he will communicate with the Commanding Officer to commend the heroic Leathernecks.

SANTELmann DIES; LED U. S. MARINE BAND

Capt. William Henry Santelmann, leader of the United States Marine Band from 1898 until 1927, when he was retired from the Marine Corps, died early this morning at his home in Chevy Chase, Md., of a stroke which followed an illness of more than a year.

Captain Santelmann, who was sixty-nine years old, directed his band at the inaugural ceremonies for six Presidents of the United States, those of McKinley, Roosevelt, Taft, the two of Woodrow Wilson, Harding and Coolidge. He also led the band in the funeral processions of Presidents McKinley and Harding; he often appeared at formal ceremonies at the White House, and he directed the Marine Band at the ceremonies dedicating the tomb of the Unknown Soldier in Arlington.

Succeeded Sousa as Leader

He directed the band for the last time at the weekly concert in the Marine Barracks in Washington on April 28, 1927. At the conclusion of that performance he handed over the baton he had used for more than a quarter century to Captain Branson, his successor, who still directs the organization. President and Mrs. Coolidge sent flowers from the White House conservatory to Captain Santelmann and Major General John A. Lejeune, commandant of the Marine Corps, presented him with a set of silver candle sticks on behalf of the band.

In his presentation address, General Lejeune said that "the Marine Band today owes its position as one of the world's most famous musical organizations to Captain Santelmann. This band is the child of his own genius. He took the leadership of a small and comparatively unknown band and today he lays down his baton as the leader of one of the world's greatest bands."

The captain took charge of the band six years after the resignation of John Philip Sousa, who led it from 1880 until 1892.

A Native of Germany

Captain Santelmann was born at Offenbach, Hanover, Germany, and was graduated from the Conservatory of Music at Leipzig, at which he had studied theoretical and practical music. Soon after he came to the United States, he enlisted in the Marine Band in 1887, while Sousa was leader. He played the violin, later becoming an accomplished player of this instrument.

During the quarter century Captain Santelmann led the band, he appeared with it in nearly every part of the country. Under his direction, the organization reached its true development as a military band and a symphonic organization. When in 1899, Congress authorized an increase in the band's personnel from thirty to sixty men, Captain Santelmann decided it would be appropriate to organize a symphony orchestra within the band.

With that end in view, he required that every member of the band be able to

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double on a string instrument. Because of his own experience in symphonic composition, he was very successful in this venture. After about four years of preparation, Captain Santelmann announced near the close of President Roosevelt's administration that the United States Marine Band was ready to play in the White House.

All Leaders Trained in Ranks

An example of the band's versatility was demonstrated on March 3, 1924, in Washington, at the concert celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of its reorganization. It appeared in the first half of the concert as a symphony orchestra and in the last half as a military band. A particular point of pride with the band was that Sousa, Santelmann and Branson all rose from its own ranks.—*New York Herald Tribune*.

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Discrimination Against the Uniform

Philadelphia, Pa.—Convicted of refusing admittance to men wearing the uniform of the military services of the United States, the manager and assistant manager of a dance hall at Broad and Spruce Streets were fined \$100.00 each.

Marine Band Serenades

Washington, D. C., Jan. 2.—Following an old Marine Corps custom, Captain Taylor Branson's musicians gathered in front of the Major General Commandant's quarters New Year's Day and serenaded the general.

Mail Robberies

Increasing mail robberies throughout the country have the Marines asking one another how long it will be before another Marine mail guard is established. On January 4, \$10,000 was stolen in Los Angeles. At Highgrove, California, two bandits looted the post office safe of \$115. But the biggest haul was at Minneapolis, when six robbers, armed with shot guns, took four bags of registered mail valued at \$170,000.

"Squads Right" Doomed

Washington, D. C., Jan. 3.—Although not yet officially adopted, the new close order drill has gained the approval of military experts. The simplified drill will eliminate the old "Squads east and west," and such maneuvers will be executed by simple facing commands.

Off to Paris

Captain Robert L. Montague is going to study at the famous French War College at Paris, France. Another Marine Corps officer, Major Charles J. Miller, attending the *Ecole de Guerre*, will shortly complete his two-year course and return to the U. S.

Personnel Cut Hits Snag

The proposed reduction of the Marine Corps from 15,343 to 13,600, was hit hard by the House Naval Affairs Committee. The committee unanimously recommended that the personnel be increased to 17,000, stating that the efficiency of the Marines "has already been impaired by the reduction of its present strength and from a full investigation of the subject the committee feels that the Marine Corps should have a force of at least 17,000 men."

Gen. Butler a Grandpa

Pensacola, Fla.—Lieutenant John E. Wehle, Jr., USMC, and Mrs. Wehle, the daughter of General Smedley D. Butler, were at home to the stork on December 2, 1932, when a baby daughter was born to them.

Fleet Maneuvers

San Pedro, Calif., Jan. 3.—The entire west coast fleet departed on a three-day tactical problem. These exercises constitute a prelude to the spring war games, when more than 100 surface craft, 300 aircraft and a personnel of 40,000 will participate.

Mooring Mast Ready

The new telescopic, self-moving mooring mast for the *Akron* and the *Macon*, has been installed at the new naval hangar, Sunnyvale, Calif. The mast is 160 feet high and weighs more than 500,000 pounds.

Reenlistment Bonus Unsettled

Service organizations are launching a fight against the proposed elimination of the reenlistment bonus. Those in favor of discontinuing the bonus state that with 12,000,000 jobless men in the country, service men would reenlist without a cash incentive. Those against the bill replied that the bonus is not used for "bait," but more as a reward for continuous service.

Nicaraguan Planes Home

Washington, D. C., Jan. 12.—A fleet of twenty-two Marine Corps planes beat Friday the 13th to Washington by one day. The hop from Nicaragua to the capital was completed without a single accident. The aviators were greeted by the Secretary of the Navy; Major General Ben Fuller, and other service officials.

Hatchet Buried

Chicago, Ill.—On the night of February 5, 1918, the troop ship *Tuscania* was torpedoed by the German U-Boat 77. Some 225 lives were lost, and the survivors have formed an association which meets annually, in February. This, the fifteenth reunion, proves to the world that the war is over. They have invited as the guest of honor Dr. Wilhelm Meyer, who commanded the U-Boat. The doctor has accepted and will leave Germany for Chicago, where the reunion is being held February 4, 5, and 6.

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BOOKS—Passing in Review

By Frank Hunt Rentfrow

AN INSPECTION OF SERVICE LITERATURE

CHIPS SPINS A YARN

A COUNT IN THE FO'C'SLE. By Count Jean Louis d'Esque, "Chips" (Brentano's) \$2.75.

There is little doubt about it, "Chips" has spun one of the most remarkable yarns of adventure we have ever read. They must be true, those narratives he relates, because the mind of man could never imagine, could never fancy, such fiction.

The book begins with Jean d'Esque, who, incidentally, is a real count, and his friend, Jack Blair, awakening to find themselves shanghaied aboard a hell ship. It was the prelude of the wildest adventures to ever befall a man.

At Valparaiso they escaped and found another ship. They are attacked by pirate junks, and were barely successful in defending their ship. The next ship was the *Marlborough*, and Jean d'Esque signed on as carpenter. It was an ill-fated three-master that the rats deserted before sailing, a bad omen to seafaring men. Mutiny broke out and was quelled only after bloodshed. Then she took fire and the cargo of Chinese fireworks blew them up. Thirteen escaped in an open boat. Among these few survivors were the captain's wife and little baby. For twenty-three days they drifted. The baby died, and others. Food became exhausted. The captain's wife blew out the brains of a man who intended to kill "Chips" for a meal.

"Chips" runs the entire gamut of adventure. He is captured by naked amazons, amorous cannibals. Another time he is trapped in a compartment between decks with a frightened elephant, a hippo and a pair of tigers. There are other attacks by savage natives, and a still more savage attack of the dreaded cholera. The storms and typhoons played their part, as did collisions and murders in the ships.

During the World War the ship "Chips" was in was torpedoed, and the carpenter caught hold of the submarine, which immediately dived.

Through it all "Chips" carved beautiful objects from wood, wrote poetry and dreamed of the time when he could go to Paris to study art.

The book is remarkably well written, and the poetry of thought is never lacking in its pages.

MEN AND SHIPS

MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY. By Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall (Little, Brown) \$2.50.

Aside from the fact that this title was selected for the October Book of the Month, the local book stores report it as the best seller for the current month. All of which it justly deserves.

The story is a novelized treatment of the famous mutiny aboard H.M.S. *Bounty* against the tyranny of Captain Bligh.

The *Bounty* set sail for Tahiti November 28, 1787. Midshipman Roger Byam, whose special mission was to compile a dictionary of the Tahitian language, tells the story in the first person.

After a weary voyage the *Bounty* arrives at Tahiti. They are treated royally by the natives, who aid them in collecting the cargo of breadfruit they were experimenting with in transplantation. The crew very reluctantly leave the tropical island.

Mutiny broke out with unexpected abruptness. Captain Bligh and eighteen others are put in an open boat with the scant hope of reaching land. And the mutineers turned about and returned to Tahiti. Once there, they permitted Roger Byam and several of his friends who had not participated in the mutiny, to go ashore. Then the *Bounty* sailed away to find a haven that could never be revealed to the world.

After a year and a half of idyllic life, Byam sees an English ship put into the harbor. Joyfully he goes to it, and to his surprise he is suddenly clapped in irons, accused of mutiny on the high seas.

The rest of the innocent men are also taken. Undergoing severest conditions they are finally landed in England, where they are tried. The trial, introduced skillfully, is the climax of the whole adventure. Two of the prisoners are hanged, and Byam after being sentenced to a like death, is suddenly saved by the appearance of a witness whose testimony proved the midshipman's innocence.

The authors are to be congratulated upon achieving a story out of records that must, by this time, be scattered and hidden by the years.

THE LOOKOUT

Any desired book may be purchased through the LEATHERNECK BOOK SERVICE, and we especially recommend the following:

AMID THESE STORMS. By Winston S. Churchill (Scribners). Few of the world's great adventurers have risen to the heights in literature, politics or romantic adventure as were achieved by Mr. Churchill. The late Richard Harding Davis included Winston Churchill in his list of Soldiers of Fortune for his deeds of daring during the Boer War. Those were days of minor experiences compared with his later adventures. In AMID THESE STORMS, Mr. Churchill recounts some of the major events of his life. \$3.50

YONDER LIES ADVENTURE. By E. Alexander Powell (Macmillan). An autobiographical story of one of the world's greatest adventurers. \$3.00

PEKING PICNIC. By Ann Bridge (Little, Brown). The Atlantic \$10,000 prize novel. The story of social life, romance and plenty of adventure in Peking. \$2.50

FIGHTING FOR FUN. By Eddie Eagan (Macmillan). The autobiography of an amateur champion boxer, who among other things was a Rhodes scholar. A friend of both Tunney and Dempsey, he tells of the famous fourteen count impartially. \$2.50

SONGS OF A SAILOR. By Herbert Seymour Morrison (Bruce Humphries). A collection of poems from the pen of a C. P. O. \$2.00

THINGS WORTH KNOWING. By George W. Stimpson (A. L. Burt). A compilation of heterogeneous information. Facts on little-known, unusual, or overlooked subjects, interestingly explained. \$2.00

LAND OF CHECKERBOARD FAMILIES. By Arthur J. Burks (Coward-McCann). A former Marine officer presents the best tale of Santo Domingo that has evolved from the occupation. \$2.50

BEST SHORT STORIES OF THE WAR. Introduced by H. M. Tomlinson (Harpers). Sixty-six stories of the great war. A few of the authors: Conrad, Captain Thomason, John Galsworthy, Nason, Ernest Hemingway, Laurence Stallings, Somerset Maugham. No finer representation of war fiction could be collected. \$3.50

BETWEEN WHITE AND RED. By Erich Dwinger (Scribners). A vivid, blood-curdling story of the retreat of Koltehak's White army through Siberia. A detailed narrative of wild adventure told by a German war prisoner serving as a White officer, one of the few survivors. \$2.75

THE BLACK SWAN. By Rafael Sabatini (Houghton, Mifflin). A story of buccaneering on the Spanish Main. A romantic novel of Morgan's time; one of the best from the pen of the modern Dumas. \$2.00

12 SECRETS OF THE CAUCASUS. By Essad Bey (Viking Press). Delightful legends of the remote country lying between the Caspian Sea and the Black Sea. \$3.00

OLD MANOA. By Glenn Allan (Appleton). A rare characterization of a southern horse-breeder. \$2.00

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The MARINE CORPS RESERVE



TWENTY-FIFTH MARINES

By John F. Jarvis

Seattle's Marine Reserve Detachment the 316th Company, became Company I, Third Battalion, 25th Marines, Fleet Marine Corps Reserve, the first of the year and although the proposed reorganization has not been completed, a number of changes are contemplated. Major William O. McKay will command the battalion which will have its headquarters in Seattle.

Sgt. Robert Thompson, Jr., member of the 1932 Marine Corps' rifle and pistol team and instructor for the Seattle Reserves since November, leaves this month for San Diego where he will shoot in the western division matches. His loss will be felt greatly, but he will be remembered for the excellent training he has given the company. "Tommy" will remember Seattle, too, for he was married in December to Miss Marie Higley, of this city. After a lengthy conference with his new skipper, "Tommy" has decided to stay in the service awhile longer, although his second cruise is up in August.

What is this thing called marksmanship? Sergeant Thompson could teach this outfit to "hold 'em and squeeze 'em" until hell freezes over and the devil is pulling targets for St. Peter, but he will never be able to cure a case of the jitters. Private McCallum and Trumpeter Jarvis were afflicted with this "morning after" malady during firing on the small bore range recently and shooting offhand at twenty yards both of them missed the target completely once. Half an hour later, the *Seattle Times* hit the street carrying the streamer, BULLET GRAZES POLICEMAN! McCallum and Jarvis are still receiving congratulations, although there is some doubt as to whether or not it was one of their bullets which grazed the John Law.

Drill drive! Depression is still spelled with a capital D out here . . . A holiday week bing was called off when a Collector of Fees reported a total of only fifty-three cents collected . . . The married men haven't trained their wives right—they all have a hard time getting away for drill. . . "Coffee matches" are the current diversion on the small bore range . . . The losers set the winners up to "coffee and" . . . A number of the men have joined the Seattle Detachment of the Marine Corps League . . . Two men in the company are taking R. O. T. C. training at the University of Washington without credit just because they want to learn more about the military game . . . Pop quizzes in everything from nomenclature of the rifle to corresponding ranks in Marine Corps and Navy are keeping the men on their toes mentally . . . Two former members of this outfit are now sergeants in the Marine Corps Reserve aviation unit at the Sand Point naval air station.

"Pass the cream, sergeant major, and pipe down while the chaplain tells the paymaster sergeant the one about the photographer and the two Swedish girls!"

Sounds like some sort of gathering, doesn't it? It is. It's a meeting of the "COFFEE AND" Club, builder-up of morale for the Seattle reserve detachment. Starting with a membership of five reservists who got together after drill to

RESERVE PROMOTIONS

Officers

The following named officers have been promoted to the grade indicated:

Captain Charles B. Mason.
1st Lieutenant Ferry Reynolds.
1st Lieutenant John S. Barrett.
1st Lieutenant Martin D. Delaney, Jr.
1st Lieutenant Robert F. Davidson.
1st Lieutenant Philip G. Strong.
1st Lieutenant James C. Bell.

Enlisted Men

Sergeant Joseph W. Patterson—to First Sergeant.
Pfc. Henry Ehret—to Corporal.
Private Norrie W. Ellsworth—to Sergeant.
Private Sylvester G. La Plante—to Sergeant.
First Sergeant Frank R. Shaw—to Sergeant Major.

absorb coffee and doughnuts and "shoot the breeze," the club has grown to include practically all the men who turn out regularly and by the time this appears in print will probably number among its members every marine in the company.

Morale, that intangible something which means so much to any military organization, has always been high in this outfit even when pay was cut off and drill attendance dropped. It is being kept high by the "COFFEE AND" Club.

It was Sergeant Thompson of the Regulars who really started the after drill bull sessions. He observed that more is learned in a "jo" party than in any class instruction so "coffee and" rank marksmanship problems after drill.

The men are picking up a lot of valuable information in these informal sessions and are getting better acquainted as a result. One feature that finds favor is that rank in the company doesn't "cut the mustard" at meetings. A sergeant may be "water orderly" and be kept jumping by buck privates. It's great—you must come over!

311TH COMPANY, BUCKEYE STATE MARINES

By Smoke Young

Move over, you leathernecks, and make way for the Buckeye State Marines. The 311th Company has just completed the most successful year since its organization. Lt. Walter A. Churchill is now our C. O., Captain Stickney having been promoted to Major and in command of the 2nd Bn. of the 24th Reserve Marines.

For the third time in as many years this company has walked off with all the trophies. (This is rather late for this item but we couldn't keep it a secret any longer, as no one else mentioned it.) The company is looking forward to Corporal Easley's visit and we hope to improve our shooting a whole lot. We have an ideal place for practice, as the range is in the Armory and we have drop lights for the targets to insure better lighting. Corporal LaPlante has another stripe and Pfc. Ehret is a corporal. One of the "Boots," being outfitted with blues, insisted on having trousers with a stripe, can you imagine?

Cpl. Freddy Gosbeth is the proud father of a baby boy. The infant displays a fondness for noisy articles; well, we need a music anyway. Private Hausman (a kraut if there ever was one) came down to drill after being sick for quite a while and got lost in the various formations. Johnny came staggering out from between the files

murmuring "I'm all right now, Doctor." Pfc. Taylor just got out of the hospital. Private Ross was married last summer and we just heard. He might put out some smokes when he reads this, but maybe "Ross" is a Scotch name.

The company headquarters has been remodeled and with the spare room a few chairs and a table make a nice place for the gang to settle their pinochle disputes. I wonder if Milwaukee remembers the no-hit no-run game Toledo beat them last summer. (We don't mention the others.) We have a lot of pictures presented by Lieutenant Churchill of the Marines, especially one of the U.S.S. *Arkansas*. Lieutenant Churchill served on the *Arkansas* from '23 to '25.

The boxing and wrestling are going great guns. The grunt and groan men have the opportunity to work out with the professionals, as the city bouts are held in the Armory. Pfc. Taylor and Corporal Young staged a heated argument one day and decided to see who really was the best man. They fought about two hours and, being rather groggy, decided to quit, as some one had walked off with the cribbage board. Sergeant Bonnough worked up a sweat keeping them apart.

The company, after furnishing a few firing squads for the American Legion, attended one of their stag parties. Every one enjoyed the show. Pvt. Harold McAran, formerly a corporal with the 311th and now with the 4th Marines, says he likes China except for —. O. K., Mac, but you should see George with a mustache. Gunnery Sergeant Zeh used to part his hair on the right side; now he hasn't any to part. Sgt. Fred Leidel was recently discharged to enable him to accept a commission in the Reserve Officers' Corps. Sooooo Long.

FIRST BATTALION, 24TH RESERVE MARINES

How do you do, Mr. and Mrs. America—the First Battalion of the famed 24th Marines is on the air—twenty words—no more—no less—(Liar) I hope you'll like it. We're a way behind in our dope, but will try to inform the wide world of our doings. However, that will take a little more than twenty words, but it's such a good slogan.

Corporal Easley, USMC, one of the distinguished riflemen of the Corps, reported to us on 17 October as a rifle and pistol coach. A range for the Chicago Companies has been secured in the basement of the Transportation Building (you ex-recruites will remember that place, no doubt). The Hammond Company has secured the use of the National Guard Armory, and we have been doing quite a bit of firing, with good results. We also conduct a coaching school for non-coms every Thursday night, and have had an excellent attendance record. The Regimental Commander did the promoting for the range, and Corporal Easley has been more unselfish in the devotion of his time and efforts to secure real shots.

On the 21st of October, the 433rd Company furnished a detail of 10 men as a funeral escort for an ex-Marine. It was

(Continued on page 44)



"RISE AND SHINE"

BY JOHN F. MANNING

Chief of Staff, Hudson-Mohawk Detachment

EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the first of a series of editorials which will be written for the League from month to month by our more prominent members. Marine Manning is one of the original organizers of the League and is probably as well known as any man in it. He has held various positions of trust and honor during his eleven years' League service and is now serving as Chief of Staff of one of our prize detachments—the Hudson-Mohawk. Manning arrived at P. I. for training with a top kick's warrant safely sewed in his B. V. D.'s, and as consequence won for himself the sobriquet of "Boot-top" which has clung to him ever since.

SAY, MARINE, remember the kick you received the first morning you opened your eyes after a session of shut-eye at the Boot camp, with the above words ringing in your ears? "Rise and shine!" Yea! Verily, we rose and shone, and the appreciated discharge we have safely packed away proves it, and while we have gone civilian again, we still are Marines and must keep rising and shining. The Marine never lived who received an assignment that he failed to cover, and we Marines who are back in our civilian routine have an objective that we are going to take, and hold. This objective is the "biggest and best fraternal organization" of any veterans' outfit in the world. We have a field greater than any other outfit, except the Army & Navy Union, from which to draw our membership.

Realize this, Marine: any man who served under the Globe and Anchor at any time since 1775, and those now serving in the Corps, are eligible. We have only scraped the top of our possible membership, and now that we have the Marines' own paper, THE LEATHERNECK, to promulgate our existence, we should, and will, dig deeper. The old gag that we want to forget the Corps is a hunk of bologna, and we all know it. We still retain that old *esprit de corps* we held while we served the colors, and it is up to us to see that our names are on the roster with those who are carrying-on in the name of the Marines. There is much that we can do for ourselves, as well as those now in service actively.

There are many veterans' outfits and many of us are holding membership in them, while our OWN outfit is listed as one of the minor ones. True, we should be active in any outfit to which we are eligible, but shouldn't we support our own first—the only ALL-MARINE outfit, except the Corps itself? Every county, if not city or town, in the United States should have its own detachment. We have enough to be proud of to see that this fact is a reality. Let's all get serious and follow the caption at the head of this editorial, and Rise and Shine. There is much that we can do for each other in matters of importance to

Marines only. We should have the greatest membership of any veterans' organization, and if we are to take our proper place in the sun, it is up to every one of us.

The pioneers started this old Marine Corps League at a caucus held in the Pennsylvania Hotel, in New York City, on November 10, 1922—the 147th anniversary of the Marine Corps itself. The League has carried on through the past ten years, and prospered, but there is room for improvement, and only by getting in all those eligible can we take our proper place as the strongest veterans' outfit in existence.

The National Adjutant, located at Room 611, Walbridge Building, Buffalo, N. Y., is ready and anxious to furnish all information

NEW ADDRESS

Officers of National Headquarters were moved on January 1st. All communications for the National Commandant and the National Adjutant and Paymaster, as well as all news items for THE LEATHERNECK, should be addressed to:

611 Walbridge Building
Buffalo, N. Y.

tion desired, and as there is going to be a national convention of Marines held somewhere in the West during 1933, we want every Marine present or accounted for.

The Marine Corps League has a national program and is represented at Washington by a Marine who is ready at all times to carry on for Marines in adjudicating all matters pertaining to the various veteran and naval departments. The objects of the League are to uphold the Constitution and Laws of the United States; to preserve the traditions of the U. S. Marine Corps; to further the ideals and aims for which we served our country; to work for and aid our disabled; to honor and perpetuate the memory of those who have died; to disseminate information in regard to legislation—State and Federal—beneficial to members; to work for adequate national defense, and to make our slogan "Once a Marine, Always a Marine," and our motto "Semper Fidelis," a reality.

Let's go, Marine; everybody up, and we'll certainly RISE AND SHINE!

TIME EXTENDED

Detachment Adjutants and Chiefs of Staff are advised that closing date for LEATHERNECK copy has been extended to the 8th of the month. Please bear in mind that all LEATHERNECK copy must be sent to National Headquarters at Buffalo and not directly to THE LEATHERNECK.

BERGEN COUNTY DETACHMENT

Hackensack, N. J.

This is apt to be a mere echo, as the tale was told before in last month's LEATHERNECK, but it was such a big night for the Bergen County Detachment that we just can't help repeating. We are speaking, of course, of that grand and glorious evening at Cella's Park Inn, when we received our charter from the hands of Homer Harkness, National Chief of Staff.

It was really a night through which only Marines could navigate. Forty of us, including visiting officers and members from Hudson County, Newark, and as far away as Albany lined up for the evening. We had a great meal, plenty of liquid refreshments and some swell entertainment by various radio artists. Bill Bush, New Jersey State Commandant, was Toastmaster and Phil Manning, Detachment Commandant, presided.

The Bergen County Detachment is now meeting at the Hackensack Armory, State and Mercer Streets.

A. D. WILCOX, Adjutant and Paymaster.

CAPTAIN BURWELL H. CLARK DETACHMENT

Newark, N. J.

Hello, everybody, this is Newark, N. J., on the firing line again for 1933. We hope that all Comrades have started the New Year off with their right foot first.

Newark Detachment has started right. What I mean, we started with the New Year's party! Started in Jersey City and ended at 6 A. M. the next morning at Chaplain "Rabbi" Rubenstein's home with a breakfast composed of kosher pork sausage made by the Rabbi himself. The gang hasn't gotten over the tummy ache since.

The next affair will be the annual dinner dance given by the New York Detachment, which will be well attended by our gang. Then comes the Jersey City blow-out on February 11th; then back again to the Military Ball of the New York Detachment on February 22nd. All these will be followed by the grand-daddy dance of them all—the Captain B. H. Clark Detachment dance on March 4th at the Hotel Riviere, Newark, N. J. We extend a cordial invitation to all Marines in and out of service, including China, Hawaii, Guam and those on active duty at sea that evening, to attend the affair at the detachment's expense. All others will please pay at the door. Those who framed last year's tickets because they could not get in on account of the crowd will have those same tickets honored this year. The only condition is that they bring them down with the frame. All kidding aside, we anticipate a wonderful time and hope to see you all there. As Commandant Jesse Rodgers would say, "I'll be there, Sharlie."

In signing off, we hope to see you all at one of our lively meetings (we keep the floors waxed) which are held the first and third Fridays of the month at the Hotel Burwick, 456 Broad Street, Newark, N. J.

STEVE BRODIE, Adjutant.

THE LEAGUE SHOWS ITS METTLE

The threatened reduction in strength of the Marine Corps awoke the fighting spirit of the League, as perhaps never before, and, too, the value of the League to the active Corps was demonstrated, as perhaps never before.

The barrage of protests was opened, and led by, the detachments of the metropolitan district under the able leadership of Angelo J. Cincotta, Commandant of New York Detachment No. 1. In addition to his own detachment, Commandant Cincotta was ably supported by the Clark Detachment, Hudson County Detachment and the Bergen County Detachment.

Beginning with paid advertisements in both New York and Brooklyn papers, the detachments soon had sentiment so crystallized that the *New York Times*, leading Democratic daily of the United States, editorially protested against the proposed cuts. The lead of the *Times* was taken up by other strong newspapers throughout the country. In one of his weekly talks over a national hook-up on the Columbia chain, the well known radio reporter, Edwin C. Hill, devoted his entire fifteen minutes on the air to the subject of Marine reduction, emphasizing the folly and shortsighted economy of the proposed move.

National Headquarters took up the good work and bulletins were sent to all detachments, urging that they follow the metropolitan group in creating sentiment in their own territories. The majority of the detachments responded in splendid manner and, literally, hundreds of clippings from local newspapers have poured into National Headquarters from all parts of the country, containing news items protesting the crippling of the Corps.

National Commandant Fisher, on behalf of the League, addressed a letter to every Senator and Congressman, as well as to the President of the United States, explaining how the League stood on the matter of Marine Corps reduction and urging their vote against the proposal.

The fight, however, is not yet over and the League must continue to exercise its full power to assure the present standing of the Corps. Commandant Fisher says: "Do not relax, now that our objective is in sight, but let us continue the offensive until the roll call has proven that we have won. Every member of the League who has not already done so should write both his Congressman and Senator a letter of protest against the reduction bill. He should also prevail upon each and every one of his friends, relatives and acquaintances to do likewise. It is assumed that all detachments have already complied with national orders relative to passing resolutions and forwarding them to their representatives in Congress."

STATE OF WASHINGTON
DEPARTMENT

Jack R. Hartinger, Commandant for the State of Washington, reports that he has appointed Ed Partridge as State Adjutant and W. L. Rooney, State Chief of Staff. Both are Spokane Marines.

Contacts have been made, both in Walla Walla and in Colfax, and it is expected that new detachments will be formed in these cities in the near future. Other points under consideration are Bremerton and Tacoma.

Commandant Hartinger further reports that the Seattle Detachment is rapidly recovering from the effects of the so-called Depression, and will be its old self again in the very near future.

HUDSON-MOHAWK
DETACHMENT

483 Hamilton Street, Albany, N. Y.

Have you written your Congressman and Senator yet regarding the curtailment of the Marine Corps? If you haven't, it isn't too late yet. Hop to it!

Two new members were admitted to membership at last month's meeting. One was from Cohoes and the other from Mechanicville. Wonder if we couldn't get some of the old ones back in the fold or a few more new members. This would be the ideal year to put Hudson-Mohawk Detachment at the top of all other outfits.

What did you think of last month's issue of THE LEATHERNECK? This detachment had a pretty good write-up, but some of it was mixed up with Hudson County Detachment news. Better luck next month! (Editor's note: The mix-up referred to was physical, as well as literal. When the Hudson-Mohawk and Hudson County boys got together on their recent jamboree it was rather difficult to separate them into detachments again while recounting their multitudinous adventures.)

Regarding THE LEATHERNECK, are you getting yours? Headquarters has informed us that this month there were two copies returned to Washington for improper address. Are you sure we have your address correct? If not, drop a line to the Adjutant.

Had a surprise during the holiday season by a visit from none other than our old past Commandant, John McNamara. Mac has returned to town for a short stay after ten months in the Naval Hospital at Brooklyn. He looks fine and may be on deck for the next meeting.

The officers of the Capitol City Post, American Legion, have generously offered us the use of their clubrooms for our Albany meetings. Three members of this detachment are also members of this Post.

Rumors were flying around the last meeting at Troy that Andy Pask was unable to attend because he was tired out from chasing the Gypsy moths over the Grafton Hills into Massachusetts. Say it isn't so, Andy. And you can blame this on Joe Rourke; he was the source of the information. And, speaking of Troy, what's happened to our representative of the Fire Department, Dan Conway? He hasn't made an appearance in three months. Oh, for the life of a fireman!

And away down at the end, almost out of sight, is an item you thought we forgot. OLD MAN DUES. Bills have been rendered. 'Nuf sed!

CHRIS J. CUNNINGHAM, Adjutant.

WHAT? NO WOMEN?

In a recent communication from Washington Comrade Harry S. Young notes: "Miss Shaughnessy and some of the other good Marines of that sex are hoping that the Constitution and By-Laws will include the Marine-ettes as eligible for membership in the League. They are interested."

The Editor is no authority on the League Constitution as it now stands, but on a casual reading there seems to be nothing in it to bar Marine-ettes from League membership. As a matter of fact, we have a hazy recollection that the membership of New York Detachment No. 1 includes one or two "Suede Necks." (We really couldn't call a lady plain Leatherneck.) Are we right or wrong. Judge Ryerson!

SIMPSON-HOGATT
DETACHMENT

1409 Wyandotte Street, Kansas City, Mo.

Simpson-Hogatt held another of their successful stag parties on December 8th. The house was sold out and a number were refused admission due to lack of room. People know that when Kansas City Marines sponsor a party, they will get their money's worth. There were peppery entertainments, thrilling moving pictures and plenty of refreshments, "liquid and solid." And, of course, games of chance for the adventurer. Needless to say, a good time was had by all. Another party will be staged in February. Funds from these parties are used to maintain a free employment office to help needy members and to add to the clubroom fund.

About thirty Marines and their families were made happier at Christmas by Simpson-Hogatt baskets. These baskets were not just ordinary ones—they were made up with care and thought as to the number in the family, their ages, etc. They were received with gratitude and in the spirit given; that is, one of comradeship. It is not only a duty to help our buddies, it is a privilege that we should be happy and grateful to be able to do.

We want to give a big hand to those responsible for the new arrangement of THE LEATHERNECK. Our members are tickled pink.

The skipper of our pistol team got a big thrill out of the current issue. He found his funny face in one of the cuts, along with many of his buddies. Tom Griffith is the name and the picture is of the outfit ready to take to the hills. Tom is our right-handiest man here. He is studying to be a printer—and believe it or not, he grows flowers for diversion.

Our most distant member, Tom Caldwell, who is stationed at the MCR Aviation Field at Great Lakes, spent Christmas with us. Caldwell, Griffith and Jack Seay refought the Nicaraguan campaign. After listening to their story, we old-timers decided that the late unpleasantness in France was mere child's play by comparison.

Seriously, though, we are glad that the youngsters are taking an interest in the League. The League wants to reciprocate. And, speaking of youngsters, right here we will congratulate Indianapolis and extend the hand of comradeship to our new baby, the Richard J. Litz Detachment. May you grow into a fine big husky and may your papa never practice birth control.

According to W. R. A. E. in the Windy City, Smitty and Eleanor have purchased a Jaloppee for the sum of \$1.98. We received "Wish you were here" cards from them from the deep south, so it surely must run. Headed toward K. C., Smitty, and will tow you back. This invite goes for all Marines. If you have occasion to visit the heart of America, look us up. We always have time to chin and stir up something interesting at a moment's notice.

W. C. SUTTON, Adjutant.

WORD FROM LEJEUNE

Comrade Manning at Albany is in receipt of a letter from our beloved comrade, Major General Lejeune, in which he reports, aent his recent accident: "Am getting better every day. Broken bones (left wrist and hand, pelvis and fractured skull) are mended. Eyes are not well and speech is not normal, but I am grateful to be alive."

Comrade Manning made the General a very unique Christmas present in the form of an ash tray carved from wood with the General himself as model.

(Continued on page 44)

SPORTS

SAN DIEGO SPORTS BRIEFS

By "Walter" Camp

Starting off with astounding winnings such as their victory over the U. S. S. *Holland* by a score of 32 to 13, the Navy's V.T-1 Aircraft Squadron to the tune of 72 to 3, and the U. S. S. *Whitney*, 55 to 22, the Freshmen of California State U. in San Diego to a baffling result of 38 to 22, the San Diego Marines are out for blood in basketball. Out of town players of repute have found the Marines with the situation well in hand and ready for any encounter. Coach W. A. Hamilton has placed himself and his team open for attack from any flank. This looks like a season of easy going.

"Cheesy" Neil, agile Marine 200 pounder of all-star athletic potentiality, figures largely in every field of sport and has placed himself high on the roster of basketball stars of the San Diego Base, through his captaincy of the team and his persistent success in long shots into the basket in games with the best of the 11th Naval District League teams. The Marines boast having won the 11th Naval District Championship for five consecutive years and with this year's lineup there is a good chance that the title will remain in their hands. "Don" Beeson, another star, makes a big hit this season by his speed and accuracy, while still another giant takes form in "Steve" Bakalarz, sensational forward new to San Diego. Other players whose splendid sportsmanship and skill are

local bywords are: Freddie Main, center, J. J. Stuckwisch, Holland, Woods, Jedinoff, Shulman, Harris and Lt. A. V. Girard, assistant coach. Lt. W. A. Hamilton is coach and manager.

The following is a schedule of games the Marines will play in the 11th Naval District League. Results will be published at a later date.

December 29—U.S.S. *Detroit*.
 January 5—U.S.S. *Dobbin*.
 January 10—Fifth Division.
 January 12—Marine Aviation, North Island.
 January 17—U.S.S. *Melville*.
 January 20—Base Force.
 January 23—U.S.S. *Altair*.
 January 24—Naval Hospital.
 January 26—U.S.S. *Langley*.

We hope to be able to publish the entire schedule without a single loss. Prospects for a bright future are ahead.

A baseball squad that is expected to excel that of any previous team in the San Diego Marine Base is in training and will step out into the limelight sometime after January 15. No exact schedule has been arranged and with baseball feeling at a low ebb in and about San Diego, the Marines will meet little opposition. Schools and colleges in California have let their baseball spirit run low and it is rumored that very few teams will be out on the

diamonds this year. It's a good thing, in a way, 'cause the San Diego Marines are up and at 'em. Chief Quartermaster Clerk Yeacker, Quartermaster Sergeant Robbins and Corporal "Chink" Holmdale make up the entire new management. Oh, for a little competition!

John Callahan, terrible half-back on the Marine Football eleven, was voted the most valuable player of the season, Sergeant Glick running close in the selection. "Moose" Mase, right tackle, received the second trophy for being the most outstanding individual player of the year. Honorable mention was made of Lieutenant Shapley, Standley, Gates, Beach, Glick, Charlie Cummings and several others.

Bowling seems to be the Marines' long suit, for they have won the 11th Naval District Championship again this year. Quartermaster Sergeant Robbins is manager and saw the Marines nose out ahead and set a record of 2 points down from a perfect score in bowling.

We don't know whazza matter with that tough baby in the ring called "Tiger" Payton, a heavyweight. His last bout, in which a local fighter named Latell introduced him to the mat, was a good opportunity for the terrible Marine to start cleaning up on everyone he meets.

A new kind of wrestler came to the San Diego Marines from Shanghai, China, where he holds the Middleweight championship of China. Langdon J. Weaver, a perfect gorilla, will show San Diego something it wants when the hairy brute has the opportunity to get out into the ropes. They say he is just a kid, but oh! what a snazzy one!

The San Diego Marines raffled off their ugly bulldog mascot the other day and somehow "Abbie" Ritters, invincible fullback of '28 and '29, got into the mixup and was won by the holder of the winning ticket. Now this winner doesn't want to give up "Abbie" for the mascot, for he states that Ritters makes a much more frightening watchdog!

One of the Marines in the Base was a fortunate possessor of an actual photograph of Burns, the escaped prisoner of the chain-gang and author of "I Am a Fugitive from Justice," until just the other day when one of his buddies offered to buy the picture for five bucks.

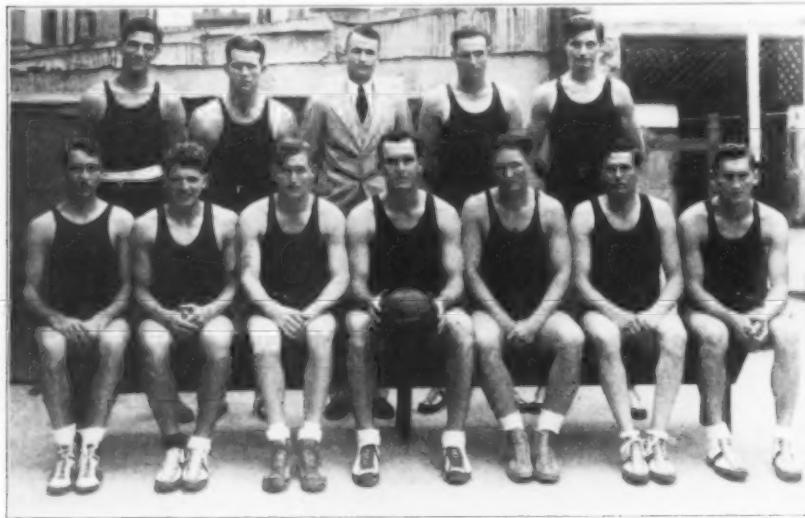
Joe went to his locker and got the folder that mounted the picture of the notorious fugitive and handed it to his pal. The pal walks out and with him goes the picture of Burns. With a proud step he walks up to another Marine with intentions of showing it to the gang when he suddenly opened the folder and the prized picture was gone. Rushing back to the seller of the prize, the disappointed leatherneck exclaimed:

"Hey, there's no picture in this folder! Whatza idea selling me an empty picture?"

"What?" the surprised friend of Burns yelled. "Hey, let me see." And he opened the folder to find a blank sheet.

"Well, I'll be darned," he remarked. "He's got away again!"

Hey, hey, hey!



MARINE CORPS BASE BASKETBALL SQUAD

Left to right: Standing—Nate Shulman, "Red" Williams, 1st Lt. W. A. Hamilton, Arnold Hollan, Fred Main. Sitting—Lt. V. Girard, assistant coach; A. Gedinoff, Walter Harris, Jean Neil, team captain; "Don" Beeson, V. O. Woods, and Steve Bakalarz, the new sensational forward

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SAN DIEGO MARINES TRIM HOLLAND TEAM

The Marine Corps Base basketball team made an auspicious debut in the Naval Operating Base casaba league by scoring a one-sided victory over the U.S.S. *Holland*, 32 to 13, at the Army and Navy Y. M. C. A. Bakalarzek, forward, led the scoring with 10 points.

MARINES (32) Pos. (13) **HOLLAND**
 Beson (2) F. (1) Leonard
 Bakalarzek (10) F. Griswold
 Shulman C. Brooks
 Neal (8) G. (2) Galob
 Harris (3) G. Summers
 Substitutions: Marines — Jedoff (2), Main (4), Stuckawisch, Holland (1), Wood (2), Holland-Smith (10), Weider, Goodwin.

M. C. B. BEATS AVIATION TEAM, 72-3

Setting what is probably some kind of local scoring record, the powerful Marine Corps Base basketball team trounced the VT-I Squadron, 72 to 3, in a Naval Operating Base league game at the Army and Navy Y. M. C. A. Backaloski and Main, with 14 points each, led the winners, with several others following closely. The VT-I quintet didn't make a field goal.

MARINES (72) Pos. (3) **VT-I SQUAD**
 Beson (12) F. (1) Jones
 Backaloski (14) F. (1) Redden
 Main (14) C. (1) Finnie
 Harris (2) G. Swinson
 Neil (10) G. Anderson
 Substitutions: Marines — Jedoff (3), Williams (5), Shulman (8), Stuckawich (4).

GYRENES ADD ANOTHER WIN

The Marine Corps Base quintet, undefeated, added another victory to its list with a lopsided triumph over the U.S.S. *Detroit*, 40 to 13.

MARINES (40) Pos. (13) **DETROIT**
 Beson (6) F. (2) Torrance
 Bakalarzek (16) F. (2) Carner
 Shulman (9) C. (3) Erickson
 Harris (2) G. (2) Byng
 Neil (5) G. Van Hoosier
 Substitutions: Marines — Main (2); Detroit — Capper (2), Gilbreath (2).

MARINES WIN FROM WHITNEY FIVE, 55 TO 22

After being held to a 17 to 16 lead at the halftime, the Marine Corps Base basketball team rallied in its full strength and trounced the U.S.S. *Whitney*, 55 to 22, to continue in the leadership of the Naval Operating Base league at the Army and Navy Y. M. C. A. Bakalarzek and Shulman of the Marines and Berry of the *Whitney* each made 13 points.

MARINES (55) Pos. (22) **WHITNEY**
 Beson (5) F. (13) Berry
 Bakalarzek (13) F. (1) Wallace
 Main (11) C. (2) Krouskop
 Neal (10) G. (2) Parker
 Harris (1) G. Knight
 Substitutions: Marines — Jedoff (2), Shulman (13); Whitney — Woods (4).

MARINE CORPS, HOSPITAL TIED FOR CAGE LEAD

Following a week of upsets, the Marine Corps and Naval Hospital basketball teams emerged from competition deadlocked for the lead in Naval Operating Base league play.

The Marines hold a slight margin over their nearest rival, however, having won four games in as many starts, compared to three for the Medicos.

Following are the standings:

	W.	L.	Pct.
Marines	4	0	1.000
Naval Hospital	3	0	1.000
Base Force	5	1	.833
Langley	7	2	.778
Attair	3	1	.750
Dobbin	4	4	.500
Whitney	4	4	.500
McVille	2	6	.250
Fifth Division	1	3	.250
Holland	2	6	.250
Marine Aviation	1	4	.200
VF-I Squadron	1	6	.142
Detroit	0	2	.000

MARINE FIVE DOWNS DOBBIN

Accounting for its fifth consecutive victory, the Marine Corps Base basketball team thumped the U.S.S. *Dobbin*, 54 to 15, in a Navy Operating Base league game at the Army and Navy Y. M. C. A.

Bakalarzek, with 15 points, and Woods, with 12, led the Devil Dog attack.

MARINES (54) Pos. (15) **DOBGIN**
 Bakalarzek (15) F. Swartz
 Woods (12) F. (6) Lewis
 Beson (2) C. (6) Sharp
 Neil (8) G. (2) Warnock
 Harris (4) G. Lytte
 Substitutions: Marines — Jedinoff (4), Shulman (5), Stuckawitz (4); Dobbin — Buttero (1).

PARRIS ISLAND SPORT SLANTS

By "Duke" Peasley

The new year finds basketball the predominating athletic activity at this Post. Lieutenant Weiseman, coach of the court game, has a well balanced quintet representing Parris Island, a club which should ring up many a win, unless unforeseen obstacles arise.

Starting with practically green material, Coach Weiseman has built a team which is far better than the quintet representing the Post last season. One sees Gotko and Billingsley, former players, out on the floor calling the fouls, and officiating in great style. "Horsecolar" Pierce and the writer sit at the scorer's table, Pierce as official time-

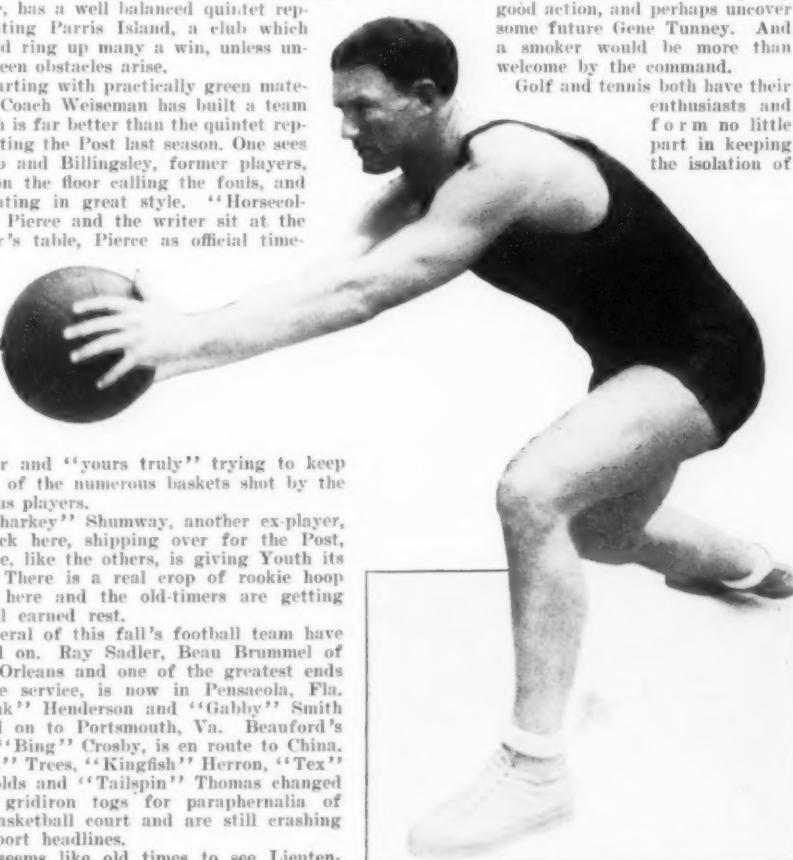
keeper and Headquarters & Headquarters Company won the basketball championship of the Post by coming through the short league season undefeated. The only team to offer much opposition was the Rifle Range, who finished in runner-up position. The Band, champions in '30 and '31, finished in the cellar, as not a player was left from their championship quintet of the year before. The league season closed before the Post basketeers went into action, and it was from the ranks of this league that Coach Weiseman nailed most of his players. A second half of the league is expected and players and rooters are anxiously anticipating the renewal of Inter-Post basketball.

It is just a coincidence, but this makes the second league in succession which Headquarters & Headquarters Company has swept through without tasting defeat. First Sergeant Beck, then first sergeant of HQ & HQ Co., with all the skill of the late Miller Huggins, directed his company team through two halves of the Playground Ball League without even tasting competition, much less a defeat. But every team meets its Waterloo. So watch out, Headquarters.

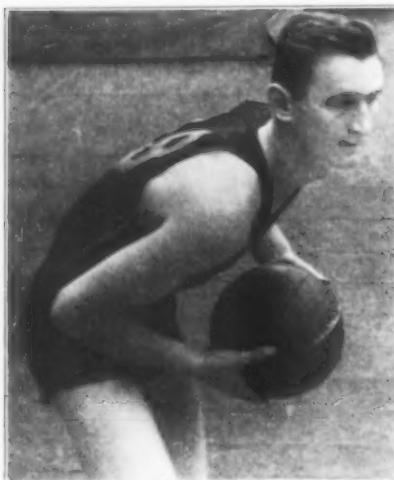
The bowling alley has been opened up by an ex-Marine and rumors of an Inter-Post Bowling League are heard. Also the boys who used to knock 'em dead in the pool rooms back home can get back in form.

Boxing, ah, that is something which we haven't got this winter. There used to be quite a stable of boxers here, but it seems as if most of the men have been transferred out. Nevertheless, if there was a call for men for a smoker, we do not doubt but what there would be some pretty good action, and perhaps uncover some future Gene Tunney. And a smoker would be more than welcome by the command.

Golf and tennis both have their enthusiasts and form no little part in keeping the isolation of



DON BEESON
San Diego



STEVE BAKALARZEK
San Diego

this Island from giving one the well known "down in the dumps." Pinochle is the big thing in sports at the NCO Club, but as yet we can discover no champion. Everyone we ask who is champion has a different answer, but in the near future we hope to have some real dope on this great American indoor sport. All in all athletics are on a pretty good plane here this winter and we hope that 1933 will be the biggest year in the history of Parris Island sports.

LAST SECOND BASKET DEFEATS P. I. MARINES

Parris Island, S. C., Jan. 3.—The score was tied, two fast teams were fighting it out at a furious pace, seconds left to play, the spectators were looking for an extra period, and the timer had the whistle up to his lips to blow it, signifying the conclusion of the game; but wait, one of the players lofts the ball towards the basket, it rises high and then sinks down with a swish through the net. The whistle blows and the game is over. That's that, but the basket was sunk by a Citadel player, Quarterman, and it meant that the Marines had lost a heartbreaker, 31-29. Quarterman played a great game and his efforts alone practically brought victory to the visiting team. It was the Marines' initial game and they showed up well. Bynum, Greer and Murphy led the Marine offense, and "Pop" Trees played a great game on the defense, breaking up many of Citadel's plays. Summary:

MARINES

	Field Goals	Foul Goals	Total Pts.
Bryant, left forward	0	0	0
Ferguson, left forward	2	0	4
Bynum, right forward	4	0	8
Welch, right forward	1	1	3
Murphy, center	3	1	7
Greer, center	3	0	6
Trees, left guard	0	1	1
Thomas, left guard	0	0	0
Herron, right guard	0	0	0
Berecz, right guard	0	0	0
Totals	13	3	29

	Field Goals	Foul Goals	Total Pts.
Ponder, left forward	1	0	2
Mize, left forward	0	0	0
Suhurst, right forward	0	2	2
Everett, right forward	1	0	2
McAlister, center	2	4	8
Quarterman, left guard	6	4	16
Smith, right guard	0	1	1
Totals	10	11	31

Referee: Gotko (Detroit Univ.). Umpire: Billingsley (Mississippi State). Timer: Pierce (Ohio Northern). Time: 2 20's.

MARINES DEFEAT CITADEL, 34-20

Parris Island, S. C., Jan. 4.—Showing real offensive power and an almost impregnable defense, the Marines tonight gained sweet revenge for the loss of the game the night before. The first half found both teams playing cautious ball and the score was deadlocked at 12-12 at the end of this period.

Coming back in the second half, the Marines opened up their attack and from then on Citadel was wiped out of the picture. Coach Weiseman's charges swept to a decisive victory with Reynolds, Herron and Trees, three erstwhile stars of the gridiron, bearing the brunt of the offense. Every man who got into the game played well and clicked in the teamwork which was the feature of the successful attack. McAlister, Citadel pivotman, was the leading visiting player. Summary:

MARINES

	Field Goals	Foul Goals	Total Pts.
Bryant, left forward	1	0	2
Reynolds, left forward	3	2	9
Ferguson, right forward	0	0	0
Welch, right forward	1	0	2
Bynum, right forward	1	0	2
Greer, center	0	1	1
Murphy, center	0	0	0
Nobles, center	1	1	3
Thomas, left guard	0	0	0
Trees, left guard	2	1	5
Berecz, right guard	1	1	3
Herron, right guard	3	1	7
Totals	13	8	34

CITADEL

	Field Goals	Foul Goals	Total Pts.
Everett, left forward	0	0	0
Ponder, left forward	0	2	2
Mize, right forward	0	0	0
Suhurst, right forward	2	1	5
McAlister, center	3	1	7
Quarterman, left guard	1	1	3
Smith, right guard	1	1	3
Totals	7	6	20

Referee: Gotko (Detroit U.). Umpire: Billingsley (Mississippi State). Timer: Pierce (Ohio Northern). Time: 2 20's.

P. I. LOSES, 28-33, TO COLLEGE OF CHARLESTON

Charleston, S. C., Jan. 7.—The Marines from Parris Island lost a hard fought game to the Maroons of City College of Charleston here tonight. Leading at the end of the first period by a score of 16-9, the College appeared well on the way to a decisive victory, but the Marines picked up strength as the game went on, coming up to within four points of their opponents. Nobles and Reynolds, Marine forwards, worked well and rung up 17 points between them. Johnson and Hutton, College veterans, scintillated for the winners. Summary:

CHARLESTON

	Field Goals	Foul Goals	Total Pts.
Hutt, left forward	4	1	9
Bramblett, left forward	1	1	3
Sileox, right forward	3	0	6
Haskell, center	1	0	2
Von Kolnitz, center	1	0	2
Lemon, left guard	0	1	1
Vieth, left guard	0	2	2
Johnson, right guard	4	0	8
Totals	14	5	33

MARINES

	Field Goals	Foul Goals	Total Pts.
Reynolds, left forward	4	1	9
Nobles, right forward	4	0	8
Bynum, right forward	1	0	2
Murphy, center	2	1	5
Greer, center	1	0	2
Thomas, left guard	0	0	0
Trees, left guard	1	0	2
Herron, right guard	0	0	0
Berecz, right guard	0	0	0
Totals	13	2	28

Referee: Wehlm. Umpire: Hart. Time of halves: twenty minutes.

JEWISH ALLIANCE DEFEATS PARRIS ISLAND, 30-19

Parris Island, S. C., Jan. 8.—Coming to Parris Island with a record of 22 straight victories, the crack Jewish Alliance team of Savannah added one more game to their long string of victories. For perhaps thirty minutes the Marines might have had a chance, but the last ten minutes were all Alliance. Eicholz, inserted by the visitors at this time, gave the fans something to talk about by his clever floor work and deadly eye for the basket. While the Savannah team had the range of the basket, there wasn't a Marine player who was "hot." Maybe the new uniforms were the jinx, but baskets were conspicuous by their absence among the Parris Island players. A great crowd of supporters followed the Alliance team up to the Island from Savannah and their cheering and the added attraction of the band playing at the game made it quite a gala day. The officiating was excellent, the best ever seen on the Island. This was the opinion of the visitors, whose sportsmanship and clean playing also rate considerable compliments. Summary:

MARINES

	Field Goals	Foul Goals	Total Pts.
Reynolds, left forward	1	2	4
Ferguson, left forward	0	1	1
Nobles, right forward	0	0	0
Bynum, right forward	1	0	2
Bryant, right forward	0	2	2
Murphy, center	1	0	2
Greer, center	1	0	2
Herron, left guard	0	1	1
Trees, left guard	0	1	1
Thomas, right guard	1	1	3
Berecz, right guard	0	0	0
Totals	6	7	19

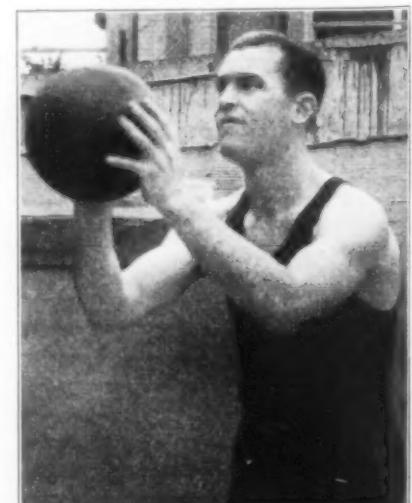
JEWISH ALLIANCE

	Field Goals	Foul Goals	Total Pts.
M. Homansky, left forward	4	0	8
Eisenman, right forward	3	1	7
Eicholz, right forward	5	1	11
P. Homansky, center	0	3	3
Longwater, center	0	0	0
Wexler, left guard	0	0	0
Brooks, left guard	0	1	1
Totals	12	6	30

Referee: Gotko (Detroit U.). Umpire: Billingsley (Miss. A. & M.). Timer: Slotin (Penn.).

WOFFORD DEFEATS MARINES, 40-33

Parris Island, S. C., Jan. 10.—Deadlocked, 32-32, at the conclusion of the game, the Marines did not fare so hot in the 5-minute overtime period. Wofford



JEAN NEIL, TEAM CAPTAIN
San Diego

made four field goals, while the best efforts of the Marines failed to counter but one goal from a free throw. The game was very fast and close at the half, Wofford leading by one point, 17-16. Trees, star guard of the Marines, scintillated. His floor work and his eye for the basket were the feature of the game. Herron and Nobles also played good basketball for Paris Island. Robertson and Allen shone for Wofford.

Summary:

	WOFFORD	Field Goals	Foul Goals	Total Pts.
Hill, left forward.....	1	1	3	
Shuller, left forward.....	2	2	6	
Pollard, right forward.....	2	1	5	
Robertson, right forward.....	5	0	10	
Breeden, center.....	1	1	3	
Monyhan, center.....	2	0	4	
Allen, left guard.....	4	1	9	
Eaker, left guard.....	0	0	0	
Holt, right guard.....	0	0	0	
Johnson, right guard.....	0	0	0	
Bullington, right guard.....	0	0	0	
Totals	17	6	40	
MARINES				
Field Goals	Field Goals	Foul Goals	Total Pts.	
Nobles, left forward.....	2	2	6	
Bryant, left forward.....	0	0	0	
Rynum, left forward.....	0	0	0	
Reynolds, right forward.....	1	3	5	
Ferguson, right forward.....	0	1	1	
Murphy, center.....	0	3	3	
Grear, center.....	0	0	0	
Trees, left guard.....	4	2	10	
Thomas, left guard.....	0	0	0	
Herron, right guard.....	3	1	7	
Berec, right guard.....	0	1	1	
Totals	10	13	33	

QUANTICO BASKETERS TO PLAY 35 GAMES

A fine basketball season is expected by the Quantico Marines, who face a 35-game schedule and have a host of players, many of proved worth, on the job.

The schedule has been limited as much as possible to college and service teams by Maj. Roger W. Peard, post athletic officer. George Washington and Catholic University each will be met twice and engagements with Gallaudet, Wake Forest, Davis and Elkins, Marshall and Baltimore University have been carded. All the leading service teams along the East coast have been scheduled.

Lt. Joe Bauer, head coach, also will play if his football injuries permit. Followers of the Leathernecks are keen to have this hang-up tosser perform. Posik and Zehner, forwards, and Ferrell, guard, of last season's team, again are available.

Among other candidates are Lts. Shell and Carney from V. M. I.; Jim Crowe, who played a few years ago with the Quantico quint, and Sterling and McGrath. Lt. Shell, who stands 6 feet 4, is being groomed to replace Sergeant Locke at center. He played at end on the Quantico grid eleven this year. Sergeant Locke, now on duty in China, will be severely missed.

Because of the decreased enlisted strength at Quantico, out-of-town engagements have been limited for the most part to week ends. Some exceptions have been made in cases where the scene of play is sufficiently close to enable the basketers to return to Quantico after the game in time for duty the following morning. This enforced change of policy has necessitated the cancellation of three scheduled trips, one to Norfolk, Va., and vicinity, the other to West Virginia, and the third to New York City.

QUANTICO LOSES TO C. U., 35-21

Quantico Marines came to Washington with their usual fighting spirit. While in the historic city they met Catholic University—they still have their fighting spirit and the short end of a 35-21 basketball score.

Midway in the second half, Mr. Cotton, coach of Catholic University, turned his second and third team loose. Then and only then did the Marines rally, scoring 13 points in the last 10 minutes, while the C. U. boys could gather but two.

The opening minutes of the game had the C. U. boosters on an edge when McGrath, Marines, plunked in a couple of floor goals and a free toss to equalize shots by Rosenfield and Gearty, and a charity offering by Augusterfer, to make the count read five all.

The Catholic boys got going after this and not until C. U. was holding a 24-5 lead did Tipton, Marine center, break through to score again.

The half ended with the Cards ahead, 19-5, Tipton not scoring until three minutes of the second installment, having been snuffed out from the field for 19 minutes.

CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY

	CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY	Field Goals	Foul Goals	Total Pts.
Sheary, forward.....	1	0	2	
Cannazzaro, forward.....	0	0	0	
Montague, forward.....	0	0	0	
Augusterfer, forward.....	3	1	7	
McVean, forward.....	0	1	1	
Darowish, forward.....	1	0	2	
Fitzsimmons, forward.....	0	0	0	
Gearty, center-guard.....	4	0	8	
Galcher, center.....	1	1	3	
White, guard.....	0	1	1	
Spinelli, guard.....	0	1	1	
Fleming, guard.....	0	0	0	
Rosenfeld, guard.....	5	0	10	
Totals	15	5	35	

	MARINES	Field Goals	Foul Goals	Total Pts.
McGrath, forward.....	2	1	5	
Bell, forward.....	3	0	6	
Posik, forward.....	0	0	0	
Sterling, forward.....	1	1	3	
Tipton, center.....	1	0	2	
Williams, center.....	0	1	1	
Carney, guard.....	0	0	0	
Dupler, guard.....	0	0	0	
Farrell, guard.....	0	0	0	
Kerr, guard.....	1	2	4	
Totals	8	5	21	

Referee—Simpson (A. B.) and J. Mitchell (A. B.). Score at half—19-5, C. U.

SPORT SCRIBES

Front and Center

Break out the news of

PROMINENT ATHLETES

and sports activities of

Your Post

The Leatherneck

Address: Sports Editor

SAN DIEGO MARINES TAKE SERVICE BOWLING TITLE

Stacking 42 victories against two defeats, the Marine Corps Base has been declared bowling champion of the Army and Navy Y. M. C. A. Service league.

The league played a schedule which carried through more than two months, with the Marines holding a substantial margin at the finish. The Naval Air Station was second, and Rockwell Field, third.

The Marine five-man team was awarded a silver cup given by the Army and Navy "Y," and each player was given a gold medal, donated by the Sunshine Bowling Alleys, where all games were played.

JUNIOR DEMPSEY-TUNNEY FIGHT DRAW

No such thing as a long count marred the battle between "Dempsey" McCook and "Tunney" Flynn. The coveted and disputed title of Junior Champion of the Northside, Port au Prince, Haiti, was at stake.

In the center of the ring, they were toe



Dempsey McCook and Tunney Flynn get into the ring for the photographers

to toe and eye to eye, battling fiercely. The spectators noticed their towering heights of two hands and one thumb and two hands and two thumbs. They gave and took, took and gave to the delight of the now frenzy gazers-on. Hitting the mat and bouncing back for more, never taking advantage of rest for nine counts, nor for even so much as one count. Upper cuts, left hooks, ring posts, side stepping, linent bottles, weaving and ducking throughout the two long rounds of one minute each.

The fight is now over. The crowd is tense. Some nervously biting their fingernails awaiting the judges' decision. Others, not content with simply biting their fingernails, were hoarsely cheering for their "champion." The din was so terrific, the words of the announcer were lost in the confusion of noises. No one knew the decision until Referee Provost beckoned both contestants to the center of the ring—the winner will soon be known. There goes Dempsey's right arm up, Tunney's arm now shoots skyward—a draw.

PRESENTS MARINE CORPS CUP TO ROYAL MARINES

The United States Naval Attaché at London witnessed the championship football game between Deal and Plymouth of the Royal Marines on December 8, 1932. After the game, he presented the U. S. Marine Corps Cup to the captain of the Deal team.

The game was played at Deal; two evenly matched teams battled two periods without scoring. An extra period was necessary to decide the winner, Deal winning the nod by the score of 2 to 0. The game gave an excellent exhibition of football and a fine example of sportsmanship.

The Naval Attaché, accompanied by the Assistant Naval Attaché for Construction, Captain Howard, was received by Brigadier Mathew, commanding the Depot at Deal. The reception tendered the Naval Attaché was cordial, and he was requested in an introductory speech by the Adjutant General to convey the greetings and best wishes of the Royal Marines to the Major General Commandant, officers and the men of the United States Marine Corps.

The Challenge Cup presented by the U. S. Marine Corps has become one of the most cherished trophies of the Royal Marines.

RESERVE NEWS

(Continued from page 37)

an impressive ceremony, and the relatives of the deceased paid a very sincere tribute to the members of the escort. That evening, 30 men of the 433rd Company saw the talking picture "Rain" as a guest of the United Artist Theater. Mr. Solomon, one of the executives of the theater arranged for our entertainment, and the utmost courtesy was extended us. Other members of the company went to the National Guard armory and did a little .22 shooting. Very active, these Marines.

The Interbattalion Cutter Race, of which you probably heard over our coast to coast hook-up, took place on 23 October. When the Naval Reserve wasn't looking, we picked the pockets of the U.S.S. *Willmette*, and secured two cutters. The culprits forgot to get ours, though, so a second expedition was necessary. After numerous trumpet calls and much free (consequently useless) advice, the race got under way. Complete results are not available, as the crew representing the 433rd Company has not yet been sighted by Coast Guard boats or aeroplanes. Their radio signals have been picked up, however, so it is believed that the crew should be located soon. As the race covered a distance of at least two miles, a week's provisions were carried. Nobody in the crew has worked for some time, so they probably went to Africa. Give my regards to the Cannibals, boys. The 434th Company from Hammond intended to row in from their home port, but their passports were not in order, so they didn't get across the State line. Yes, the 432nd Company won by thousands of miles. On the 25th, 26th and 27th, the 433rd Company furnished parking details for the Naval Federal Inspection. These Marines are invaluable. We drilled on the 26th, and were inspected (unofficially) by Captain Powell, USN, executive officer of NTS, Great Lakes, Ill. The Captain warmly congratulated us, and was amazed at the neatness and performance given by a volunteer organization laboring under the conditions we are.

On the 29th, the 433rd Company furnished 10 men, under the command of 1st Sergeant Valentine for the Annual Naval Reunion. Everything went off well, no cars were stolen, no parts were stolen, and no heads broken. Naval Post of the American Legion sponsored the party, and very generously donated 30 dollars to the outfit. We also chiseled them out of dinner. Major General Parker, USA, and Admirals Moffett and Culver also had dinner there "on the house." That 30 bucks sure helped disperse the local financial distress. All praise and thanksgiving be everlasting thine, oh Naval Post 373, Chicago, Ill.

During the months of November and December, the regular drills and NCO schools were carried on, as well as our athletic efforts. We've entered a team in the Illinois National Guard Tournament, and may the Lord have mercy on them if they don't make good. The Lord might have mercy on them, but their skippers won't.

On Armistice Day, a detail fired the salute to the war dead, and taps were sounded at the corner of State and Madison streets in Chicago, the busiest corner in the world. The newspapers published our pictures, with various headings, but none had the right one. The Dopes wouldn't even come across with a picture for publication in THE LEATHERNECK. Them weasels. Gunnery Sergeant Spudie was in command of the detail, but tell 'em about the second ceremony, Sergeant. You know, where we doffed the overcoats. Well, Cam-

paign bars and medals on undershirts wouldn't look bad. Of course, I haven't seen it done, but . . .

The attendance records during the winter months have been excellent. The few that don't attend the weekly drills, and the monthly officers' and non-commissioned officers' school usually have a good excuse, usually that of no warfare. You can't even tie that one, let alone beat it.

Plans are underway for the forming of a rifle-team, and then, well, watch out for the gunmen of Chicago.

A children's party was held at the Naval Armory on the 18th of December, and about 14 million children attended. A glorious time was had by all but Santa Claus. What, you doubt the number of children? Was you dere, General?

If Pvt. Leo McAtee, who is now sojourning at his winter home in the Recruit Depot at Parris Island is listening, we'd just like to say hello, and remind him that it is against the rules to shoot the Corporal in Charge of the Company. Remember, Leo, you were a Corporal once (in the Reserve).

Three members of the 433rd Company have shipped into the Coast Guard, and are probably chasing icebergs by now. Among the recruits are the famous White Brothers. These boys are twins, look alike, act alike, and were both pfc's. In addition to this, one was named William Henry White, and the other, Henry William White. No wonder the First Sergeant got gray hair. One man from the Headquarters Company shipped into the Army Air Service. Wonder how he likes clearing stumps off the aviation field now? No enlistments have been reported in the French Foreign Legion, or the Nicaraguan Army, but who knows?

Well, you fellows should be asleep by now, so sweet dreams.

MARINE CORPS LEAGUE

(Continued from page 39)

GREETINGS FROM THE PHILIPPINES

National Headquarters has received a very welcome Christmas Greeting from Comrade Edward B. Mullany, of Manila, P. I. He writes: "Sincere best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year from members of the Marine Corps League in the Philippines."

CHARLES H. RUDDICK DETACHMENT

1304 Hall Street, Elmira, N. Y.

From the report in last month's LEATHERNECK, I see that there is a lot of dead wood left in some of the detachments. Just imagine seventeen deadhead detachments! They should be proud of themselves—not ambition enough to get a little free advertising by writing in about their detachments.

It's a good thing our National Headquarters can run on "hot air." That is, some detachments seem to think so, as they have not bothered to send in their pledged contributions from the Eastern Seaboard Conventions. Get wise, fellows. It is just twice as hard for Headquarters as it is for the individual detachments. Let's

Patronize Our Advertisers

give them all the help we can by sending them a dollar or so once in a while. You know, the officers of the MCL serve without pay and a helluva lot of thanks they're getting for their services. Instead of finding fault with Headquarters when things are not breaking right, look at your own detachment and you'll find the trouble is right among yourselves. Let's give our whole-hearted support to the League during the coming year and make it second to none by 1934.

The Charles Ruddick Detachment will hold a supper following their regular meeting on January 16th. Cards will be sent to all Marines in this vicinity, and let's hope that we will have 100% attendance.

EDWARD FOODY, *Chief of Staff.*

OFF TO NEW YORK

As this issue of THE LEATHERNECK goes to press, several members of the National Staff, including Commandant Fisher and Adjutant and Paymaster Ferguson, are leaving for New York to attend the annual Dinner Dance of the New York Detachment at the Towers Hotel, Brooklyn. A full report of the affair, which is an annual event in Marine League circles, will be given in next month's LEATHERNECK.

E. D. HOWARD DETACHMENT

Oakland, Cal.

The E. D. Howard Detachment, of Oakland, Cal., wish all the Detachments a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

Meeting nights of the Detachment have been changed to the second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at the Veterans' Memorial Building.

At our last meeting we passed a resolution objecting to cutting the most loyal branch of our nation's military service. The main objections drawn were false economy, increased unemployment and a loss to national defense—especially at this time. In the interests of Democracy all detachments should promote objections to further reductions or possible elimination of the U. S. Marine Corps.

State Commandant T. J. Kingsley was present at our meeting and banquet, after. He sounded an appeal to members to increase their qualifications as members and citizens in their communities. He pointed out the means of attaining these virtues and the resultant benefits to be derived from the same.

The talk was appreciated by Commandant Ruskofsky and was responded to by Comrades H. P. Lee, Foss, Moore and Bill Parsons.

H. A. GIRARD, *Chief of Staff.*

RICHLAND DETACHMENT

89 South Adams Street, Mansfield, Ohio

The Gyrenes of this detachment are taking advantage of cheating the well known groundhog out of some of his publicity by coming out of their hibernation previous to his yearly debut and making known the fact that, although it appeared we had died, we were just sleeping and waiting our chance.

A most extensive campaign is being planned for membership during January and February. The committee reports ten members to date.

Old man Economy and his playmate, Depression, have taken a deadly toll on our membership roll and finally, with our backs to the wall, the old fighting spirit is slowly being forced out, and when some of our old timers start to fight, it's just too bad for the Adjutant.

Gyrene W. H. Ziegler is back on his job at the local Westinghouse after a siege of the "flu" looking as fit as ever.

Gyrene W. F. Untiet is in the sick bay with infection. His foot slipped, causing an infection on his leg, but you can't kill these League Island Marines and we expect him back on duty next week.

Gyrene Hollis D. Moorehead has been upholding the Marine tradition by being a key man in the local American Legion Christmas Relief Drive.

Commandant E. S. Beekman reports Santa Claus forgot to bring him some strings for his "uke." Thanks to dear old Santa.

This detachment wishes to commend the National Officers for making it possible for members to receive *THE LEATHERNECK*. The staff of *THE LEATHERNECK* are to be highly praised for the publication, for it is the unanimous vote of this outfit it can't and never will be beat. Let's support it, fellows!

J. M. BUCHANAN, *Adjutant*.

MAJOR-GENERAL L. W. T. WALLER DETACHMENT

1129 Wallace Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

At a recent meeting of the detachment, presided over by Commandant Herbert G. Foster, Comrade Melvin Olsen was inducted into membership. Marine Olsen (better known as the Swede) was the star tackle on the League Island Eleven. After business had been disposed of, we had some very interesting talks by the boys, the most outstanding being that given by Comrade Hartman on "The Benefits and Pleasures to Be Derived from the League." If all the boys displayed same spirit and enthusiasm, I am certain the detachment would grow much faster.

These little talks, together with the social affairs following each meeting, are sure keeping the boys on their toes. The ladies of the auxiliary take part in these socials. We serve a light lunch and then have a few hours of music and mirth. The music is furnished by the Jolly Gents trio, composed of a piano accordion, sax and banjo. What with the tantalizing strains and the beautiful ladies, you cannot help but enjoy yourself.

We were recently honored with a visit from Jack Brennan, Commandant of the Hudson County Detachment. We regret that he was unable to remain with us longer. Better luck next time, Jack. Maybe we'll see you on January 5th—just another big night for the Waller Detachment. I know some persons who are expecting you.

Our regular meetings are held on the first Thursday evening of each month and we extend a cordial invitation to all Marines and visiting members to drop in and enjoy themselves.

C. C. GREENWALD, *Adjutant*.

SAN DIEGO, THE PARADISE OF THE MARINE CORPS

(Continued from page 11)

partment heads, for it is a willing and cooperative service.

The beauty of big buildings and little ones, flowers that bloom all the year, lawns whose soft texture of matted mosses is like lying amid mountains of eider-down; long, curving driveways and lanes of white pavement with shaded coolness, shrubbery and vines, are all dependent upon the Base Police Officer for nourishment and painstaking care. Assisted by a civilian gardener and a handful of Marines, Chief Marine Gunner Walter G. Allen assures you of health and cleanliness in keeping the Base neat and spotless.

It is believed by the general observer that an enormous staff of workmen would

THE LEATHERNECK

Forty-five

be necessary to the upkeep of this military settlement. But through a remarkable schedule of working hours, the Base Service Company of barely a hundred men, keeps everyone happy. They sing as they work, these Jacks-of-all-trades, and this is their song:

*We have carpenters, plumbers and painters,
Chauffeurs, mechanics and bakers,
And we tote you around in our cars.
We build you a house,
And launder your blouse,
Then find time to look at the stars.
When we turn out for drill,
You, too, get that thrill,
And march to the tune of the band.
We shoot all the guns,
And cook all your buns,
And cook all your buns,
For we're good "Marines," understand?*

With the end of the day comes iridescence from fleecy clouds mirrored upon the rippling waters, ships at anchor . . . Point Loma, North Island against an outer sea, where U. S. Marines of the West Coast Expeditionary Force Aircraft Squadrons perform majestic, thrilling maneuvers; a peace in color by the sunset on the Bay. Each heart in every tense body tingles at the sound of "colors" and as they stand at attention while the Flag is being lowered by steady hands, each man breathes a sigh of loyalty and patriotic zeal, to the last note dying away in the distant hills.

AIRCRAFT SQUADRONS, WEST COAST EXPEDITIONARY FORCE

(Continued from page 9)

officer. Second Lieutenant "Slim" Willis, the gentleman from Georgia, is our athletic officer; Ed Pollock has additional duties as aerologist, while the photographic job is an extra for "Cootie" Weir.

The noncommissioned staff is composed of such well known old timers as 1st-Sgt. Jim Carbary, acting sergeant major; MT-Sgt. "Skipper" Adams, radioman; QM-Sgts. Joseph "New Mexico" Berger and Patrick J. McDonough; GY-Sgts. Leo Maddy, aerologist; Thomas W. Reynolds, photographer; MT-Sgt. Ryder, parachutist, and "Tony" Zamberlan, armorer extraordinary.

Fighting Squadron Ten-M, commanded by Captain Vernon M. Guymon, with First Lieutenant Oscar Bree and Second Lieutenant Sam Jack ordered as squadron officers, has been equipped with new Boeing fighters.

These trim little ships are the pride of the outfit, designed for speed and maneuverability and capable of dealing out sudden destruction with their twin Brownings to any hostile aircraft that might presume to interfere with their assigned mission. Master Technical Sergeant Belcher, MT-Sgt. Munsch, Gy-Sgt. Kenneth A. Woolsey and Staff Sergeant William E. Word are the other regular pilots assigned to staff duty who habitually fly with the fighting squadron when needed.

Master Technical Sergeant Roscoe V. Thurman is the line chief of the fighting squadron, assisted by Gy-Sgts. George Cole, Frank Sullivan and other horseshoe pitching experts.

First Sergeant John Romer is the "inside" man and red tape snipper.

Observation Squadron Eight-M, is skippered by First Lieutenant Ted Millard, with Second Lieutenants Frank Croft and Slim Willis as his able assistants. Other pilots are Staff Sergeants Hill, Orvis, Alcorn and Price.

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the VO-8 line, with three others promised in the near future. Meanwhile the ancient and reliable Curtis Falcons, cursed and yet liked by every pilot who has flown them, continue on in service, for use mainly as training and cross country ships. All gunnery exercises are being fired with the new type SU.

Master Technical Sergeant Kyle rules the VO-8M line with an iron hand.

Among the crew chiefs are such celebrities as Tiny Tony Jesuale (avoirdupois 300 plus) and his runner-up, Gunnery Sergeant Mettelat. Either of these in the rear cockpit assures the embryo pilot of a tail first landing. Gy-Sgts. Harkey, Holmes, and Sgt. Keller are other crew chiefs who will be remembered by ex-Nicaraguans. First Sergeant Van Chamberland, a new comer to aviation, ex-color sergeant of the 4th Regiment, tells the boys where and how to sign the payroll.

The Utility Squadron is like an omnibus bill in Congress—all spare parts and extra activities that seem neither fish nor fowl to fighting or observation outfits are saddled on long suffering Tommy Green and his right hand bower, Ed Pollock. The radio communications section with all its gadgets and gizmos, incomprehensible to run of the mill aerial chauffeurs, occupies most of their attention. All the reserve officers under training are attached to this squadron, as are the ships—Falcons and N2C-2s—and crews allotted for reserve activities. Training of the reserves, however, is a function of the operations department.

Gunnery Sergeant Bert Berry, he of the cherubic countenance, presides over the ships of VJ-7M. Gunnery Sergeant Davey and Staff Sergeant Schwab are his mainstays. Ruling the office is that dour old veteran, First Sergeant Joseph G. Coyle. Enlisted pilots are Gy-Sgt. Trevelyan and St-Sgt. Long.

The Service Company, which in numbers at least, is the biggest and best, consists of all those technical experts who, working quietly behind the scenes, are the boys that keep our ships in the air. Presiding elder is First Lieutenant Stan Ridderhof, while Charley Fike, computer of stresses and strains, is his assistant and adviser on engineering matters. These two are about the busiest of our officers, doing their fair share of flying in addition to their confining ground assignments.

Master Technical Sergeant Kurt Schoenfeld, one time pilot of Jennies and wooden Dell's, now handles the motor overhaul section. Another veteran, MT-Sgt. Gould, is the chief inspector and adviser to the squadron's maintenance crews. Gy-Sgt. Markle is the boss carpenter, whose motto is: "Do nothing by hand that a machine can be made to do." He does nothing by hand. Venerable and dignified MT-Sgt. Guy B. Smith is general manager of the erection shop. When better planes are rigged—Buick won't rig them. Another Smith—Robert—is the "juicer" expert. Q. M. Owens is an engineman of parts, and so is Gy-Sgt. Leo Adams. First Sergeant Knapp presides over the records and destinies of the eighty odd men of the "Service Troops."

The Headquarters Detachment, the muster roll of which is typed by First Sergeant Marts, and is signed by "Mike" Wodarezyk, contains all that is left over. The adjutant's clerks, Cpl. Seofield, Kirchhoff and Walker; the quartermaster's huskies, such as Tony Stepanuk and Moon Mullins; and last but not least that bunch of Ali Baba's disciples in the garage. No honest men could find enough paint and metal polish to keep their trucks looking as they do. Sergeant Tuson handles this detail.

In all the departments mentioned there are, of course, the rank and file who, after all is said and done, really make or break the reputation of any military organization.

Mentioned by name only for deeds of exceptional merit, or for some unusual brand of cussedness, it is the men who do the work, equally as much as those who direct them, who are entitled to credit for the exceptionally high morale of Aircraft Squadrons, West Coast Expeditionary Force.

THE ROMANCE OF SAN DIEGO

(Continued from page 7)

Pacific Coast of the United States of America.

Thus was San Diego born and also has it grown, step by step, ever forward and expanding until it is one of the most beautiful cities in America. Built around 1400 acres in Balboa park, one of the largest in America, an abundance of flowers and foliage, rivaling the sunshine in brilliance, presents a riotous color scheme every day in the year. The city to the north and east is rimmed by the green capped peaks of the high Sierras with the mountains of Mexico to the south, while westward the commanding promontory of Point Loma throws a protecting arm around the bay and harbor.

The city itself is a natural stadium looking out over the blue distances of the ocean—the arena is the bay in which the peninsula, Coronado, a slender thread of sandy beach, sweeps southward for miles to divide the ocean from the bay.

Beyond the ocean piers, the lumber wharves and the drying stations of the fisheries, the vessels of the fleet ride at anchor. Warships, battle cruisers, the cream of America's fighting patriots; submarines and knife-edged destroyers, are ready for fleet maneuvers.

Look where you will, San Diego's scenic panorama is one never ending feast of beauty—from stately homes, with lavish landscaped grounds, down to tiny bungalows and Spanish villas, gleaming white and half hidden in bougainvillea—everywhere there is beauty and artistry.

But through it all the romantic weave of yesterday reveals here and there a gleam of the old silver, the flashing gold and tinsel of the Spanish conquistador. Consider for a moment this Mexican boy, who, with the grace of an ambassador, tosses your penny into the Wishing Well at Ramona's Marriage Place, in Old Town. Let him point out to you the cross on the hill nearby, which marks the spot where Fra Junipero Serra, with ten staunch Spanish soldiers, founded the first civilization in California, or let him walk with you on Presidio Hill, beneath the snowy tower of the Serra Museum, a monument to the founder of California. Look at this boy and his eye and bearing and you will see the romance of long ago and the grace of his proud Spanish forebears. Of such sights and of such historic background is the true romance of San Diego.

THE UNDOING OF ZULUCCA

(Continued from page 13)

What was easier than to have two or three cut-throats visit the light and take possession? Then all would be well when the right moment came to extinguish the light.

Mat retired to the jungle-like shrubbery that crept almost to the water's edge, and remained in hiding for two long, impatient

hours. He was rewarded finally by the appearance of the first envoy from the Papuan leader. It was an old man, harmless looking, and so weak and stiff that he required a staff for support.

Mat smiled at the masquerade and waited for him to draw nearer. He stopped near the light house and hailed in a weak voice. No response coming, he toddled nearer and repeated the call.

Suspicion was in his eyes as he cast them here and there in the brush. But everything was quiet and still. Not a sound or audible wave of bush. A few birds rose with clamoring cries and circled over the man's head as he neared the hut of Mat's native helpers.

After that he approached more boldly, rapping on the stilts that supported the rickety house, then ascending the latter and peering inquisitively inside. His curiosity satisfied, he turned his attention to the lighthouse, which he found equally silent and deserted. He paused a moment on the high platform, while his eyes searched the surrounding jungle, and then as if praying to Allah, he raised his arms heavenward and waved them slowly back and forth.

Mat understood. It was a signal. Twenty minutes later, he saw two forms slinking through the bushes, and as the old man continued to wave his hands from the high platform they broke from cover and made a dash for the lighthouse.

"Three," muttered the watcher. "I was afraid it would be more. Well, so much the easier for me."

He caressed a curved weapon that the Papuans used so effectively, a knife so sharp and deadly that it performed wonders in the hands of an expert. In his long sojourn in the South Pacific Mat had learned to wield it with deadly effect. It was better on a dark, silent night than the white man's weapons. It made no noise when it operated.

The three cut-throats had possession of the lighthouse, waiting for the return of the keeper. The coup had been so simple and easy that they were a little suspicious, and kept a sharp lookout, but without exposing themselves. Mat remained hidden, watching them through his leafy blind.

Soft twilight came, and watched and watcher kept their vigilance. It was not unusual for native keepers to desert their posts in the day, returning just before the hour of lighting up. Even the white men did this, but they always got back in time, which could not be said of the native—a very good reason why none of the lights of the first order was left in such unreliable hands. The Gilolo Pass was not of this class. Therefore, if Mat remained away, wouldn't Zulueca's men reason that a native keeper had forgotten to return, and accept the situation without a suspicion?

Twilight merged into darkness, it spread over sea and jungle, and all was in shadow. It came down suddenly, as is the way in the straits. Mat Tawny welcomed it as a relief from the intolerable waiting. His blood tingled with the adventure, for now he had to put into effect the ruse he had planned and prepared for in the past three months.

The light was not burning from the top of the tower, but red signal lanterns were waving to and fro. Mat blinked at them, deep in sober thought. What did they portend? He decided there was no time to lose.

To put three men out of the way silently, swiftly and effectively was no small job, especially when all three were Papuan cut-throats, used to battle and hardened to

endurance. They were tough, wiry customers, these descendants of Karon head-hunters, and as full of tricks as a Malay slave-hunter. Were they suspicious? If not, why the swinging lanterns? Mat did not know, but he crept out of the jungle and made his way noiselessly to the stairs that led to the high platform.

With a foot on the first step, he paused through some unaccountable warning that danger lurked behind. He whirled around just in time to escape a descending crease wielded by a figure shadowed in the dark. He doubled suddenly and butted forward in a whirlwind of motion that caught the pirate off guard. They went to earth together, but the Papuan had no breath left in him to fight or call for help. Mat's head had butted very efficiently in the weakest part of the anatomy of a Papuan or Malay pirate—his stomach.

Mat turned the man's own blade upon him, and then scrambled to his feet ready for another shadow out of the darkness. He realized now that the silent watcher had been waiting for his return, and he had stumbled clumsily right into the trap.

The two inside the short, squat tower had not heard the struggle, but Mat waited to make sure. Then he began climbing the steps with cat-like tread. At the top he caught the shadows of the two inside. They had stopped signaling that all was well to their comrades, and were indulging in rest, sprawled out on benches. Mat glided to the entrance and walked boldly in.

He had no time to truss up his men. It had to be a fight to the finish, for dead men tell no tales, and pirates in particular used this argument for their foul deeds. Therefore, Mat had no qualms in inviting them to a fight in which no quarter was asked or given.

After the first shock of surprise, the two sprang at him from opposite quarters, but Mat expected that, and rather approved of it, for it gave him a chance at one at a time. Like a bull, urged on by what the cut-throats had done to others in the past, he rushed the nearest, and cut him down with a blow that could not be broken or parried. Then he whirled around in time to face the other, who thrust his crease forward in a twirling motion, intending to disembowel him. Mat dodged, and caught the point of it in his coat sleeve.

The next instant the pirate went down under the weight of a blow that shattered his skull and made even a faint outcry impossible. Mat stood a moment, waiting and listening, and then wiping his blade he turned to the door, closed and locked it.

So far his plan had worked successfully, but it was merely the beginning and much depended upon what followed. The Gilolo Light had a modern electric equipment, with storage batteries for emergencies, and a generator operated by a small crude oil-burning engine. The light itself was of the stationary order, darkened on one side, with its rays concentrated on the other three by ordinary polished reflectors. It was not a powerful light, but it sufficed to warn ships going through the Pass.

Mat consulted his watch. It was still early evening, and the *Royal Prince*, a steamer of two thousand tons, carrying the mails, much valuable freight and specie, besides many passengers, was not due for two hours. Mat snapped his watch case, closed and locked the door, and quickly descended the rickety stairs, pausing at the foot to listen and glance around in the murky shadows.

Then swiftly he skirted the shore, following a trail that he had worn smooth in the past few months. It crossed the jungle edge at one point, and then came out on a

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neck of sand and mud that jutted far out into the water. The solitary trunk of an ancient tree, decayed by time and partly shattered by wind and storm, stood like a solitary sentinel at the end of the mud bar. It was hollow most of the way up, and from its decayed heart Mat drew forth a coil of wire, an ordinary packing box lined inside with bright tin, a cluster of electric bulbs, and a number of tools.

He made three trips up the trunk of the tree before he had his improvised light installed. Then, after a careful inspection of his wires that connected with the storage battery at the lighthouse, he turned the handle of a switch, chuckling to himself as he did so. Gilolo Light had merely shifted its position; that was all. Even the captain of the *Royal Prince* would not know the difference until in the darkness he ran his liner on the soft mud bar, which the Pass light was intended particularly to guard against. When you entered the straits you headed straight for the Gilolo Light, never altering the course until within a hundred feet of it, and then veered sharply two points to starboard.

Mat, chuckling and waiting at the base of the tree, peered across the water, wondering if Zuluca would walk into the trap.

"I wonder if he'll sail up here to investigate," he muttered.

This was what he hoped the pirate would do. There would be no time to land another party up the coast. Zuluca would come in person, sailing up close to the light, or grow suspicious and abandon the attack for that night.

Fear that he might do the latter disturbed Mat's pleasant reflections and drove the smile from his lips. He began pacing restlessly back and forth, looking often at his watch. In an hour the *Royal Prince* would be due. Before she came the dummy light had to be extinguished and the Gilolo Light replaced or there would be disaster in the straits that night!

The minutes passed, slowly ticking away the time that was so precious to the lonely watcher. Save for the queer noises of the jungle back of him, and the rippling of the waters in front, the night was heavy with silence—the silence of a warm night in the tropics. It was dark, too, so dark that the eye could not pierce the curtain of blackness that enveloped land and sea.

"The sly old fox has smelt something!" Mat fumed and growled. "I might have known he wouldn't walk into the trap."

Disappointed, and cursing his luck, he glanced up at his light, and then back again at the water. Suddenly he blinked and winked, closing and opening his eyes to clear them of any mists of illusion.

Out of the blackness of the strait two colored eyes were twinkling—a red and green light! Mat held his breath and stared in silent amazement. Then, a soft, inarticulate cry escaped his lips.

A craft of some kind was heading for the light, Zuluca's or some other, sailing straight out of the darkness, its phantom sails still invisible, but flapping uneasily in the light breeze. Mat heard them, and was willing to swear they belonged to his beloved *Shark*.

As the phantom ship approached, the lights grew stronger until they seemed so near that he could hail them. Still they came on, winking and blinking like green and red fireflies, holding steadily to their course. Mat stopped breathing for fear that he might frighten them away.

Then followed a quick change. The red disappeared, and the green wobbled erratically and came to a dead standstill. A rumble of voices, quick order, shifting of tackle and the dull flapping of sails. A

moment later the commotion turned into a babel of strange dialects.

Then the dummy light disappeared, extinguished by a twist of Mat's hand, and nothing but darkness lay over the land and sea. Through the gloom Mat caught a faint glimpse of phantom sails, and was satisfied.

"Half an hour!" he muttered, consulting his watch.

The *Shark* was hard and fast on the mud flat where the false beacon had lured her. In half an hour the *Royal Prince* would come steaming through the straits.

Mat ran headlong back to the lighthouse. Disconnecting his long wires laid through the jungle, he hastily repaired the break and turned on the Gilolo Light. He sat down a moment to scribble on a pad:

"Zuluca's ship is hard and fast on the mud at Monkey Point. Give them hell, and I'll pick them off as they land. But don't damage his ship more than necessary. It's mine."

Signing this, and addressing it to Superintendent Bardlow, he placed it on a table under a lamp, and then hastily withdrew and hurried back to the stunted tree at Monkey Point.

When he arrived there, he crept cautiously to the water's edge. The pirates were making frantic efforts to haul the *Shark* off the flat. If a boat had landed to investigate the meaning of the strange light, it had returned to the *Shark* for assistance.

Zuluca was more intent upon getting his vessel out of the sticky mud than scouring the landscape, and the noises wafted across the water to Mat indicated the progress he was making. Judging from the orders and angry curses this was not as much as he desired.

Concealed in the bushes, Mat watched and waited, consulting his watch occasionally with a lighted match hidden under his hat. Fifteen minutes and the *Royal Prince* would be due! He hoped and prayed she would be late. She generally was, but it might be her night when she would be on time.

Ten minutes of the time, and nothing had happened! He cast wistful glances at the light now shining so calmly in its true place. Five minutes! Then a distant rumbling whistle.

"The *Royal Prince*!" he muttered, jumping to his feet.

Zuluca must have heard it, too, for silence suddenly reigned on the water. Was the old fox preparing a desperate attempt to board the steamer as she slowly steamed through the straits? Or would he hang out the distress signal to stop her? Either way there was danger, and Mat began nervously pacing back and forth.

In the midst of his excited agitation, a blinding light cut out through the night and illuminated the face of the waters, bringing out clearly every object, and directly in the center of it was the *Shark*, hard and fast on the mud flat.

"The gunboat!" Mat exclaimed cheering. "Matupi didn't get the sleeping sickness on the way!"

A moment of intense silence, an ominous pausing before the storm, and then came the rattling of small arms, punctuated by the louder crash of a two-pounder and a rapid-firing colt.

The pandemonium that broke out on the *Shark* was music to Mat's ears. Zuluca was at last getting his reward. The gunboat, summoned by Mat's note to Bardlow, had crept silently up to the lighthouse and landed. The directions he had left there for the Superintendent of the Lighthouse Service had furnished them with just the information necessary to corner the sly old fox of the seven seas.

But Zulueca was a past master in slipping away, and Mat knew that he would lose no time in getting ashore, abandoning his ship and crew to their fate. One boat was launched, but the searchlight of the gunboat picked it up, and its guns soon made a wreck of it. A second met a like fate, but a third reached the end of the point before sinking and its demoralized crew waded ashore.

This was the moment the silent watcher had been waiting for. He opened fire on them, slowly and deliberately, picking his men by the aid of the searchlight. Each time his gun spoke a pirate stumbled. Too demoralized to return the fire, the crew broke for cover and scrambled for the protecting shelter of the jungle.

Mat emptied his last shell, and then sprang at them with his long Malay creese. A burly pirate turned suddenly on him and fired point-blank. The bullet whistled close to Mat's ears, but before the man could shoot again Mat was on him, and the two went down together in a desperate clinch. They rolled over and over in the mud, plastering their bodies from head to foot with the sticky soil, and fighting desperately for the upper hand.

For what seemed an age they fought with equal advantage. Then Mat freed a hand and brought the hilt of his creese down so hard on the other's skull that the bones seemed to crack.

When the first boat from the warship reached the shore, Mat was sitting triumphantly on the body of his unconscious prisoner.

"Are you looking for Zulueca?" he hailed the men. "Well, I'm sitting on him!"

A handful of the pirates escaped in the jungle out of range of the warship's guns, but the beach was cleaned up pretty well, with a toll of dead and wounded that brought a smile of satisfaction to the gunboat's commander. The greatest capture, however, was Zulueca.

"He's your prize," the young commander said, smiling at Mat. "There's a big price on his head. I suppose you'll get that."

"Well," smiled Mat, "I think I'll need it. I suppose you've riddled the *Shark* with bullets. I told Bardlow to go easy on it, but in the excitement he likely's forgot. Is Bardlow with you?"

"Here, Tawny!" boomed a deep voice. "I had to come along to see the fun. It was great while it lasted! Hurt any? No? Then you're lucky. You've got Zulueca, and in the morning we'll pull the *Shark* off the mud. We'll gladly fix her up for you for the good of the service—"

He was suddenly interrupted by the deep, sonorous blast of a whistle.

"The Royal Prince!" he added.

They stood and gazed at the double row of lights, as the mail steamer passed through the straits, her two decks lined with curious passengers, who tried to fathom the meaning of the searchlight and flapping sails of the *Shark*.

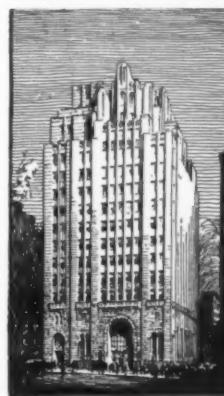
"Nothing but a vessel aground," remarked one passenger, and satisfied with this explanation the less curious idly turned their attention to the dancing inside, totally ignorant of the danger they had so narrowly escaped.

"That," remarked Superintendent Bardlow, after Mat had explained his false beacon light, "is what I'd call a real Yankee trick."

"Perhaps that's as good a name for it as any," smiled Mat. "Anyway, it worked, and old Zulueca will understand, if he isn't hung, that he's got to show a little discrimination in holding up ships. That's all."

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THE GAZETTE

Total strength Marine Corps on November 30.....	16,555
COMMISSIONED AND WARRANT —November 30	1,180
Separations during December.....	4
.....	1,176
Appointments during December.....	0
Total strength on December 31.....	1,176
ENLISTED —Total strength November 30.....	15,375
Separations during December.....	388
.....	14,987
Joinings during December.....	170
Total strength December 31.....	15,157
Total strength Marine Corps, December 31.....	16,333



THE U. S. MARINE CORPS COMMISSIONED

Major General Ben H. Fuller, The Major General Commandant.
 Major General John T. Meyers, Assistant to The Major General Commandant.
 Brigadier General Rufus H. Lane, The Adjutant and Inspector.
 Brigadier General Hugh Matthews, The Quartermaster.
 Brigadier General George Richards, The Paymaster.

Officers last commissioned in the grades indicated:
 Col. Wm. Upshur.
 Lt. Col. Ross E. Rowell.
 Maj. Samuel C. Cumming.
 Capt. John W. Cunningham.
 1st Lt. James F. Shaw, Jr.

Officers last to make number in the grades indicated:
 Col. Edw. W. Bunker, AQM.
 Lt. Col. Harold H. Utley.
 Capt. Gilder D. Jackson, Jr.
 1st Lt. Adolph Stahlberger.
 1st Lt. Edw. T. Peters.

THE U. S. MARINE CORPS CHANGES

DECEMBER 16, 1932.

The following named officers detached Second Brigade, Nicaragua, to the stations indicated:
 Major John F. S. Norris, APM, Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Major Frederick R. Hoyt, Captain Harold W. Whitney, Captain James P. Smith, 1st Lt. Ernest E. Linsert, 1st Lt. William N. McElvay, 1st Lt. James H. Strother, 1st Lt. Delmar Byfield, 1st Lt. Charles W. Fail, ChfQmCk, Rufus L. Willis, ChfPayCk, Gouverneur H. Parrish.

To MB, Parris Island, S. C.:
 Brig. Gen. Randolph C. Berkeley, Major Raphael Griffin, Captain John H. Parker, AQM; Captain Brady L. Vogt, 1st Lt. Lucian C. Whitaker, 2nd Lt. Cloves C. Coffman, QmCk, Roscoe Ellis.

To MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.:
 Captain William Frederick Brown, Captain Clinton W. McLeod, 1st Lt. William J. Stamper, ChfQmCk, Harold H. Rothman, ChfPayCk, Timothy E. Murphy.

2nd Lt. Richard J. McPherson, MB, NYd, Portsmouth, N. H.

ChfMarGnr, Otho Wiggs, MD, NP, NYd, Portsmouth, N. H.

2nd Lt. Chandler W. Johnson, MB, NYd, Boston, Mass.

Captain Miller V. Parsons, MB, NOB, Norfolk, Va.

1st Lt. William L. Bales, MB, Norfolk NYd, Portsmouth, Va.

Captain Joseph G. Ward, MB, NYd, Charleston, South Carolina.

2nd Lt. Lloyd H. Reilly, MB, NYd, Charleston, South Carolina.

2nd Lt. Francis H. Williams, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.

The following named officers detached Nicaragua National Guard Detachment to the stations indicated:

Lt. Col. Calvin B. Matthews, Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

Major Thomas E. Watson, Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

Captain Carl S. Schmidt, Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

ChfPayCk, Benjamin H. Wolover, Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

To MB, Quantico, Va.:

Major Julian C. Smith, Major Thomas P. Cheatham, Major Louis W. Whaley, 1st Lt. Herbert S. Keimling, 1st Lt. James M. Smith, ChfQmCk, William A. Warrell.

To MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.:

(Continued on page 52)

THE U. S. MARINE CORPS ENLISTED

DECEMBER 12, 1932.
 Gunnery Sergeant Roy O. Savage—MB, Norfolk, Va., to MB, NYd, New York, N. Y.
 Sergeant Mack H. Bell—MB, Portsmouth, Va., to MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.
 Sergeant John R. Howard—MB, NPF, Indian Head, Md., to MD, USS *Overton*.
 Sergeant William H. Lee—MB, NPF, Indian Head, Md., to MB, Norfolk, Va.
 Sergeant Joseph G. Randolph—MB, NPF, Indian Head, Md., to Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.
 Sergeant Gustav W. Waltman—MB, NPF, Indian Head, Md., to Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

DECEMBER 13, 1932.
 Sergeant Mainard A. Sorenson—West Coast to MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.

Corporal James E. Dickerson—West Coast to Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

Corporal Christian R. Lever—MB, NS, Guantanomo Bay, Cuba, to Haiti.

Corporal Elmer H. Weisz—MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to MB, Coco Solo, C. Z.

DECEMBER 14, 1932.

First Sergeant Ernest S. Conn—Haiti to MB, Parris Island, S. C.

Gunner Sergeant W. A. Kennedy—Orders modified Nicaragua to MB, Parris Island, S. C.

DECEMBER 16, 1932.

Sergeant Ellis T. Walter—MB, Portsmouth, Va., to MB, NYd, Charleston, S. C.

Corporal Charles H. Glassett—Depot of Supplies, Norfolk, Va., to MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.

Corporal Paul Turner—MD, USS *Overton*, to MB, Norfolk, Va.

DECEMBER 19, 1932.

Sergeant Joseph Cvetkovich—MB, NYd, Washington, D. C., to MD, USF *Constitution*.

Sergeant Paul R. Michael—MB, Portsmouth, N. H., to Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

Corporal Daniel P. Sandaman—West Coast to MD, NY, Portsmouth, N. H.

DECEMBER 20, 1932.

Sergeant Oscar V. Bennett—West Coast to Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

Corporal Harry Cooper—West Coast to Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

DECEMBER 23, 1932.

Sergeant Cassius R. Baumgrass—Haiti to MB, Parris Island, S. C.

Corporal Donald K. Emery—MB, Quantico, Va., to Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

DECEMBER 27, 1932.

First Sergeant Oliver A. Cote—MB, SB, New London, Conn., to MB, NYd, New York, N. Y.

Sergeant Franklin Carrick—MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.

Sergeant Joel K. Cooper—First Separate Training Battalion to MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.

Corporal Max W. Craig—MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Corporal James W. Parker—MB, Quantico, Va., to Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

DECEMBER 28, 1932.

Sergeant Major Percy J. Dickerson—MB, Quantico, Va., to Sixth Reserve Marine Brigade; orders to MD, USS *Houston*, revoked.

Paymaster Sergeant Monty L. Schneider—MB, Quantico, Va., to Pay Department, Headquarters, Washington, D. C.

Corporal William Carroll—MB, NYd, Portsmouth, N. H., to Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

Corporal Jettter A. Dunagan—Southern Recruiting Division to MB, Washington, D. C.

Corporal Earl Izard—MB, NOB, Norfolk, Va., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Corporal Clarence W. Johnson—MB, NOB, Norfolk, Va., to MB, NYd, Boston, Mass.

Corporal Otto Lindermann—MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

DECEMBER 29, 1932.

Sergeant Major Percy J. Dickerson—MB, Quantico, Va., to Sixth Reserve Marine Brigade; orders to MD, USS *Houston*, revoked.

Paymaster Sergeant Monty L. Schneider—MB, Quantico, Va., to Pay Department, Headquarters, Washington, D. C.

Corporal William Carroll—MB, NYd, Portsmouth, N. H., to Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

Corporal Jettter A. Dunagan—Southern Recruiting Division to MB, Washington, D. C.

Corporal Earl Izard—MB, NOB, Norfolk, Va., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Corporal Clarence W. Johnson—MB, NOB, Norfolk, Va., to MB, NYd, Boston, Mass.

Corporal Otto Lindermann—MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

DECEMBER 30, 1932.

Sergeant Major Percy J. Dickerson—MB, Quantico, Va., to Sixth Reserve Marine Brigade; orders to MD, USS *Houston*, revoked.

Paymaster Sergeant Monty L. Schneider—MB, Quantico, Va., to Pay Department, Headquarters, Washington, D. C.

Corporal William Carroll—MB, NYd, Portsmouth, N. H., to Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

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Corporal Clarence W. Johnson—MB, NOB, Norfolk, Va., to MB, NYd, Boston, Mass.

Corporal Otto Lindermann—MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

DECEMBER 31, 1932.

Sergeant Major Percy J. Dickerson—MB, Quantico, Va., to Sixth Reserve Marine Brigade; orders to MD, USS *Houston*, revoked.

Paymaster Sergeant Monty L. Schneider—MB, Quantico, Va., to Pay Department, Headquarters, Washington, D. C.

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DECEMBER 31, 1932.

Sergeant Major Percy J. Dickerson—MB, Quantico, Va., to Sixth Reserve Marine Brigade; orders to MD, USS *Houston*, revoked.

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U. S. MARINE CORPS CHANGES

(Continued from page 51)

Captain Roseee Arnett, Captain Frederick M. Howard, Captain Orrel A. Inman, Captain Edward A. Burwell, Captain Walter S. Gaspar, Captain George L. Maynard, 1st Lt. James O. Brauer, 1st Lt. Evans F. Carlson, 1st Lt. Max D. Smith, 1st Lt. Gregor A. Williams, 1st Lt. Frederick C. Biebush, 1st Lt. Lewis B. Fuller, 1st Lt. John H. Coffman, 2nd Lt. Edgar O. Price, 2nd Lt. Joseph H. Berry.

Captain Max Cox, MB, NYd, Portsmouth, N. H., 1st Lt. John W. Luce, MB, NYd, Portsmouth, N. H.

1st Lt. Granville K. Frisbie, MB, NYd, Boston, Mass.

2nd Lt. Fred D. Beans, MB, NYd, Boston, Mass.

Major Leroy P. Hunt, MB, NTS, Great Lakes, Ill.

2nd Lt. Clyde C. Roberts, MB, NTS, Great Lakes, Ill.

2nd Lt. William F. Bryson, MB, NTS, Great Lakes, Ill.

Captain Stewart B. O'Neil, MB, Washington, D. C.

Captain James A. Mixson, MB, Washington, D. C.

Captain Willett Elmore, MB, NYd, Washington, D. C.

1st Lt. Edward J. Trumble, MB, NYd, Washington, D. C.

1st Lt. William W. Davies, MB, NYd, Washington, D. C.

Major Lloyd L. Leech, MB, NOB, Norfolk, Va.

1st Lt. Arthur C. Small, MB, NOB, Norfolk, Va.

To MB, Norfolk, NYd, Portsmouth, Va.

Captain Leonard E. Rea, Captain George R. Rowan, 2nd Lt. Otto C. Ledbetter, 2nd Lt. Samuel B. Griffith, 2nd Lt. Mercade A. Cramer, 2nd Lt. Lester S. Hamel, 2nd Lt. Hewin O. Hammond.

2nd Lt. George R. Weeks, MB, NYd, Charleston, S. C.

2nd Lt. Michael M. Mahoney, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.

1st Lt. Gordon Hall, Depot of Supplies, Philadelphia, Pa.

1st Lt. Ralph E. Forsyth, MB, NAS, Lakehurst, N. J.

1st Lt. Robert L. Griffin, MB, NAS, Pensacola, Fla.

Major Walter G. Sheard, MB, NYd, New York, N. Y.

1st Lt. Dudley W. Davis, MB, NYd, New York, N. Y.

2nd Lt. Robert L. Peterson, MB, NYd, New York, N. Y.

2nd Lt. Peter A. McDonald, MB, NTS, Newport, R. I.

1st Lt. William S. Fellers, MB, Parris Island, S. C.

DECEMBER 19, 1932.

Major Louis E. Fagan, Detached 1st Brig., Haiti, to MB, Quantico, Va., via the January trip of the USS *Kittery*.

Captain Julian P. Brown, orders to Dept. of the Pacific modified to MB, NYd, New York, N. Y.

Captain Andrew L. W. Gordon, relieved temporary duty 2nd Brig., Nicaragua, and ordered to return to MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.

Captain Maurice G. Holmes, detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Captain Clifford Prichard, relieved temporary duty Nicaraguan National Guard Detachment and ordered to return to MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. William P. Kelly, relieved temporary duty Nicaraguan National Guard Detachment, and ordered to return to MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. Clarence H. Yost, relieved temporary duty Nicaraguan National Guard Detachment, and ordered to return to MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. Ralph D. Leach, on or about Jan. 11, detached MCB, Wash., D. C., to 1st Brig., Haiti, via the USS *Kittery*, scheduled to sail from Norfolk, Va., on or about 18 January.

1st Lt. William E. Maxwell, orders to MB, NYd, Portsmouth, Va., modified to MB, Washington, D. C., for duty and NH, Washington, D. C., for treatment.

2nd Lt. Sol E. Levinsky, relieved temporary duty 2nd Brig., Nicaragua, and ordered to return to MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. Joseph J. Tavern, relieved temporary duty, 2nd Brig., Nicaragua, and detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NYd, Boston, Mass.

The following named officers detached AS, Second Brigade, Nicaragua, to stations indicated:

Captain Harry Paul, MB, Quantico, Va.

ChefMarGnr. Frank O. Lundt, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

ChefMarGnr. Frank H. Putteamer, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

MarGnr. Kennard F. Bubier, MB, Quantico, Va.

DECEMBER 22, 1932.

Captain Carl S. Schmidt, APM, orders from Nicaraguan National Guard Detachment to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., modified to 1st Brig., Haiti.

Captain Marvin Scott, on 21 Jan., detached MB, NAS, Lakehurst, N. J., to Asiatic Station via the USS *Henderson*, scheduled to sail from Norfolk, Va., on or about 7 Feb.

1st Lt. Martin S. Rahiser, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to Asiatic Station via the USS *Nitro*, sailing from the West Coast the latter part of Jan.

2nd Lt. Marcellus J. Howard, detached Dept. of the Pacific to Asiatic Station via the USS *Nitro*, sailing from the West Coast the latter part of Jan., 2nd Lt. Robert E. Fujit, detached MB, NOB, Norfolk, Va., to 1st Brig., Haiti, via the USS *Kittery*, scheduled to sail from Norfolk, Va., on or about 18 Jan.

ChefMarGnr. Daniel Loomis, detached MB, NYd, New York, N. Y., to MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa. The following named officers detached AS, Second and Brig., Nicaragua, to stations indicated:

To AS, CECF, MB, Quantico, Va.:

Captain Francis P. Mulcahy.

Captain Harold C. Major.

1st Lt. Hayne D. Boyden.

1st Lt. Ivan W. Miller.

1st Lt. Pierson A. Conradt.

1st Lt. Alexander W. Kreiser, Jr.

1st Lt. William D. Saunders, Jr.

2nd Lt. Frank M. June.

2nd Lt. Frank G. Dailey.

2nd Lt. Frank H. Wirsig.

2nd Lt. Arthur F. Binney.

2nd Lt. Perry O. Parmelee.

2nd Lt. Frank H. Schwable.

1st Lt. Paul A. Putnam, NAS, Pensacola, Fla.

2nd Lt. Samuel S. Jack, AS, WCEF, San Diego, Calif.

2nd Lt. Kenneth H. Weir, AS, WCEF, San Diego, Calif.

DECEMBER 27, 1932.

Colonel Richard S. Hooker, died on 24 December. Captain George Bower, Detached MB, NOB, NYd, Portsmouth, Va., to Dept. of the Pacific.

Captain Richard H. Schubert, Assigned to duty with MD, AL, Peking, China.

1st Lt. Ralph C. Alburger, on 3 Jan., detached MB, NYd, New York, N. Y., to MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.

1st Lt. William P. Kelly, on completion of temporary duty with the Nicaraguan National Guard Detachment, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

1st Lt. Reginald H. Ridgely, detached Dept. of Supplies, Philadelphia, Pa., to MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.

2nd Lt. Clifford H. Shuey, on or about 31 Jan., detached MB, Parris Island, S. C., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., via the USS *Henderson*, scheduled to sail from Norfolk, Va., on or about 7 Feb.

2nd Lt. Thomas G. Ennis, detached 1st Brig., Haiti, to MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., for duty, and NH, Philadelphia, Pa., for treatment.

2nd Lt. Lewis C. Hudson, Jr., on or about 31 Jan., detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NS, Guam, via the USS *Henderson*, scheduled to sail from Norfolk, Va., on or about 7 Feb.

2nd Lt. Thomas B. Hughes, detached MB, NTS, Newport, R. I., to NA, Annapolis, Md., to report not later than 10 Jan.

2nd Lt. Clifford H. Shuey, on or about 31 Jan., detached MB, Parris Island, S. C., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., via the USS *Henderson*, scheduled to sail from Norfolk, Va., on or about 7 Feb.

Major Samuel P. Budd, on or about 11 Jan., detached Headquarters Recruiting District of Philadelphia, Philadelphia, Pa., to 1st Brig., Haiti, via the USS *Kittery*, scheduled to sail from Norfolk, Va., on or about 18 Jan.

Major Chester L. Grawe, on or about 31 Jan., detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Asiatic Station via the USS *Henderson*, scheduled to sail from Norfolk, Va., on or about 7 Feb.

Captain Edward L. Burwell, orders to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., modified to MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. Clyde C. Roberts, detached Nicaraguan National Guard Detachment to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., instead of to MB, NTS, Great Lakes, Ill.

Major Albert S. Munsch, appointed a marine gunner and assigned to duty with AS, WCEF, NAS, San Diego, Calif.

Captain Harry E. Raley, appointed a marine gunner and assigned to duty at MB, Quantico, Va.

JANUARY 10, 1933.

Captain Frank R. Armstead, about 24 Feb., detached MB, Parris Island, S. C., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Captain George Bower, Assigned to duty at MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif.

Captain Leonard E. Rea, orders to MB, NOB, NYd, Portsmouth, Va., modified to Headquarters, Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

Captain George R. Rowan, orders to MB, NOB, NYd, Portsmouth, Va., modified to duty with 1st Batt., 22nd Reserve Marines, New Orleans, La.

1st Lt. Lewis B. Fuller, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif.

2nd Lt. Edgar O. Price, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif.

2nd Lt. Fred D. Beans, orders to MB, NYd, Boston, Mass., modified to MB, NOB, Norfolk, Va.

JANUARY 11, 1933.

Captain Harry E. Ellsworth, detached 1st Brig., Haiti, to Headquarters, Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., via the Jan. trip of the USS *Kittery*.

Captain Edward G. Huse, detached MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif., to MB, NYd, New York, N. Y., via the USAT *Republic*, scheduled to sail from San Francisco, Calif., on or about 4 Feb.

Captain James H. McGinn, detached MD, RS, DB, San Diego, Calif., to MB, NYd, New York, N. Y., via the USAT *Republic*, scheduled to sail from San Francisco, Calif., on or about 4 Feb.

Captain Gouverneur H. Parrish, orders to MB, Quantico, Va., modified to Office of the Assistant Paymaster, NOB, Norfolk, Va.

The following named officers detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to MB, NYd, New York, N. Y., via the USAT *Republic*, scheduled to sail from San Francisco, Calif., on or about 4 Feb.:

Captain Hans O. Martin.

Captain Ernest L. Russell.

Captain Earl C. Nicholas.

1st Lt. Harry E. Dunkelberger.

1st Lt. Eugene H. Price.

The following named officers detached AS,

ATTEN...TION!

Marines travel more in one cruise than the average traveling salesman travels in a lifetime. Totty's Trunks and Bags are constructed to withstand the hard knocks of transport, rickshaw train, or push-cart. They are as strong as the average Leatherneck, and as stylish as a fashion mart.



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PETERSBURG, VA.

The following named officers assigned to duty

with the Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China:

Major Archibald Young.

Captain Norman M. Shaw.

Captain Moses J. Gould.

1st Lt. Joseph D. Humphrey.

1st Lt. Clifton L. Marshall.

1st Lt. Prentiss A. Shiebler.

2nd Lt. Francis M. McAlister.

2nd Lt. Ernest W. Fry.

2nd Lt. Nelson K. Brown.

2nd Lt. Paul D. Sherman.

2nd Lt. Harold J. Larson.

2nd Lt. Albert J. Keller.

2nd Lt. Norman Hussa.

ChefQmCk Joseph C. Brochek.

MartGnr. Thomas W. P. Murphy.

DECEMBER 30, 1932.

Major John F. S. Norris, APM, orders to Headquarters, Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., from 2nd Brig., Nicaragua, modified to Office of the Assistant Paymaster, NOB, Norfolk, Va.

Captain Ralph G. Anderson, detached 1st Brig., Haiti, to MB, Quantico, Va., via the Jan. trip of the USS *Kittery*.

Captain George A. Plambeck, detached 1st Brig., Haiti, to MB, Parris Island, S. C., via the Jan. trip of the USS *Kittery*.

JANUARY 4, 1933.

1st Lt. William W. Davidson, detached MB, Washington, D. C., to NA, Annapolis, Md., to report not later than 10 Jan.

1st Lt. Frank W. Hanlon, detached MB, Parris Island, S. C., to 1st Brig., Haiti, via the USS *Kittery*, scheduled to sail from Norfolk, Va., on or about 18 Jan.

1st Lt. James M. McHugh, on or about 28 Jan., detached Office of Naval Intelligence, Navy Dept., Washington, D. C., to Asiatic Station via the USS *Henderson*, scheduled to sail from Norfolk, Va., on or about 7 Feb.

2nd Lt. Thomas G. Ennis, detached 1st Brig., Haiti, to MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., for duty, and NH, Philadelphia, Pa., for treatment.

2nd Lt. Lewis C. Hudson, Jr., on or about 31 Jan., detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NS, Guam, via the USS *Henderson*, scheduled to sail from Norfolk, Va., on or about 7 Feb.

2nd Lt. Thomas B. Hughes, detached MB, NTS, Newport, R. I., to NA, Annapolis, Md., to report not later than 10 Jan.

2nd Lt. Clifford H. Shuey, on or about 31 Jan., detached MB, Parris Island, S. C., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., via the USS *Henderson*, scheduled to sail from Norfolk, Va., on or about 7 Feb.

JANUARY 5, 1933.

Major Samuel P. Budd, on or about 11 Jan., detached Headquarters Recruiting District of Philadelphia, Philadelphia, Pa., to 1st Brig., Haiti, via the USS *Kittery*, scheduled to sail from Norfolk, Va., on or about 18 Jan.

Major Chester L. Grawe, on or about 31 Jan., detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Asiatic Station via the USS *Henderson*, scheduled to sail from Norfolk, Va., on or about 7 Feb.

Major Edward L. Burwell, orders to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., modified to MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. Clyde C. Roberts, detached Nicaraguan National Guard Detachment to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., instead of to MB, NTS, Great Lakes, Ill.

Major Albert S. Munsch, appointed a marine gunner and assigned to duty with AS, WCEF, NAS, San Diego, Calif.

Major Harry E. Raley, appointed a marine gunner and assigned to duty at MB, Quantico, Va.

JANUARY 10, 1933.

Captain Frank R. Armstead, about 24 Feb., detached MB, Parris Island, S. C., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Captain George Bower, Assigned to duty at MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif.

Captain Leonard E. Rea, orders to MB, NOB, NYd, Portsmouth, Va., modified to Headquarters, Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

Captain George R. Rowan, orders to MB, NOB, NYd, Portsmouth, Va., modified to duty with 1st Batt., 22nd Reserve Marines, New Orleans, La.

1st Lt. Lewis B. Fuller, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif.

2nd Lt. Edgar O. Price, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif.

2nd Lt. Fred D. Beans, orders to MB, NYd, Boston, Mass., modified to MB, NOB, Norfolk, Va.

JANUARY 11, 1933.

Captain Harry E. Ellsworth, detached 1st Brig., Haiti, to Headquarters, Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., via the Jan. trip of the USS *Kittery*.

Captain Edward G. Huse, detached MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif., to MB, NYd, New York, N. Y., via the USAT *Republic*, scheduled to sail from San Francisco, Calif., on or about 4 Feb.

Captain Gouverneur H. Parrish, orders to MB, Quantico, Va., modified to Office of the Assistant Paymaster, NOB, Norfolk, Va.

The following named officers detached AS,

Captain Hans O. Martin.

Captain Ernest L. Russell.

Captain Earl C. Nicholas.

1st Lt. Harry E. Dunkelberger.

1st Lt. Eugene H. Price.

The following named officers detached AS,

Captain Hans O. Martin.

Captain Ernest L. Russell.

Captain Earl C. Nicholas.

1st Lt. Harry E. Dunkelberger.

1st Lt. Eugene H. Price.

The following named officers detached AS,

Captain Hans O. Martin.

Captain Ernest L. Russell.

Captain Earl C. Nicholas.

1st Lt. Harry E. Dunkelberger.

1st Lt. Eugene H. Price.

The following named officers detached AS,

Captain Hans O. Martin.

Captain Ernest L. Russell.

Captain Earl C. Nicholas.

1st Lt. Harry E. Dunkelberger.

1st Lt. Eugene H. Price.

The following named officers detached AS,

Captain Hans O. Martin.

Captain Ernest L. Russell.

Captain Earl C. Nicholas.

1st Lt. Harry E. Dunkelberger.

1st Lt. Eugene H. Price.

The following named officers detached AS,

Captain Hans O. Martin.

Captain Ernest L. Russell.

Captain Earl C. Nicholas.

1st Lt. Harry E. Dunkelberger.

1st Lt. Eugene H. Price.

The following named officers detached AS,

Captain Hans O. Martin.

Captain Ernest L. Russell.

Captain Earl C. Nicholas.

1st Lt. Harry E. Dunkelberger.

WCEF, NAS, San Diego, Calif., to AS, ECEF, MB, Quantico, Va., via the USAT *Republic* scheduled to sail from San Francisco Calif., on or about 4 Feb.:

1st Lt. William O. Brice.
1st Lt. Vernon E. Megee.
1st Lt. Frank D. Weir.
1st Lt. Charles L. Fike.

U. S. MARINE CORPS ENLISTED

(Continued from page 51)

DECEMBER 29, 1932.

Gunner Sergeant William B. Greear, Jr.—MB, Parris Island, Haiti.

Sergeant Timothy Lynch—MB, Washington, D. C., to MB, Parris Island, S. C.

Sergeant W. W. O'Sullivan—MD, USF *Constitution*, to MB, Coco Solo, C. Z.

Sergeant Louis Rueth—MB, NOB, Norfolk, Va., to Haiti.

Corporal Walter E. Balbaugh—MB, Coco Solo, C. Z., to MD, AL, Peiping, China.

Corporal Harry T. Saunders—MB, Washington, D. C., to Haiti.

DECEMBER 30, 1932.

Corporal Shepherd T. Coates—MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Corporal William B. Crowcroft—MB, NS, Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, to Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

JANUARY 4, 1933.

Sergeant Major William W. Harrmann—MD, Camp Rapidan, Crigerville, Va., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Sergeant James Conway—MB, Portsmouth, Va., to MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.

Corporal Albert H. Jones—MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., to Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

Corporal Eugene A. Kight—MB, Haiti, to MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.

JANUARY 6, 1933.

Corporal Nicholas K. Tribble—MB, Washington, D. C., to MD, AL, Peiping, China.

Corporal Oscar B. Weaver—MB, NYd, Boston, Mass., to Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

JANUARY 7, 1933.

Corporal Moss E. Scale—MD, USS *Mississippi*, to MB, NS, New Orleans, La.

JANUARY 9, 1933.

Corporal Sam Goldenberg—MB, NS, Pearl Harbor, T. H., to Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

Corporal Gilbert R. Kinsey—MB, Washington, D. C., to Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

RECENT REENLISTMENTS

(Continued from page 51)

FAULKNER, Edward P., Puget Sound, Wash., 15-5-32, for MD, AL, Peiping, China.

GOSNEY, Colon J., Quantico, Va., 12-19-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.

GOMAN, Howard E., Bremerton, Wash., 12-8-32, for MD, AL, Peiping, China.

GOURLEY, Arthur A., Quantico, Va., 12-16-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.

GOBLE, Albert J., San Diego, Calif., 12-12-32, for MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

GIDDENS, Alex, Haiti, 11-24-32, for Haiti.

GRANVILLE, Laurence G., San Diego, Calif., 12-8-32, for MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

GANN, Charles W., Quantico, Va., 12-7-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.

GREEN, Bert A., Bremerton, Wash., 12-2-32, for MB, Bremerton, Wash.

GEER, Horace D., Charleston, S. C., 11-29-32, for MB, NYd, Charleston, S. C.

GILMORE, Richard E., Quantico, Va., 11-29-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.

HOLZWORTH, Walter, Lakehurst, N. J., 12-29-32, for MB, NS, Lakehurst, N. J.

HOPFMANN, Johannes K. P., Haiti, 12-15-32, for Haiti.

HOOKS, John W., Indian Head, Md., 12-27-32, for Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

HAUGEN, Henry, Portsmouth, N. H., 12-19-32, for MB, Portsmouth, N. H.

HUNSUCKER, Andrew J., Jr., New York, N. Y., 12-19-32, for MB, NYd, New York, N. Y.

HYATT, Charles H., Portsmouth, Va., 15-15-32, for MB, NS, Pensacola, Fla.

HAMILTON, Marion G., Norfolk, Va., 12-12-32, for MB, Norfolk, Va.

HARE, John M., Quantico, Va., 12-12-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.

HARRIS, Robert C., Norfolk, Va., 12-7-32, for MB, Norfolk, Va.

HAARSTAD, Rudolph M., San Diego, Calif., 11-30-32, for Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.

HIGH, Benneville A., Washington, D. C., 12-1-32, for MB, Washington, D. C.

HENDERSON, John N., Savannah, Ga., 11-29-32, for MB, Parris Island, S. C.

INGLE, Edwin T., San Diego, Calif., 12-12-32, for MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

THE LEATHERNECK

JOHNSON, Samuel M., Charleston, S. C., 12-24-32, for MB, NYd, Charleston, S. C.
JENNINGS, Richard E., New London, Conn., 12-22-32, for MB, SB, New London, Conn.
JOHNSON, Joseph E., Boston, Mass., 12-16-32, for Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.
JANES, Lawrence F., Quantico, Va., 12-12-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.
KINDT, Arthur O., Jr., Philadelphia, Pa., 12-10-32, for MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.
KILDOW, Hopwood C., Quantico, Va., 12-5-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.
KENNEDY, Charles W., Philadelphia, Pa., 12-1-32, for MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.
LESTER, William H., Quantico, Va., 12-27-32, for Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.
LESLIE, John, San Diego, Calif., 12-15-32, for MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.
LYNCH, Timothy, Washington, D. C., 12-12-32, for MB, Washington, D. C.
LANCASTER, Ivie W., Quantico, Va., 12-9-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.
LOGAS, Elmore L., Fort Mifflin, Pa., 12-1-32, for MB, NOB, San Charleston, W. Va.
MITCHELL, Frank, New London, Conn., 12-2-32, for MB, SB, New London, Conn.
MCGOWAN, Herbert D., San Diego, Calif., 12-13-32, for MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.
MAGNAT, William J., New York, N. Y., 12-20-32, for MB, NYd, New York, N. Y.
MANN, Wade B., New Orleans, La., 12-20-32, for MB, NS, New Orleans, La.
MULLANEY, Theodore S., Portsmouth, Va., 12-21-32, for MB, Portsmouth, Va.
MARTIN, James E., New York, N. Y., 12-16-32, for MB, NYd, New York, N. Y.
MINKLER, Ralph L., San Diego, Calif., 12-12-32, for MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.
MURPHY, Edwin B., Portsmouth, Va., 12-10-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.
MATTESON, Clarence D., Bremerton, Wash., 11-10-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.
MOREHEAD, Martin, Bremerton, Wash., 11-28-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.
MICHAELIS, Feliz T. P., Hingham, Mass., 12-1-32, for MB, NAD, Hingham, Mass.
MORGAN, Raymond C., Mare Island, Calif., 11-26-32, for MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif.
NIXON, Ivey, Pensacola, Fla., 12-7-32, for MB, NS, Pensacola, Fla.
PONTON, Russell, San Diego, Calif., 12-8-32, for MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.
PINE, William, Haiti, 12-17-32, for Haiti.
PORSTNER, Joseph R., New York, N. Y., 12-19-32, for MB, NYd, New York, N. Y.
PHILLIPS, George W., Jr., Parris Island, S. C., 12-12-32, for MB, Parris Island, S. C.
PAUL, William, Haiti, 11-22-32, for Haiti.
RAUHOF, Jackson P., Parris Island, S. C., 12-15-32, for MB, Parris Island, S. C.
ROBERTS, Francis A., Jr., San Diego, Calif., 12-12-32, for MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.
RITTER, John, San Diego, Calif., 12-3-32, for MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.
RIGDON, Donald W., Mare Island, Calif., 11-30-32, for MB, NTS, Great Lakes, Ill.
ROGARD, Bernard S., Shanghai, China, 11-11-32, for Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.
ROOT, Roland F., San Diego, Calif., 11-29-32, for MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.
RICHARDS, Allan, San Diego, Calif., 11-26-32, for MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.
SASAGES, Martin, Philadelphia, Pa., 12-24-32, for MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.
SHOEMAKER, Don, San Diego, Calif., 12-19-32, for MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.
STONE, Richard J., Chicago, Ill., 12-24-32, for Chicago, Ill.
SAUNDERS, Harry T., Washington, D. C., 12-1-32, for MB, Washington, D. C.
STEPHENS, Charles H., Newport, R. I., 11-30-32, for MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.
SHAVER, Boyden, Portsmouth, Va., 11-28-32, for MB, Portsmouth, Va.
SMITH, John P., Portsmouth, Va., 11-26-32, for MB, Coco Solo, C. Z.
THOMPSON, Remer W., Savannah, Ga., 12-24-32, for MB, NS, Pensacola, Fla.
TAYLOR, George A., Hawthorne, Nev., 12-15-32, for MB, Keyport, Wash.
USSERY, Frank, Portsmouth, Va., 12-14-32, for Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.
VALLERY, Otis H., Hingham, Mass., 12-7-32, for MB, NAD, Hingham, Mass.
WALSTON, Willie M., Mare Island, Calif., 12-19-32, for MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif.
WEISS, Elmer H., Philadelphia, Pa., 12-20-32, for MB, Coco Solo, C. Z.
WILLIAMS, Sam, Quantico, Va., 12-16-32, for MB, Quantico, Va.
WILSON, Verner A., Parris Island, Calif., 12-15-32, for MB, Parris Island, Calif.
WAMSCOTT, Walter L., Portsmouth, Va., 12-7-32, for Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.
WILKINSON, Harles L., San Diego, Calif., 12-3-32, for MB, AL, Peiping, China.
WARREN, Clyde H., San Diego, Calif., 11-23-32, for MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.
WINGFIELD, Gar A., Portsmouth, Va., 12-2-32, for Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China.
YOUNG, Robert A., Parris Island, S. C., 12-7-32, for MB, Parris Island, S. C.



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Headquarters Bulletin

The following are extracts from Headquarters Bulletin No. 87, dated December 15, 1932:

SEA DUTY

The new ten-thousand ton, thirty knot cruiser *Portland* will go in commission in the early part of February, 1933. Noncommissioned officers, privates first class and privates, of excellent record, with at least two years to serve, and who are at least seventy inches in height and desire duty in this or other cruisers, or other ships of the fleet, should submit applications, through official channels, to the Major General Commandant. Men selected will be transferred to the Sea School Detachment, Marine Barracks, Norfolk Navy Yard, for a course of instruction prior to their assignment to ships. Extension of enlistments for periods of one or two years in accordance with Articles 2-23 (b) and 2-51 (2), Marine Corps Manual, will be authorized for this duty. Reliefs for men detailed to the Sea School for the above duty will be furnished posts prior to transfer.

GRADUATES OF QUARTERMASTER'S SCHOOL

The present class of the School in Quartermaster's Department Administration will complete the course about 1 February, 1933. It is requested that commanding officers who can utilize the services of one or more of these enlisted men for duty in the Quartermaster's Department of the post or station under their command notify the Major General Commandant immediately of the number of clerks actually needed.

EXTENSION OF MINORS

No Marine who was enlisted while under the age of twenty-one with the consent of his parents should be permitted to execute extension of enlistment before obtaining his majority, without first obtaining further consent of parents in writing, or specific authority from Headquarters, Marine Corps.

ROSTERS FOR PROMOTION—SIGNAL COMPLEMENT

The following rosters have been prepared by the Promotion Board, Signal Complement Personnel, and approved by the Major General Commandant and will be used as far as practicable in filling vacancies in the Signal Complement:

Master Technical Sergeant

First Sergeant Benjamin L. Connors
Gunnery Sergeant Charles M. Petrillo
Gunnery Sergeant Albert E. Gernert
Gunnery Sergeant Judson Vanderhoff

Gunnery Sergeant

Staff Sergeant Rex R. Stillwell
Sergeant Joseph L. Carroll
Staff Sergeant Richard Burgess
Staff Sergeant Lucian H. Bowman

Staff Sergeant

Sergeant Joseph H. Lewis
Corporal Robert L. Bryan
Sergeant Richard A. Hardisty
Sergeant Donald C. Wolford

PERSONAL LOANS

The following article is reprinted from the Bureau of Navigation Bulletin, No. 184, of 25 November, 1932:

"Numerous copies of a letter sent to naval officers by the Citizens' Loan Corporation of Chicago have been forwarded to the Bureau. The letter sets forth that money to the amount of \$300.00 may be borrowed on personal note by naval officers without security and without signatures of co-signers. The rate of interest is 3 1/2% per month or 42% per year."

The Bureau expresses disapproval of any such money lending plan since it is not in accord with the ideas of thrift and well-ordered living that the Bureau desires to inculcate; and further holds that it is but catering to irresponsibility.

Officers are cautioned against borrowing money under the terms and conditions set forth.

SCORE FOR MARKSMAN WITH RIFLE RAISED TO 275

Effective January 1, 1933, a minimum of 275 points will be necessary to qualify in the grade of marksman over the Rifle Course "A."

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Corporal, Great Lakes: If a gunnery sergeant (technical warrant for aviation duty) is sentenced by Deck Court to be reduced to next inferior rank, to what rank is he reduced?

Answer: The next inferior rating for non-commissioned officers holding technical warrants is that rating from which appointed.

First Lieutenant, USS: Please tell me if there is a publication in which one may find described therein the command and execution of "secure arms."

Answer: The latest publications which mention "Secure Arms" are the Infantry Drill Regulations, United States Army, 1904, and the Landing Force Manual, 1915, both giving the following:

1. Secure, 2. Arms.

The piece is held in the right hand at the balance, barrel down, sloping downward and to the front; right hand supported against the right hip, thumb along the barrel, upper arm against the stock. A corresponding position in the left hand may be used. Secure arms is used only in inclement weather."

The execution of this movement is not given.

although these publications give the execution of other movements in the Manual of Arms in detail by the numbers. It is presumed, therefore, that "Secure Arms" was intended to be an individual movement.

TARGET PRACTICE

HIGH SCORE (Rifle)—Officers and men attaining a score of 325 or better over the regular qualification course according to reports of target practice received since publication of the November Bulletin:

2nd Lt. Louis M. Heinrich.....	333
2nd Lt. Thomas D. Marks.....	331
Qm-Sgt. Charles W. Byers.....	325
Pfc. Charles E. McPherson.....	325
Pvt. Oscar Kursteth.....	325

SOMETHING TO SHOOT AT

1st Lt. William J. Scheyer..... 341

HIGH SCORE (Pistol)—Officers and enlisted men

To qualify on the .22 and .30 Ranges

Rifles cleaned with Hoppe's No. 9 can be depended upon for accuracy because they will be free of leading. No. 9 will also keep the bore Rust Proof.

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Send 10c for liberal Sample

attaining a percentage of 92 or better over the pistol qualification course since publication of the November Bulletin:

1st Sgt. John B. Kelly.....	98
Pvt. Raymond D. Chaney.....	96
Capt. Wesley W. Walker.....	95
1st Sgt. Melvin T. Huff.....	95
1st Lt. William E. Burke.....	94
Cpl. Frank Seifert.....	93
Pvt. Vaughn C. Golden.....	93
Cpl. Johnie G. Lemons.....	92
Pvt. Clay N. Hunt.....	92
Pvt. Frank G. Paul.....	92
Pvt. Walter H. Schumacher.....	92
Pvt. Charlie J. Wertman.....	92

SOMETHING TO SHOOT AT

Capt. William J. Whaling.....	99
1st Lt. William W. Davidson.....	99
2nd Lt. August Larson.....	99
1st Sgt. Bernard G. Betke.....	99

PROMOTIONS

FIRST SERGEANT Philip Luffe—to Sergeant Major.	
CORPORALS Paul W. Carver—to Sergeant.	
Hubert Gravers—to Sergeant.	
Robert T. Hartel—to Sergeant.	
Lloyd O. Williams—to Sergeant.	
PRIVATES FIRST CLASS Alfred J. Brengle—to Corporal.	
Frank C. Buss—to Corporal.	
Philip E. Caddy—to Corporal.	
Earl P. McBride—to Corporal.	
Eddie M. Martin—to Corporal.	
Eugene A. Mayhew—to Corporal.	
Hugh Norton—to Corporal.	
Richard J. Teeple—to Corporal.	
Arthur G. T. Williams—to Corporal.	
PRIVATES William Bruner—to Corporal.	
Kenneth Owen—to Corporal.	

Questions and Answers

Q.—Will you please publish in your "Question Box" column a list of persons entitled to inspect the guard?

Training Regulations 135-15, Section VIII, is very indefinite on this point, although it is quite clear as to who is entitled to the compliment of the guard.—F. W. FERGUSON.

Answer: Any person who is entitled to the compliment of the guard is entitled to inspect the same, if he so chooses.

Q.—What is the present address of former Pfc. Robert W. Hodge?—ROBERT L. SARGANT.

Answer: The present address of Mr. Robert W. Hodge is 312 Market Street, San Diego, Calif.

Q.—I received a Medical Discharge from the Marine Corps in September, 1930. Do I rate pension and hospitalization? How can I get a duplicate of my health record?—L. T. JACKSON.

Answer: You should communicate with the Director of Compensation, Veterans' Administration, Washington, D. C., for information concerning your eligibility to the award of compensation. The Chief of the Bureau of Medicine and Surgery, Navy Department, Washington, D. C., is the person with whom you should communicate in order to obtain a copy of your medical record. The Director of Compensation also has jurisdiction over hospitalization.

Q.—I was in Santo Domingo from January 16, 1923, to June, 1924. Do I rate a medal for this service? I also served in Nicaragua since April 3, 1931. Do I get a medal for this service?—C. J. S.

Answer: Yes. Expeditionary Medal is awarded for service in Santo Domingo during the period of your service. No, the Expeditionary Medal is not authorized for service in Nicaragua, 1931. The time limit for the Second Nicaraguan Campaign Medal is to be extended and might include service in Nicaragua during 1931.

Q.—I was promoted to the rank of Sergeant on August 1, 1926. I was reduced at my own request on July 4, 1928, for the purpose of aviation training, but I was transferred back to line duty and reappointed to the rank of Sergeant on September 6, 1928. Should my warrant rank from August 1, 1926, or from September 6, 1928?—GREEN B. EVANS.

Answer: The date of reappointment to sergeant in your case is the same as a new promotion. Your date of rank is shown as September 6, 1928.

Q.—Do I rate the Second Nicaraguan Campaign Medal? I served in Nicaragua during 1929-30.—F. T.

Answer: Medal number 2281 was forwarded to your commanding officer on December 21, 1932, for delivery to you.

Q.—Will you please furnish me the present address of Homer W. Fletcher?—E. B. MURPHY.

Answer: The present address of Mr. Homer W. Fletcher is Route No. 5, Box 70, Clinton, Mo.

Q.—Does change in Article 1-37 (3) M.C.M. entitle a married man of the second pay grade to quarters allowance while serving at sea?—R. SCHONEBERGER.

Answer: No, this change does not entitle a second pay grade married man to quarters while at sea.

Q.—What Article in the M.C.M. states that form N.M.C. 631 QM shall be used?

"A" states this form was used during the World War when worn out clothing had to be retained by the individual and shown to the issuing officer before new articles of clothing could be issued in lieu thereof.

"B" states this form must be kept in S.R.B. and posted up to date.—DETACHMENT CLERK.

Answer: There is no reference made to N.M.C. 631 QM, in either the M. C. M. or Marine Corps Orders.

Both "A" and "B" are correct, "A" in that the form was used during the World War when there was no clothing allowance, and articles which were non-useable were exchanged; and "B" in that it is used as a list to check each individual's clothing, and should be kept up to date and post in the S.R.B.

Q.—I served in the U. S. M. C. from October 7, 1921, until October 6, 1924. I then reenlisted on December 15, 1927. Am I eligible for transfer to the Marine Corps Reserve upon completion of sixteen years of naval service?—MERLE F. LURVEY.

Answer: In view of the fact that you were out of the Marine Corps from 1924 to 1927, you are not eligible for transfer to Class II (b), Fleet Marine Corps Reserve (16 years).

Q.—What is the address of Daniel L. Wilson?—JOHN CAVANARO.

Answer: The address of Private First Class Daniel L. Wilson is Fourth Marines, Shanghai, China.

Q.—I served with the Fourth Marines, Shanghai, China, from May 10, 1930, to December 14, 1931. I have been issued an Expeditionary Medal for this service.

In view of MGC Ltr. dated December 12, 1932, it is requested that information be furnished as to whether I can turn this medal in for the Yangtze Service Medal.—GEORGE S. TALLEY.

Answer: If you will forward the Expeditionary Medal to Headquarters, Marine Corps, a Yangtze Service Medal will be issued you in lieu thereof.

NAVAL TRANSPORT SAILINGS

CHAUMONT—Leave Manila 12 January; arrive Guam 17 January, leave 18 January; arrive Honolulu 27 January, leave 28 January, arrive Mare Island 4 February. Will leave San Francisco Area about 18 February for regular trip to the East Coast of the United States.

HENDERSON—Leave Corinto 2 January; arrive Canal Zone 5 January, leave 9 January; arrive N.O.B. Norfolk 16 January, leave 17 January; arrive Quantico 18 January, leave 18 January; arrive Philadelphia, 20 January, leave 3 February; arrive N.O.B. Norfolk 4 February, leave 8 February; arrive Guantanamo 13 February, leave 13 February; arrive Canal Zone 16 February, leave 18 February; arrive San Diego 1 March, leave 2 March; arrive San Pedro 3 March, leave 4 March; arrive San Francisco-Mare Island 6 March, leave 20 March; arrive Honolulu 28 March, leave 30 March; arrive Guam 12 April, leave 13 April; arrive Manila 19 April, leave 19 May; arrive Guam 25 May, leave 26 May; arrive Honolulu 8 June, leave 9 June; arrive San Francisco-Mare Island 17 June.

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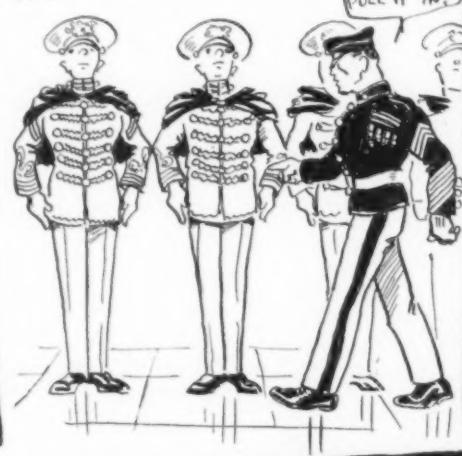
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MARINE ODDITIES

LT. J.M. MCHUGH WROTE A PRIMER OF THE CHINESE LANGUAGE. THE MARINE OFFICER CALLS HIS BOOK "INTRODUCTORY MANDARIN LESSONS". WE CAN EXPECT TO SEE THIS IN THE FUTURE!



SERGEANT GENE LE GENDRE A VETERAN OF THE BOXER REBELLION, TEACHES MILITARY DISCIPLINE AND DRILL TO MOVIE USHERS IN N.Y.



SERGEANT FULQE AGNEW, FORMERLY OF THE 4TH REGIMENT, SHANGHAI, INHERITED IN 1929 A BARONETCY CREATED IN 1629. HE IS NOW "SIR" FULQUE.



DURING THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR, THE CRUISER "CHARLESTON" CARRYING MARINES TO THE PHILIPPINES, ENTERED THE HARBOR OF GUAM AND BEGAN BOMBARDING THE FORT, NOT KNOWING IT HAD NOT BEEN MANNED FOR 50 YEARS. THE SPANISH REPRESENTATIVE, IGNORANT THAT WAR HAD BEEN DECLARED, APOLOGIZED TO THE AMERICANS FOR NOT ANSWERING WHAT HE THOUGHT WAS A SALUTE!



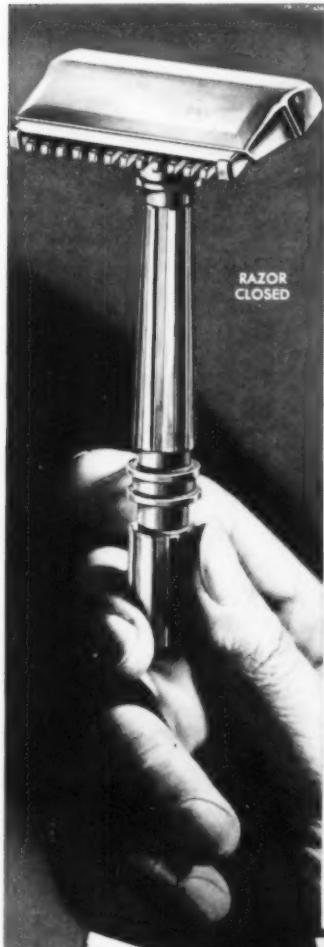
ON SEPTEMBER 4, 1929, SGT. D.R. SINGLY, WHILE SWIMMING NEAR MISSISSIPPI CITY, PICKED UP A FLOATING BOTTLE CONTAINING THE FOLLOWING MESSAGE:

"AT SEA, APRIL 7, 1913. WE SANK OFF CAPE HATIEN IN A STORM, (L. 98,W. L. 30,N.) I AM HEADED FOR GOD KNOWS WHERE." IT WAS SIGNED BY JOHN WARNER, SGT. 83RD CO. U.S. MARINES. NO FURTHER RECORD HAS BEEN TRACED.

A Gem Without a Flaw

GEM Blades gather medals on chins where other razors meet their Waterloo. The roughest stubble gives 'em no trouble. Built of surgical steel—which GEMS alone use—steel that dares not nick or dull.

And no beard can balk blades of *that* temper. We make GEM Blades 50% thicker to give 'em a deep, dogged, wedge-shaped edge. There's no room on *usual* wafer blades for such a deep, graduated taper.



A GEM Blade never bends, snaps or crumples.

GEM Singledge Blades fit *any* GEM frame, no matter *how* old.

But you can't use the new GEM Doubledge Blade except in the new GEM Micromatic Razor—the latest and greatest of 'em all—with \$660,000 of *exclusive* features that shaving never met before—including dual-alignment, which sets the blade so precisely that it can't skim, scuff or skip.

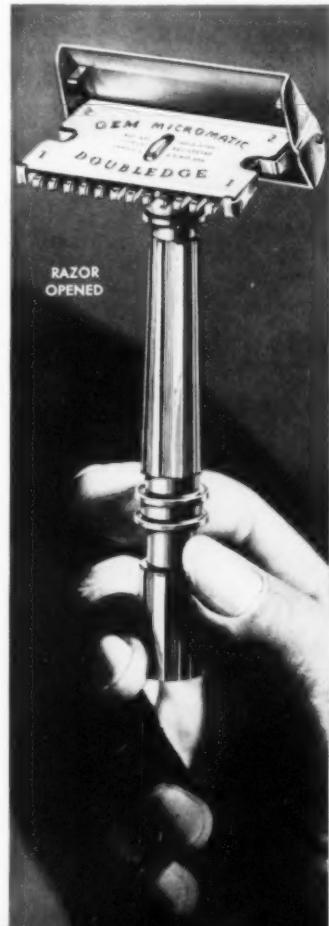
The *first* double-edged razor to expose only one *numbered* edge at a time, protectively covering one edge until the other is used to the *full* limit of its keenness.

The *first* double-edged razor with the proper shaving slant *shaped* in the top, so that you're *compelled* to shave at the correct angle.

Works with the same smooth, gliding stroke that the barber uses. And works just the *same* with either single- or double-edged GEMS.

A dollar a set, with five GEM Doubledge Blades. Gold-plated *everywhere* and *sold* there, *too*.

FREE—Mail a postal with your name and address and we will send you a new GEM Doubledge Blade with our compliments. Address Gem Safety Razor Corporation, Dept. LN2, Brooklyn, New York.



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"After all, there's nothing like a CAMEL"

A CAMEL smoker just isn't happy with any other cigarette. That's because there's no substitute for quality. After you've tried Camels, and learned the smooth solace in choice Turkish and mellow, sun-ripened Domestic tobaccos, *never parched or toasted*, you too will say: I'd walk a mile for a CAMEL!

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY
Winston-Salem, N. C.



Don't remove the moisture-proof wrapping from your package of Camels after you open it. The Camel Humidor Pack is protection against sweat, dust and germs. Wherever the Service sends you, the Camel Humidor Pack can be depended upon to deliver fresh Camels every time

© 1933, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

